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A RESIDENCE OF SIXTEEN MONTHS

IN THE

TURKISH CAPITAL AND PROVINCES:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER, AND OF THE RESOURCES OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS

TO THE AUTUMN OF 1829.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

15
X-6-15

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1829.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE success of the former edition of this work, which has been beyond my hopes, has tended to confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that the traveller who shall give a faithful, unexaggerated record of what he has seen, or heard on good authority, while he fairly and simply represents impressions as they were made on his own mind, can hardly fail of countenance.

The circumstances of the moment have been all in my favour; but I may indulge the hope, that even after the present intense interest with which all turn their eyes to the East has subsided, my sketches will remain as simple and

(as far as they go) correct delineations of regions that can never lose their charms, and of races of human beings so imperfectly known, that every item regarding them may be considered of some value. It is certain, at the same time, that the conditions of Russia and of Turkey are such, as to render a renewal of the scenes we have just witnessed, inevitable. All that the diplomacy of Europe can do is to delay the evil hour; and it is predicted by those best acquainted with the difficult matter, that no arrangement between the two countries will continue undisturbed even for two years. I spared no pains to obtain information on the real state of the Ottoman empire; and in my Appendix to the present edition, I have extended on several subjects, and brought down my details almost to the present day. I have insisted on the propriety of our being correctly informed of the weakness of Turkey, and on the folly of letting our affections or our antipathies mislead us into a false idea of strength. For the

rest of my politics or speculations, I offer them not as confident or arrogant *dicta*, but as the surmises (perhaps the dreams) of one who feels warmly for the advancement of his fellow-creatures in general, and for the honour and prosperity of his own country.

I have entered at some length, in the course of my additional remarks, on the subject of the Greeks, and have advocated, feebly, but earnestly and sincerely, a plan for the mental improvement of that interesting people. And here I dare assume a tone of greater confidence, and recommend what I propose to the consideration of all (independent of parties in politics, or sects in religion) who may possess the means of being charitable, and of exercising a beneficial influence on the fate of a nation, whose ancient name cannot be mentioned without suggesting the idea of all that was beautiful in letters and in art, and glorious in heroism.

The views we take of our own interest in relation to other countries, are subject to great

change—the politics of to-day, may not be the politics of to-morrow; but the feelings and motives which enter into this project of civilization and moral improvement, are sacred, enduring, and invariable; and if the politician may have to mourn over many a defeated, deep-laid calculation, the philanthropist can never number among his regrets, his exertions in the cause of humanity.

LONDON, *October 1st*, 1829.

TO

THOMAS HOLME, ESQ.

THE FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH ENDURING SENTIMENTS OF GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

WHEN recording his observations on a country like Turkey, and on a people still so imperfectly known as the Turks, and when submitting those observations to public attention, a traveller may be exempted from the usual excuses (of modesty or affectation) deemed necessary to precede or accompany the descriptions of more familiar regions, whose inhabitants and institutions differ comparatively little from our own, and are every day brought before our eyes in the progress of public affairs, or in the familiar intercourse of society.

In our own language we have one standard work on Turkey, (Thornton's,) but even that is not free from many and serious errors: the spirit of enterprise and investigation which does

honour to our country, has not been idle, and through a numerous collection of Travels much valuable information is certainly scattered, though perhaps few but literary men will be at the pains of extracting and condensing it, from so many heavy volumes. A work that should unite the valuable portions of the information on the Ottoman empire, we possess in our native authors; and that which is to be found in French, Italian, and German travellers, would be a desideratum for the general reader, and would tend to give something like stability to the popular ideas on Turkey, which are now as vague as those connected with fairy-land. But this is not my present business. All I have aimed at in the following sketches, is to furnish a few slight materials, to add to those already in our possession. The field is acknowledged to be vast, and every man, however far he may be from possessing the elaborate accuracy of a Tournefort, the vivacity of a Clarke, or the graphic skill of a Leake, if he will but see with his own eyes, and not through the medium of books, can hardly fail (even if he but glean where others have reaped) to collect something novel and

interesting which has escaped his predecessors. It is more than probable, however, that my slight researches would have remained in the obscurity of my portfolio, or have been treasured up in my own mind with many other pleasurable recollections of travel, and would have sought no other issue than that afforded by conversation with an untravelled friend, or complacent listener; (for we of the itinerant genus must at least *talk*, and like a rough fox-hunt, half the pleasure of travelling, perhaps, consists in reflecting on the tales we shall have to tell, particularly when we extend our wanderings beyond the pale of civilization;) but I found myself in Turkey at a remarkable and eventful epoch, which afforded me an opportunity of watching the movements of the Moslemins' minds when under the influences of calamity and excitement, and of tracing the operations of the sultan's new system and improvements. I was in Asia Minor at the date of the fatal conflict at Navarino—at Constantinople at the commencement of the Russian invasion; and were it but as an abstract study of the human mind, in a state imperfectly civilized, and modified by a

very peculiar religious code, I flatter myself that my observations on the Turks during those trying circumstances, cannot be found wholly devoid of interest.

Dr. Walsh, in his deservedly popular work, has given an able account of Sultan Mahmood's military reforms, which might seem to render further details unnecessary; but it was my fortune to see the development or extension of those plans, the progress made in them since the Doctor's departure from the country, and to watch the working of the new system in the most critical moments. Thus taking up the subject where he left it, I consider a portion of my work an humble continuation of my predecessor's; whilst some details on the civil improvements of the Ottoman government, not noticed by Dr. Walsh, may pretend to entire novelty, which succeeding travellers will in their turn enlarge upon. The authorities from which I have drawn my connected sketch of Mahmood's life and reign, and the characters of several men who have figured on the dangerous theatre of Turkish politics, are such as I have good reasons to respect—they are persons born

or bred in the country, or European residents who have passed many years of their lives in it, and have witnessed the scenes, and known (some of them intimately) the persons they described. Motives of prudence (as regards themselves and their connexions in Turkey) necessitate the suppression of many names; but I may mention with confidence, as I do with gratitude, those of my friends Messrs. Constantine Zohrab, Edward Zohrab, R. Liston Elliot, (the oriental secretary of the late embassy,) G. Wood, (one of our drogomans,) and Donald Sandison, of Constantinople; and Messrs. Wilkinsons, Borrell, Langdon, the late James Sandison, Cunningham, and Jasigi, of Smyrna. From these gentlemen I obtained various and interesting information, but it is to the first of them, (Mr. Constantine Zohrab,) that I am most deeply indebted. Of Armenian descent, he was born at Constantinople; the Turkish, from the disuse the idiom of his ancestors has fallen into, may be considered as his mother tongue, and perhaps to no Osmanli of Stambool is it more familiar. His father held a diplomatic situation in the Turkish capital, and from his childhood he has

been in habits of familiarity or of intercourse with Turks of all classes. Mr. Thornton, the author of "The present State of Turkey," married Mr. C. Z.'s sister, and it is not depreciating the merits of the Englishman to suppose that he owed a portion of his information to his Levantine brother-in-law, who was so well calculated to furnish particulars concerning the extraordinary people among whom his life has passed. Mr. C. Zohrab has been, moreover, a traveller; he has visited England, (several times,) France, Russia, and most of the countries of the continent; and this, with his constant intercourse with Englishmen, arising in part from his family connexions, and in part from his partnership as a merchant with Mr. Cartwright, (now our consul-general at Constantinople,) whilst it has emancipated him from the narrowness of mind incident to Levantines, and more especially to those of Pera, has enabled him also to draw comparisons, and to feel what is interesting and what otherwise to European research. The latter quality is most valuable, for in consulting natives of the country, the misfortune is, that they are almost sure to suppress as trite and trivial the very

things that are most characteristic and amusing, if not the most important.

My hearty old friend has not the least pretension in the world to literature or philosophy, (though he has a fund of information, the fruit of personal experience, and a rough-coated, good wearing sort of philosophy of *his own*,) but he is fond of talking of what he has seen, in the true spirit of a traveller, and one who has lived in the midst of "moving accidents;" and I always found his accounts deliciously quaint, bold, and animated. It used to be refreshing to me when oppressed by the ennui and stupidity of Pera, to get closeted for a whole long evening with Zohrab and our pipes, and to talk of Turkey, the Black Sea, England, and the mountains of Scotland. I could fill volumes with my friend's tales and odd remarks;—but of this enough.

It will be seen that the disturbed state of public affairs, and bad health, prevented me from extending my excursions as I had proposed; but if my range of travel was not a wide one, I at least saw what I visited coolly and deliberately, and in this I differ from the generality of tourists, who pass so hurriedly from place to place,

that they have no time for mature examination, and the result is a succession of pictures, weak, indistinct, and confused. The rather singular circumstance of there being only three Englishmen resident at Constantinople during my stay, in depriving me of the pleasure of the society of my countrymen, threw me on what resources I could find among the natives of the place. The absence of all amusements necessitated application, and many solitary hours were occupied by noting on paper what I had heard in conversation, and seen in the day's excursion.

In making out my own cause, I have a right to assume my advantages; whatever may be the value of my observations, they are the latest made in Turkey, (that are likely to meet the public eye,) I believe, by two or three years; and they will assist an estimation of the real state of the Ottoman empire, as I left it, in October 1828.

I cannot soothe myself with the belief that the personal circumstances of an author can have, or even ought to have, any thing to do with the success of his book, or the decision of his readers; but the fact that the following volume has been written under the unfavourable influences of

almost uninterrupted ill health, may soften the severity of criticism, and account for my omitting many interesting details.

The countenance of a public, whom it is customary to call intelligent and kind, (though the prevalence of the former quality may be obnoxious to the latter,) and a return of better health, may embolden me again to call attention to the fruits of my wanderings; in the meantime, with the ordinary mixture of hope and fear, I submit the present volume to the dread fiat, reserving to myself the good old Italian consolation, that if it utterly fail and die, it will only go *nel numero de' piu.*

LONDON, *June 10th*, 1829.

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Approach to Smyrna from the Archipelago—Scio and Ipsara—Present state of Ipsara—Story of Canaris, the Ipsariot Captain—Gulph of Smyrna—View of Smyrna and its Neighbourhood—First impression of the Town and Inhabitants—Beauty of Smyrna Ladies—Their general use of Cosmetics—The English Burying Ground and Hospital—Les Jardins, Stagnant Ditches, Malaria—Fevers, and general Insalubrity of Smyrna—Curious Order for carrying Lanterns in the Streets by night—Anecdote.

It was on a beautiful evening, about the middle of August, 1827, that I found myself, after a long struggle with calms, and the baffling Etesian, or annual northern wind, (which eighteen days before had driven us back from the Doro passage to the island of Milo,) slowly sailing between Scio and Ipsara, and close to the latter island.

Scio, seen in this direction, presents nothing to justify her claim to the title of the "Flower

of the Levant." Lofty mountains descending precipitously to the sea, with scarce a span between their feet and the water's edge, black rocks and volcano-like peaks, broad masses of burnt, scoria-like matter, intermixed with thick patches of underwood and shrubs, silence and desolateness, such are the features of this profile. And it is on the other side of the island which faces Asia Minor, and looks towards Erythæ, Teos, and Ephesus, that the beauty and cultivation of Scio are to be sought for. Ipsara, like all the other small islands of Greece, (I do not remember a single exception among the Cyclades and Sporades,) is a dark, naked, scorched mass, not even pretty or picturesque in its outline. The neat white town, now in ruins, and totally deserted, shone forth sweetly and reproachingly as we passed, recalling scenes of horror and blood that made me shudder. Being built of fine stone and marble, like its neighbour of Scio, at the time of its taking (1824) it resisted the savage efforts of the Turks to destroy it in toto. A few of the meaner houses alone could be easily levelled with the earth, the rest were merely gutted; their fine outer walls, deprived of roofs, doors, and windows, remain, and look perhaps more melancholy than those that are laid in the dust—as the skeleton on the heath, through which the wind whistles, and the

rain patters, is a sadder object than the unrecognizable remnants of mortality mouldering in the church-yard. There was not a human being—not a dog, within that (but lately) busy and prosperous town. A seaman on board showed me, beyond a white stone chapel, a steep cliff, whence many Ipsariote women, pursued by the Turks, threw themselves into the sea, with their children in their arms. I saw the remains of the little jet which the enterprising islanders had constructed to defend the small port below the town from the southerly gales, and which the Turks had knocked to pieces. As the sun set, innumerable swarms of sea-fowl boomed between us and the island, uttering harsh, shrill cries, the only sounds that broke the sepulchral silence, except indeed the scarcely audible *striscia* of our vessel passing through the smooth waters.

It has been my fate, during my voyages in the Levant, to be becalmed three several times off this unfortunate island, and neither time was it possible to defend myself from the deep, mournful impression, its sight and recalled destruction suggest. The last time (in December 1828) I found it as silent and deserted as ever. The remnant of its population that had escaped slaughter, and gained the shores of continental Greece, had long been driven from their new

settlement at the Piræus, but were too few and too poor to venture returning to their native island.

The tragedy of the fall of Ipsara is but too well known, and were it not so, I should shrink from the detail of its horrors; but there is one circumstance connected with it, which I have never seen alluded to, and which I will here relate, in justice to her noblest son, the purest patriot that the Greek revolution has produced, premising my statement with the assurance that it rests on indubitable authority. When the island was menaced with the Turkish attack, a council of the primates was convened, to decide on the measures to be adopted for defence. The majority at once resolved, that it would be madness to attempt, with their light merchant-brigs, to arrest the course of a numerous fleet, composed of strong and lofty men-of-war, and that they had sufficiently provided for the defence of the island, by garrisoning it with six hundred Albanians, and planting slight batteries above the points of debarkation. The good Canaris, who was present, trembled at this decision, and conquering his diffidence, and a natural difficulty he had in expressing himself before an assembly, rose and opposed it with all his might. He referred, modestly, to what he had done against

the Turks with the same small craft that were now contemned; he asked if the Turks could be supposed to have improved as sailors? whether they were not as blind and inexpert as ever? He spoke of the changes and chances of wind and weather, which are always favourable to the skilful party; he begged, he implored his countrymen to put their vessels to sea, converting two, three, or even four into fire-ships. But he spoke to men blinded by immediate and private interests and prejudices, and who were resolute to their own ruin. The fact was, most of the ships had been already drawn up in the two small ports of the island, and their guns removed to furnish the inefficient land-batteries. The minority that voted with Canaris, convinced by the arguments, or overawed by the far superior number of their opponents, slunk from his side; and when he rose again with tears of grief and rage in his eyes, and poured tardy but bitter invectives on the leaders of the land-party, reproaching them with the folly of relying on mercenaries whose faith was to be bought and sold, and threatened them with the dreadful fate that befell the neighbouring island of Scio two years before, he was tumultuously silenced, thrust out of the council, thrown down, and trampled beneath the feet of his countrymen. In the moment

of fury, yataghans were even drawn against the life of the man who had done so much for the Greek cause, whose name was a terror to the Turks, and will hereafter hallow the island he in vain attempted to save, for his adversaries' opinions were preferred, and Ipsara, after a process of blood and crime, became what we now see it.* Canaris, with his family, as is well remembered, had the good fortune to be among the number of those who escaped in some of the ships, when the island was taken. The humiliation and wrongs he had suffered, produced no effect on the hero's patriotism. As soon as he had seen his wife and children in safety, his first demand was for another fire-ship, with which (only a month and a few days after he had been

* Since the very commencement of the Greek Revolution, certain Frenchmen, taking their tone from Pouqueville, have been in the habit of heaping indiscriminate abuse on the English flag in the Levant—on the English as enemies to Greeks! It will be easy for me to show the incorrectness of their statements. But are these gentlemen aware of the accusations brought against their flag? Among many, I will here mention one. The Greeks accuse the commander of a French ship of war (a corvette) of having employed himself for days in taking soundings round the island of Ipsara, of ascertaining the proper points for landing, and of having given the fruit of these observations to the Turkish Captain-Pasha, to direct him in his attack on Ipsara. And I have heard others (not Greeks) say, that such a plan, immediately after the French survey, was seen on board the Turkish Admiral's ship.

driven from his native home) he performed his third grand exploit, burning a Turkish forty-gun frigate under sail, and defeating Husref Pasha's projected attack on the island of Samos. Had the Greeks possessed at the beginning of their revolution a dozen men with the bravery, devotedness, and other virtues of Canaris, with a superaddition to his qualities, of eloquence, (for the Greeks in this, as in so many other points, identify themselves with their ancestors, and are to be governed but by men who can speak them well,) their cause would have been long ago triumphant; the slaughter which has so thinned their numbers, the desolation which has visited nearly all the territories they are to possess; the catalogue of civil dissensions, piracies, and other crimes, would have been spared them, and the interference of European powers (an interference that *may* always prove dangerous when proceeding from the strong to the weak) would have been required only under the form of recognition, or, perhaps, of political guarantee. Greece would have then started with a fair name, free from the obloquy which (and in part justly) is now cast upon her.

But, to proceed with my approach to Turkey. The next morning, when I went on deck, I found we were under the lofty "Black Cape," *Cara-*

bournou, and merging into the long, winding bay of Smyrna. We still saw behind us Ipsara, Scio, and the islets called the Spalmadores, whilst to the left the high points of Lesbos were in view, peering over the Phocean Cape, which, with Cara-bournou, forms the mouth of the Smyrnean gulph. Our progress was, however, extremely slow until about ten o'clock, when the *inbat*, or westerly wind, which blows regularly during the summer months up the Gulph, wafted us on our way, and hurried us past scenes of great interest and beauty. We saw in succession the site of the ancient and Greek Clazomene, and the modern town of Vourla, with picturesque windmills and Turkish cemeteries to our right; and to our left, the broad mouth of the classical river Hermus, a long line of salt cones, and the windmills and minarets of Menimenn. At noon we came to, off the Sangiac Castle, which is situated where the bay contracts, on a projecting slip of land, under the bold and picturesque mountain, called, from the double cone in which it terminates, the "Two Brothers," or, by Italian sailors, "Le Mamelle." Here a boat visited us, containing no less a personage than the governor of the fortress—a fat, dirty old Turk. The business of this functionary would have been to examine the nature of the ship's cargo, whether she carried

ammunition or arms, or Greeks; but this was business that could not be done without trouble. His mode of proceeding was much more simple. When asked what he wanted, he replied, "due talleri," marking the number on his fingers. This sum being given to him without demur, he smiled graciously, said "buono! buono! capitan," sat down cross-legged in the bottom of the boat, and made a mute sign to his men, who rowed him to another vessel a-stern of us. We passed safely through the narrow channel left by the encroaching flats, and laughed heartily (knowing that no serious injury could ensue) when, on looking back, we saw three heavy "argosies" flounder on the sandy shoals, the deposit of the river Hermus.

The scenery here assumed the characters of beauty. On shore, by the castle, was a small Turkish village, a low mosque, a narrow cemetery with tall black cypresses, and the "turbaned stone," some Turkish kiosks, gay with red paint, with fronts all windows, and open to the cool breeze, looking out from the midst of sober olive-groves, or rich clumps of the odorous myrtle. A little further on, and close to a spot called Jackal-bournou, I perceived near the sea-shore an encampment of Yerooks,* and a large drove

* Wandering pastoral tribes that live in tents.

of camels browsing under the tendance of men and boys with turbaned heads and naked legs. I felt, for the first time, that I was in "the land of the East."

The castellated heights of Mount Pagus had been visible even for a considerable time before we reached the castle, and now we saw the town of Smyrna, situated at its base, and on a narrow flat that runs round the end of the bay. On approaching still a little nearer, (near enough to allow a short-sighted man to take in the view without aid of telescope, which spoils the general effect of scenery,) I was delighted with what I saw; and indeed so fine, and in some cases so peculiar are the objects, that the mere mention of them will convey the idea of beautiful and varied scenery. A rough, steep mount of considerable elevation, with the gloomy walls of an ancient fortress running along its ridge, and a crowded town of low and quaint looking edifices painted in many colours, spread amphitheatrically round its bases. On a lower height, a long black line of cypresses, (the Turkish cemetery,) and lower still, a shelving hill-side, covered with broad flags of white stone, (the humbler resting-place of the Jews,) tall, white minarets, relieving against the back ground of the castle hill, or painted dwelling-houses, beyond and among

which are again seen, at frequent intervals, the dark spiral tops of the tree of the orient. All this is in immediate relation to Smyrna itself; and then we have the grand accessories of the landscape—the bay bounded on either side by magnificent mountains, with an intervening narrow belt dotted with olive groves, myrtle, and summer kiosks. To the left, a lovely little flat, with tall trees and fountains, called Cordelew; then an inlet of the bay, running towards the village of Bournabat, whose white casinos and dark cypresses are seen in the rich plain, which is overlooked on the opposite side by Kuklujà, another village, (the most romantic of all in this district,) situated on a lofty ridge, and under a rugged and overhanging precipice; and lastly, bounding the scene, and presiding in majesty over all, Mount Sipylus, the mysterious, the sublime! the haunt of the divinities of classical mythology! whose voices may still be imagined in the thunder of which he is continually the dispenser; while, to the fanciful eye, his projecting rocks preserve the form of the proud but hapless Niobe.

But our vessel is coming to anchor, close before the town, and in the midst of flags of all nations, and ships of almost every possible form. Our names are called, and on looking alongside,

we see our kind friend S—— with his aid-de-camps, (his cashier and warehouseman,) two strapping Armenians, with calpacs as big as balloons, shaved heads, long coal-black mustashoes, unbuttoned throats, loose *benishes*, shawls round their waists, petticoats, broad scarlet trowsers, and soleless boots of a cochineal colour, thrust into slippers of the same hue. We now experienced, that though travelling in the East has its inconveniences and hardships, it has its comforts and advantages too; we went on shore at once, and repaired to our friend's house, without any mention being made of quarantine or passports, or any of those things which in civilized countries are such checks and torments on one's movements; and our luggage coming after us, passed close under the noses of the authorities of the Turkish custom-house, without their testifying any inclination to pry into our portmanteaus. (I remained in Turkey long enough to see some important changes attempted in certain of these matters, particularly in those relating to passports and police regulations; but hitherto they have been almost confined to the capital. When I arrive there, I will detail them.)

The generality of travellers who have lately visited Smyrna, have gone there from the Morea,

or the impoverished islands of Greece, where they had suffered privations of every kind; and have, naturally enough, found that this town, which from its extensive trade and European population, does possess some of the comforts of civilized life, is a delightful residence—a paradise in the desert. Even the wanderers from the other direction, who have just left the palaces and the etiquette of Pera, and have their memories full of the torpifying influences of stately parties, composed mainly of drowsy drogomans, with their no better "halves," the second-hand retailers of the airs of Madame l'Ambassadrice, on finding themselves in a place where etiquette is unknown; (except always among the consuls;) where there is an easy familiar intercourse between all parties; where every evening, if you like, you may go to an unceremonious soirée, and see pretty-faced young Levantines, who can laugh, and dance, and "be agreeable;" and where you meet with men, undistinguished, it is true, by high qualities either of principle or intellect, but who are civil, friendly, and cheerful;—I say, even these travellers are apt to place Smyrna high in the scale of pleasant residences, and to draw a veil over its deformities and impurities. Now, the difference of my immediately preceding circumstances, which formed indeed a contrast

but unfavourable to Smyrna, may very well account for the difference of my first impression. I had come from pleasant Italy, where I had left society and friends, and the resources of a great capital. A short stay at Malta, which possesses in La Valetta one of the finest cities in the Mediterranean, had been very agreeable. I had suffered no privations on the voyage, (which, long as it had been, could scarcely be deemed tedious, considering the interest of the islands we passed and stayed at,) and I had an old and dear friend with me, to ward off the approaches of *ennui*. The first impressions, therefore, that I received from Smyrna, were far from flattering: the wooden houses seemed more mean and fragile —the streets narrower and filthier—the air more sultry, foul and oppressive—the mosquitoes, fleas, and "other vermin," larger in size, and more persecuting in nature, than I had ever yet seen. The people too (I mean the Franks, and the men only) seemed of a strange hybridous nature, something neither Christian nor Turk, Asiatic nor European; and I was struck with a general absence of information, spirit, and liberality, really astonishing, at the present day, in people, natives of England, France, Italy, &c., or descended, as they pretty generally are, from parents born in those countries. They appeared

to have, in turns, the sympathies, the listlessness, and supineness of the Moslemins, without being striking and picturesque like them:—the lightness of character and vanity of the Greeks, without their vivacity and natural talent. I thought the reigning pleasure, that of sitting three or four hours on a sofa or a wooden stool, and smoking ten or twenty pipes, a very dull one; their casino, or assembly rooms, with interminable discourses on figs, sponges, and pirates, with newspapers three months old, I thought duller still. The variety of costume and feature presented by the Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks; all seen jostling together in the narrow streets, was amusing for awhile; but that soon passed, and was succeeded by a feeling of a less pleasant nature. Each class of that strange mixture was losing the characteristic markings of its caste or nation: there was no spirit, no raciness in either. A turban and caftan, would make the Frank a Turk; a hat and coat, the Turk a Frank. The moral changes necessary for identification would be scarcely more considerable; and the same may be said of all the sons of Mammon, be their race what it may, that haunt this great *scala* of the Levant. Thus far I beg to remind the reader:—I speak of first impressions; during a residence of many months I had time for examination, and

some of these were considerably modified, as will be seen.

Of the beauty of the Smyrniote ladies I had heard and read much, and my first observations went to confirm the high character that has been given of it by travellers. When seen at their wide, open windows, (where, by the by, they are to be seen nearly all the day through,) they look enchanting. Their turbaned head-dress is the most graceful I have seen, and a fac-simile in style to that found on ancient statues—the works of the most talented of the Asiatic Greeks, the elegant Ionians. The formation of their heads is generally fine; their regular and arched eyebrows, their large coal-black eyes, fringed with long silky lashes, their complexion, the expression of their countenance, a mixture of languor and cheerfulness and coquetry, are calculated to strike, and *do* strike, *at a distance*. But, like pictures, if they wish to keep up the full force of the enchantment, they should never descend from their frames, (the windows,) where only the more favourable part of their figure is visible—where their defects are concealed, and where one cannot perceive that their eyebrows are trimmed and dyed, and that they are indebted for the lilies and roses of their complexion to the *boyadji*, or itinerant vender of colours. The use of cos-

metics is here so general and undisguised, that I risk none of those dangers from my fair friends in the Levant, by stating the *fact* that I might incur by a mere hint or implication among my fairer countrywomen.

The very first walk I took (on the evening after my arrival) which presented me with these beautiful head-pieces, led me strangely enough to the Protestant burying-ground and the English hospital, as if on purpose to check any gay or agreeable feeling that might offer itself in my new sojourn. The burying-ground on the edge of the town, but not quite out of it, is a small, uneven, thorn and weed-covered enclosure, only partially girt in by walls. The graves, which are already rather numerous, are occupied (with a few exceptions) by English, or descendants of English. While I was there, the funeral of a sailor from one of our ships of war on the station, took place. I looked into the poor fellow's grave —it was not deep, and yet it was half full of water. This, I was informed, was the case with every grave dug in the ground; and though the water may ooze from the Meles, (Homer's own river, a branch of which flows close by,) I should think that scarcely enough to reconcile the feelings of the relatives to the unseemly immersion of remains but a few hours cold in death. The

grave of an Englishman in a foreign land has always been to me an object of great interest: I have stood by the side of many—at Lisbon, at Leghorn, at Rome, Naples, and Constantinople, but I never saw any thing so slovenly and indecorous as here. There was hardly a trace of that delicacy and religious respect to the dead that distinguishes our country in general—a feeling which, in spite of the cold-blooded, desecrating calculations of political economists and utilitarians, is honourable to our character, and which we share with the most ancient and the most refined nations. The tombs of the Greeks and Romans formed sacred avenues to their cities and towns, and are among the most splendid works they have left to our admiration, and the violation of a temple was scarcely considered more sacrilegious than the violation of a tomb. The present cemetery of Smyrna is rather a recent acquisition—the former one stood near to the foot of Mount Pagus: it was abandoned some years ago, and the Turks have taken away the tomb-stones and tablets it contained, to employ them in the barracks they are now building for the regular troops, without a word of remonstrance being uttered. The English hospital stands close to the burying-ground, to which it is but too frequently the portal; and as if that

vicinity were not enough to exercise an evil influence over the spirits of the victims of disease, the narrow court-yard, scarcely larger than "a chair-lumbered closet," has been dug into graves, and is covered with grave-stones. The house is small, and in want of repair; the situation low, damp, close, and unhealthy. At the time of my visit, it contained several patients, chiefly, I believe, sailors from our trading vessels: they were lying on wretched pallets, some of them unprovided with mosquito-curtains, appendages absolutely indispensable to any man (even in health) who would close his eyes in Smyrna; and the mosquito-nets that did exist, were too old and ragged to perform their duty of excluding the persevering and tormenting insects. I should be unwilling to attach the serious blame of this cruel neglect and misconduct to any particular person or persons; I describe what I saw in August, 1827, with extreme surprise, being previously aware that the Levant Company had been accustomed, at least, to provide liberally for the establishment, and that the British government had generously taken on itself this charge, with many others, on the dissolution of that association.*

* During my stay in Smyrna, a commission was appointed to examine into the state of this hospital. Some *trifling* improvements followed. The capital defect admits of no improve-

From this melancholy survey of grave and pest-house, passing through some filthy, narrow lanes, where I ran the risk, so often incurred, and, as it would appear to a stranger, so miraculously avoided in Smyrna, of being squeezed to death by a long string of loaded camels, I emerged into an open sort of faubourg, called by the Franks "Les Jardins." Here the fruitful causes of malaria, fever, and infection, met me at every step; nor could I wonder, as the Smyrniots did, after a brief survey, why the place should have lately been so unhealthy during the heats of summer; and why so many of the poorer classes of Christians, who resided near this spot, and in the lower parts of the town, should have fallen victims to a dreadful fever during the present season (the summer of 1827.) I saw a

ment; the situation is most pernicious;—it ought to be removed.

The French have a spacious and airy hospital, with an enclosed garden before it, situate on the Marina, and open to the salutary diurnal breeze of the *inbat*. This hospital has been but a short time finished; and here many of the French sailors, wounded at the battle of Navarino, were landed and cured.

In Dr. Clarke, the resident physician and surgeon, the hospital (as well as the English families) is admirably provided for; with skill and extreme attention, this gentleman unites the most agreeable manners, and a kindness and benevolence of character, it has been rarely my lot to meet with.

number of ditches of green, stagnant water, infested with vegetable decomposition, or dried up by the long and violent heats of summer, with a deep unwholesome deposit, traverse this suburban paradise, at a few paces from the town, and from the best quarter of it.* To confine the destructive miasma thus generated, there are numerous trees, banks, and garden walls, which prevent the free circulation of the sea breezes, and retain the poison in such a manner as to render it almost impossible for the inhabitants to avoid inhaling it. The waters of these pestilential ditches are furnished, in part, by an ill-directed branch of the Meles, and, in part, by the heavy tropical-like rains that fall during the winter. To give them proper beds, would be a work of trifling difficulty, for in no instance are they more than half a mile distant from the sea; but so far are the people from thinking of this useful undertaking, that they permit the channels, natural or artificial, which already exist and issue in the bay, to be choked up at their outlets. The lords of the land, the indolent Turks, never think of these things: not one in ten thousand, perhaps, could be brought to un-

* Called by the English "Bond Street," by the French "La Rue des Roses." The Greeks have a less fashionable, and less agreeable name for it, i. e. "*Coprieis*, or Dunghill."

derstand the nature of the evil; and then, in addition to their want of motive, must be added, that they live in an elevated part of the town, on the side of the hill, away from these dangerous nuisances, and that the annual summer fever does not extend its influence so far. Let the dogs lie in the plain "till ague eat them up," —what is that to them? The poor rayahs, the Greeks and Armenians, (the Jews live on the Turkish side, and almost as high up the hill as their masters,) can hardly be supposed to do any thing which would betray a spirit of enterprise and improvement and the possession of money, each sufficient to awaken persecution. But might not the five thousand Franks, that live in the stye of Smyrna, do something to purify it, by treating with the local government, and taking the insignificant undertaking into their own hands? Surely they should look to it. For these last six years, the fever, which begins with the great heats, has been increasing in extent and danger, and now threatens to depopulate Christian Smyrna.*

* I feel warmly on this subject. During the summer of last year two of my countrymen and friends (Mr. John Wilkinson and Mr. James Sandison) fell victims to the detestable Smyrna fever. They died within a few days of each other, after a very short illness.

Besides these exterior enemies, there are other causes within the Frank town, fruitful in effects prejudicial to health. The sewers and drains run through the streets and the court-yards of the best houses, only a few inches under the pavement, which is frequently loose and full of crannies, (sævi spiracula ditis,) that emit the most fetid vapours; and myriads of insects generated by this filth and closeness, and the heat indicated by the thermometer's varying from ninety to a hundred, or even a hundred and five degrees, add torment to pestilence, and render Smyrna insupportable from May to the end of September. "Were it not for the inbat or regular westerly breeze, that blows freshly up the gulph, the place would be altogether uninhabitable." This has been remarked by Dr. Chandler, and all the travellers since his time; and from my experience of the horrid state of the atmosphere, after only two or three days' interruption of its purifying visitation, I should subscribe implicitly to their belief. I was also informed by some old inhabitants, that it was generally during the remission of the inbat (when, for example, it had not blown for several days) that their putrid and gastric fevers, and other disorders, were observed to declare themselves.*

* In 1828, which was a most unhealthy year, the northerly

On returning from my cheering promenade in the gardens, the night fell, and every person I met I saw furnished with a lantern. I ran a greater risk than I was aware of at the time; for if the police guard of Turkish mountaineers meet you without a light, they have orders to arrest you, and the discretionary power of ill treating you. They are extremely active in this respect, as it is almost the only case in which, by the good regulations of the present pasha, they are allowed to interfere with Franks. A gentleman with whom I was acquainted, having to go but a short distance in the town, thought that a clear moonlight, which rendered a lantern perfectly unnecessary, would be excuse suffiicient for his going without one. Close to the door of his house he fell in with the guard. "Where's your light?" cried they, gruffly.—"There," replied he, pointing to the moon. The Turks neither admitted the reference, nor admired the joke, and cudgelled him soundly, notwithstanding that he wore a hat.*

winds (so cool at Constantinople, so suffocating here) were frequent, and the inbat was of course suspended.

* The regulation of carrying lights, where there are no lamps in the streets, is a good one; and particularly at Smyrna, where there is always a set of amphibious Sclavonians, Maltese, &c., who are not too much to be trusted in a dark night.

CHAPTER II.

Tranquillity of Smyrna—Character of the Pasha—Historical Sketch of the Greek Massacres—Execution of Italian Sailors by the Turkish Government—Charity of the English Residents to the suffering Greeks—Anecdote of M. David, the French Consul—Easy suppression of the Janissaries at Smyrna.

At my arrival, (in August 1827,) Smyrna, though suffering in commerce, and from the daring piracies that were then daily committing, had been in the enjoyment of tranquillity for a long time; that is, for more than a year! It is rarely that so many months revolve, for those who are in the territories of the sultan, without some scenes of distraction, or at least motives of alarm. But people get used to this like every thing else, and I really believe that for the Frank dwellers at Smyrna and Constantinople, these alarms and tragic scenes have become essentially necessary, as excitements and occupations. In the first of these places particularly, every third man will on any given day in the year (no matter how clear may be the horizon, physical or moral)

beat Croaker* in foreseeing and predicting calamities. That epicure in tales of destruction and misery, could see that the earthquake which overthrew Lisbon was "coming round in a circle," and must soon arrive at London; but these his congenial spirits can descry earthquake, fire, war, plague, famine, and the whole countless list of human calamities advancing upon them in solid squares from every point of the compass, as if the powers in heaven, the powers on earth, and those under the earth, had no other business whatever, and had formed a league to wage exclusive hostilities on the mart of figs, opium, and cotton bales. This, on ordinary occasions, may amuse them; but in times when there were *really* reasons for fear, (after the battle of Navarino, for example,) I have seen a knot of these alarmists heap horror upon horror, until, like children telling ghost-stories, they trembled at the accumulation.

The last current alarm had been, that Lord Cochrane was coming with the "Hellas," and the brigs of the Greek navy, to burn Smyrna to the ground—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks;—which indeed was a possible thing to occur, considering how agreeable such a deed

* In Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man."

would be to the powers of Europe; and how easy it was to effect, as there were seldom more than two or three ships of the line, and some half-dozen of frigates and other ships, English, French, American, Dutch, Austrian, &c., in the port at a time. The tranquillity lately enjoyed was disturbed shortly after my becoming a sojourner among them, by news of the treaty of the 6th of July, signed by England, France, and Russia, to settle the Greek affair, and clear the Levant of blood and piracy. This, it was foreseen, would bring the powers in hostile collision with the Porte, in the train of which would come reprisals, confiscation, captivity, or death. In this instance, the probability of the prediction, and the interests they had at stake, (many of them their all,) gave a rather more sane character to their speculations; and it would not have been fair for a stranger, who had nothing but a portmanteau among them, and who could go away on board of ship at any moment he chose, to deprecate too severely the extent of their apprehensions, or their maledictions against the half-butchered Greek people, (who ought to have been left to the Turkish knife,) or their animadversions on Mr. Canning, and on the injustice and *illiberality* of England and her allies!

Hassan, who had been pasha of Smyrna for several years, was a great favourite (and deservedly so) with all classes of its motley population. Though not exempt from all vices of a Turkish governor, he had generally shown himself moderate, tolerant, just, and averse to bloodshed. He had established an excellent police, and deeds of violence had become rare in his jurisdiction. Hassan was appointed about the time of the breaking out of the Greek Revolution, and had immediately to pass through scenes of extreme difficulty and danger. When the Moslemins resolved to avenge the losses and (occasional) cruelty suffered by their brethren in the Morea and elsewhere, with the entire destruction of the unoffending, unarmed Greeks in Asia Minor, Smyrna, where those devoted beings resided in great numbers, became a bloody stage, on which murder, and crimes to which murder is mercy, were exhibited, with varying degrees of activity, during months. Hassan exerted himself, from the very beginning, to stay the tempest; but it was not to be conjured, and soon threatened his own head. During a brief intermission of its fury, he had called together a number of Turks of age, and a certain rank, (the *notables* of Smyrna and its districts,) to devise measures for securing tranquillity. These

unfortunate men were convened in a large room attached to the Turkish custom-house, near the pasha's palace, when unfortunately the populace ascertained that a large merchant-vessel which had been in the port under Russian colours, and had sailed down to the Sangiac castle on her way out of the gulph of Smyrna, was in fact a Greek, and had taken a great number of fugitive Greek families on board. A cry was immediately raised, the pasha was accused of treachery, and of befriending the Greeks; every possible exaggeration and misrepresentation was made use of by the orators of the blood-thirsty mob, and Hassan, and the council he had assembled, were devoted to destruction. The multitude, reinforced by all the *canaille* of the neighbourhood, rushed to the custom-house, where the poor men, devising measures of peace and good-will, were advised by the imprecations that pealed around them, of their death-warrant. It was in vain to attempt to harangue the noisy, maddened mob below; and an attempt at defence in the slight wooden kiosk they were in, and to be maintained by their weak arms, against thousands, was equally vain. In vain also the pasha sent out a body of his troops to their relief; they could not penetrate the dense mass, they dared not emerge from the square before their master's

residence, which was already menaced with an attack. Left to themselves, and to a few faithful servants, who endeavoured to secure the doors and windows against the assailants, the catastrophe was not long delayed. The mob became masters of the house, and massacred every human being in it. (I have heard a person in the pasha's service, describe the scene that presented itself in the council-room the following morning, with a detail of horror that fixed it on my mind, and makes me shudder even now; the bodies of the respectable old men were literally *cut to pieces*—severed limbs and heads, with their grey beards clotted with gore, and other mutilated remains, actually strewed the floors of these atrocious shambles.) After exulting in their infernal gratification for awhile, the mob, hungry for new victims, gathered round the palace of the pasha. Fortunately the lower part of this was pretty solidly built in stone, and a stone wall and strong palisades surrounded it. The few troops immediately about his person, stood firm and faithful, and offered the appearance of an organised body, always (though ever so weak) imposing to a vile mob. Their fury, which had been headlong where none, or the weakest resistance could be offered to them, here came to a pause;—they wavered, and retired from before

windows and other apertures, bristled with tophaiks and pistols, ready to open a deadly fire on them. Meantime the darkness of night had closed, and the pasha's messengers, by dropping through some back windows, got unperceived from the palace, and summoned many of his friends, and of the well-affected, to his defence. Hassan's coolness and judgment are said never to have forsaken him for a moment. As the night advanced, the mob again condensed, and advanced with renewed impetuosity; they forced the palisades, and were rushing on in front of the palace, when the pasha ordered the chief gate to be thrown wide open. The sight of two long cannons within the narrow passage, of the *topgis** with the match in hand, and a body of Albanians and others, (Hassan's guard,) with levelled muskets, in the rear of the artillery, quelled their boiling hearts;—they pushed back, to the right, to the left, every way but forward, and ended the disgrace of the day by a general and precipitous flight. The panic, indeed, was so complete, that in less than a quarter of an hour not one of the wretches was to be seen, and the howling city became as quiet as a midnight heath.

* Cannoniers.

The impression produced on the minds of the mob by the pasha's undaunted conduct, and on the milder and more respectable part of the Turkish citizens, by the massacre of the *notables* at the custom-house, forwarded the views at which Hassan had been long labouring, to stop the equally iniquitous massacre of the peaceful Greek population, which had been carried on for months, in spite of the orders and the threats of the Porte, that could hardly wish to *exterminate* so useful a portion of its Asiatic population, though it might at first wink at what it considered a political check, or an *ad terrorem* chastisement. But the ruffianly mob, while destroying Greeks like game in preserves, had become, in fact, masters of the town, from which they had frightened speculation and commerce, to the no small detriment of the pasha's revenue. Neither the voice of Pasha, Moolla, nor Oulema was listened to; and every remonstrance against murder and robbery was interpreted into a guilty predilection for the Greeks. Hassan had now a favourable opportunity to make head against them, and he did so with promptitude and discernment. He rallied round him the friends of order in Smyrna, and several ayans of his pashalik; and some from the districts of Magnesia, and the valleys of the Hermus and Caicus, as-

sisted him with men and arms, with their countenance, and in most instances with their personal attendance. The Moslemins of the town, not usually a ferocious people, were soon detached from the murderous league; those of the neighbouring country, chiefly mountaineers, and infinitely more dangerous, were induced to return to their homes, and the only set against which Hassan was obliged to employ violent measures, was a body of Candiote Turks, most of them long settled at Smyrna, as butchers, porters, &c. sanguinary villains, who had been the principal actors in the tragedy. Some of the leading characters of their band were seized, and beheaded or strangled; the mass was constrained to embark, and were transported to Candia. Of a few stragglers that remained behind concealed, scarcely one escaped prompt detection, and execution. The pasha then felt he had purged Smyrna—tranquillity was restored about the end of June (1822;) since when no more massacres have been perpetrated here. Of the dreadful transactions of which Smyrna had been the scene for nearly twelve months preceding that period, accounts, but faulty and unconnected, were remitted occasionally to Europe at the time. I have no inclination to resume or collate them. I have already detailed some such particulars, replete with the

horrid monotony of crime; but there are a few circumstances not generally known, which may be worth a moment's attention. When the Turks commenced their murderous attack on the Greeks in the streets of Smyrna, the merchants and most of the people of that caste, at all in easy circumstances, shut themselves up in their houses. But the poor labouring men, who lived from day to day, on their day's work, could not do this; they must either go out or starve. In the streets, their destroyers, particularly the Candiote butchers, were in movement, like sportsmen beating the bush, or watching the spring of a woodcock, and as soon as the dark turban or calpac of a Greek was seen, a shot was sure to follow him. No distinctions were made; and whether the blood flowed from the veins of venerable age, or from the "holy breasts" that gave suck, or from the innocent that suckled there, it was still so much Romaic blood. As the danger increased, many of the wealthy families, disguised and assisted by the Franks of the place, escaped to ships in the bay; some of these, abandoning their houses and property, fled thence to the islands of Sira, Tino, and Eiconi, or to the Morea. As the murders became every day more frequent, the poor people, in despair, rushed to the European ships in the port; in some of these they were humanely

received—in others, access was only to be procured by sacrificing what little money or valuables they might possess, the brutal captains making a profitable speculation on their calamities. The Franks taking the alarm, embarked their wives and children, so that, in a short time, every ship was crowded to suffocation. This was in the months of July and August, and under the broiling sun of Smyrna; and there, in each merchantman, were thrown two or three hundred unhappy wretches, without provisions, without water to quench their burning thirst! Hundreds were not able to gain admission to any vessel, but lay in open boats, which they attached to the shipping for protection, huddled together like sheep in a market-pen. In situations like these, occurred almost every species of human suffering and privation.

The following story (one among many that I have heard) will give a correct idea of the dreadful state of the Greeks in Smyrna. A poor old man, a builder, or mason, who lived in the gardens, at the edge of the town, shut himself up with his wife and children, a son, a young man, and a daughter betwen eleven and twelve years old. For many days they lived on the provisions his prudence and thrift had laid up; but at last these were exhausted, and either some one must

expose his life by going out to purchase bread, or they must all starve. The son conceived the duty to lay with him; he went out in the dusk of the evening, and never returned. The next day the little girl, frantic with hunger, made the attempt; she succeeded in buying some loaves, and had nearly reached her home, when a ruffian of a Candiote perceiving her, fired his long pistol, and wounded her in the arm. The poor creature shrieked, but ran on, retaining a fast hold of the precious bread which she brought to her old parents, stained with her blood!

The misfortunes of these people were aggravated to such a degree, and seemed so irremediable, that they were seen at last, as it were, courting death. Religious feeling, too, operated wonderfully on their minds; they were led to consider their death at the hands of the blaspheming Mahometans, as a martyrdom, and hundreds submitted their throat to the knife with a placidity and self-possession and unresistingness that might go far to merit that palm. I have heard these bloody doings described by many eye-witnesses, who all agree in their accounts, that resistance was *never* offered; and at last, flight hardly ever attempted. The Franks' lives were never aimed at; the few who had the courage to walk in the streets during the "car-

nival of slaughter," were merely warned to keep out of the way of the shot: their property was untouched, even when they had run on board ship, and left it unprotected.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, who happened to be walking along the Strada Franca early one morning, saw a Turk suddenly run furiously towards him with his pistols in his hands. The rencontre made him stop short, and betray symptoms of alarm. At this, the Turk laughed, and then with an attempt at politeness, begged him to step on the other side of the way, as he only wanted to shoot the Greek who was behind him. An unfortunate creature, whom the Frank had not perceived, was in the next moment stretched on the stones.

A respectable English family, that had hitherto delayed going on board ship, in the hope that such a horrid storm could not be of long continuance, on seeing it thicken, and numbers of poor wretches slaughtered immediately before their residence, made a precipitate retreat to the bay. They did not even close the doors of their house. When they returned, several days after, the quay in front of their house, the court-yard, presented a revolting scene;—murder had been committed even at their threshold—the door was open, but on ascending to their apartments they

found that nothing had been touched therein. Frank blood was, however, shed by the Turks, in the course of these troubles, but that in a judicial manner, and by order of the pasha. A vessel under Sardinian colours had taken on board a number of Smyrniote Greeks, and was sailing with them from the bay for one of the islands of the Cyclades. The Turkish authorities, who had some time before made known an express order of the pasha, prohibiting European or other vessels trading with Turkey, to take on board or convey away any of the rayahs or tributary subjects of the Porte, without permission given, ordered the Sardinian to be seized. For this purpose, several large *caiques*, full of armed Turks, were sent off into the bay. The Italian, fearing he could not pass the narrow passage off the Sangiac castle without being sunk by the Turkish cannon, ran for protection under the guns of some men-of-war in the port. The Turks followed, and explained to the commander their right of seizing him. The Italian's ship-papers were examined and not found in proper order, and depositions were made affecting the character of the captain and his crew. In short, the seizure was permitted, the vessel was carried by the Turks, and the Italians thrown into the pasha's prison. As the Sardinian consul was absent, the

captives applied to the Austrian, the French, the English—to all the consuls in succession, not one of whom, on examining the business, and the depositions against them, would interfere in their favour. A traitor, a friend of the Sardinian captain's, under the pretence of bribing the Turks, drained him and his men of their money; and when their last piaster was obtained, left them to their fate. This was more dreadful than the most timid of them anticipated; (they merely anticipated total confiscation of ship, &c. and long confinement.) Early one morning they were dragged out of their dungeon to an open square, where lines of armed Moslemins and executioners, with naked swords, gave them the first warning that they were to die. The captain and four of the crew, seeing no hope of prolonging life, submitted quietly to the death-blow, after kissing a small crucifix which one of them had on his person; but the sixth, a vigorous young Genoese, burst from the executioners, and rushed wildly round the square, whence there was no egress but through armed Turks, shrieking and crying out piteously:—"*Devo morire cosi? Non c' e un Cristiano che mi salvi?*" ("Must I die thus? Is there not a Christian here to help me?") These struggles but lengthened his life a few seconds, and increased the pangs of dying. A few Christians who happened to be present at

the execution, were glad to keep out of sight when he made his appeal to them, his brethren in religion. My informant, who was one of them, and who must have been very young at the time, seemed to have been intensely affected by the scene, and when (in the course of a solitary journey along Mount Sipylus) he described it to me with that imitative spirit these Levantines generally possess, and repeated the wild gestures, the glances of the eye, and the supplicative, deep, thrilling tones of the dying Italian, I confess he brought tears to my eyes, and a dead chill to my heart. I believe, neither the naval commanders, nor the consuls, had entertained an idea that these unhappy beings would be punished with death; but I must say at the same time, that I never heard the giving of them up, and the non-interference properly justified.

For very many years no such thing as an execution of Franks, by Turkish law, had been seen in the Levant, where offenders are given over to their respective consuls, who take into their own hands their punishment if the offence be light, or send them home to be tried by the laws of their country if serious. Consuls of all nations have been strenuous in endeavouring to establish this into a right;* and they must be applauded for

* The right has indeed been acknowledged times innumerable by the Porte.

doing so, when we reflect on the barbarity and summary nature of Turkish law. Putting aside our sympathy for the Italian sufferers, who may have been what they were described, rogues, still I must regret their execution, as affording a dangerous president.

In the course of the Greek massacres at Smyrna, the most thorough heartlessness, was generally testified by all classes, Franks and Rayahs, wearers of hats and calpacs. The Franks were not attacked; and when their alarm for themselves subsided they gave soirées and balls, while unfortunate Christians were murdered in the streets. The Armenians, who wore before black caps and calpacs, scarcely distinguishable from those of the Greeks, fearful of being mistaken at a distance by the Turkish hunters of men, ensconced themselves in huge calpacs of flaming red, rising in the crown into four short horns; and thus finding themselves in security, joined the Jews to speculate in the midst of destruction, and to seize the trade and occupations left vacant by the murdered, or the fugitives. Exceptions certainly there were, and brilliant ones too among the Franks, (the brighter from their rarity,) and I reflect with satisfaction, that among those most forward to relieve the sufferers of Smyrna and Scio, were some English,

and an American gentleman,* a native of Boston.

The influence and the charity of those high functionaries, the consuls, must have flown in "secret channels;" only one of the august body exerted his protection to a very considerable number of devoted individuals, and from his easy success, we must feel an inclination to regret that his example had no followers.

Monsieur Davide, the Consul-General of France, determined not to close his doors against such fugitives as might claim his protection—his house, his premises, were soon filled with men, women and children. This could not escape the eyes of the Turks. Demanding the Greeks, they besieged his house, and threatened to break it open, to burn it down, if they were not turned out. Monsieur Davide perceiving that they were about to put their threats into execution, boldly

* This gentleman, Mr. Joseph Langdon, among many other generous and noble actions, in favour of the unhappy Greeks, ransomed a fine child, (a Sciote,) and sent her to his home, to be educated among his relations and friends. The poor creature had not a friend or a relative in existence, (at least, that could be traced,) when he liberated her from slavery and debasement. Mr. L. does not look for public praise like this, but I have a debt of affection and gratitude to him, for the friendship I experienced while at Smyrna. This instance is not a solitary one.

descended, opened a fold of his door, and placing himself with a friend or two in the gap, addressed the mob. The substance of his speech was, that they must pass over his body ere they should enter to molest the inmates of his house;—that if but a hair of his head was injured, the ships of war of France would knock Smyrna about the ears of the Turks—and the vengeance of his master, the great sovereign, the friend of their sultan, would fall on them and their whole race. He had accorded the strangers within, the hospitality of his roof, by which he had contracted a tie holy in his religion, and equally sanctified by the precepts of their prophet Mahomet. The harangue, such as it was, had an immediate effect; the Turks retired, and never again troubled him or his protegés.

From the dreadful period of which I have given a slight sketch, Hassan Pasha had maintained good order in Smyrna and its dependencies. The suppression of the Janissaries cost but a few noisy, indiscreet heads, for here, as well as all over Asia Minor, they gave in at the first blow, and renounced cauldron and wooden spoon, and all the honours of the Orta, with the same facility that school-boys threatened with the rod give up the apples and pears they have purloined. The corps of Janissaries thoroughly demoralized,

had long been ripe for ruin. Like the idolatrous statue of ancient Egypt, it had stood on, from a misconceived idea of its might, and the chaos that would attend its overthrow, and like it, it dropped an inert mass of fractured members, under the hand that had the boldness to attack it, and talent to direct the dissevering strokes.

The tranquillity of Smyrna, and the whole Ottoman Empire, has, no doubt, been favoured by the breaking up of the detestable and unwarlike incorporation of the Janissaries.

CHAPTER III.

New Troops—Bazaars of Smyrna—Soldiers exercising—Bad Barracks—Extreme civility of the Turks—Large new Barracks erecting for the regular Troops—Want of instructed non-commissioned Officers and Subalterns—Uniform of the new Troops—Incorrect idea as to the number of European Officers in Sultan Mahmoud's service—Turkish Officers formed under Sultan Selim—Field-days at Smyrna—Turkish Music—New system of Tactics criticised by an old Turk—General ugliness of the Tacticoes.

Hassan Pasha had been one of the first of the sultan's lieutenants charged with the raising and disciplining of troops on the European system, and the Smyrna tacticians (or tacticoes, as they are generally denominated by the Franks) were held inferior only to those of Stamboul, that had been formed immediately under Mahmoud's own eye. This being one of the most interesting features in the infant plan of Turkish improvement and civilization, I took an early opportunity of examining it; and during my stay in Smyrna, used frequently to repeat my visits. The first time, I was conducted by some British naval officers, who had been before attracted by

the same motives. We passed through the Frank quarter of the town. The winding, dark, and dirty bazaars are situated at the extremity of the long "*Strada Franca;*" they offer a variety of colour in goods of silk, of cotton and wool, that is striking as the eye glances along the open shops, and an air so impregnated with otto of roses, musk, and tobacco smoke, that it seldom fails of giving a stranger a head-ache. Except one or two stone-vaulted passages, these bazaars are built entirely of wood. The *coup d'œil*, as I have said, is striking; the picture, of course, has all those oriental accessories, which we have been accustomed to admire from our earliest reading of Eastern tales, and will long remain strongly impressed on the mind of the traveller who goes no further; but the immense and magnificent *Tcherchè* of Constantinople has almost entirely effaced it from mine. On emerging from the bazaars, we traversed a small portion of the lower Turkish town, chiefly inhabited by makers of drums for packing figs, and found ourselves in a small square, before a large, but half-ruined wooden house, decorated with a long Arabic inscription, in gilded letters, over the door, and a number of large placards in vulgar Turkish pasted on the walls. In this square, three or four elderly Turks, with grey beards,

were instructing the incipients of the military art to turn out their toes, to hold up their heads, to lift their feet from the ground, (a difficult thing for a common Asiatic Moslemin,) and were initiating them in the mysteries of the lock-step, &c.

The shattered building, where we heard a tremendous rattling of arms, had been converted into temporary barracks. On advancing to the door, we were kindly invited to enter, by what we should call a serjeant or corporal, and two sentinels at the foot of the stairs presented arms to us; though, I imagine, this honour resulted rather from their spirit of frolic, or a desire of showing their ability to European officers, than from any instructions of their superiors, which would not be consonant to Mahometan ideas. The interior of this building was even more dilapidated than the exterior; the boards creaked and started, the beams groaned, the staircase shook through every inch, as the noisy inmates ran to and fro; and when we went into a large *salle* on the second story of the building, where some twenty fellows were going through their "shoulder arms" and "ground arms," banging the butts of their muskets on the wooden floor with deafening clamour, I almost apprehended a rapid and vertical descent. All present were

extremely good-natured and civil to us, and instead of being offended at our close inspection of their arms and accoutrements, and the strange barracks in general, they invited our curiosity; pulled down every article, and took us into every possible corner. A gratification, however, they did not fail to exact in return: my friend, Lieutenant B——, of the Marines, was begged to shoulder a musket, and go through the exercise as it is really done among the Inglissee. There was no denying them this favour; but, when once he begun, there was no ending his military display: he did it so well, that he must have the kindness to do it once more, only once more; and poor B—— went through such a drilling as he had not had for many a day. It was a curious scene. All those who were disengaged ran about us; and these Turks, who would be imagined so starch and grim and fierce were as playful as so many school-boys. I never after saw this gaiety and natural ebullition among the Moslemins of Asia Minor but *once*, and that was among a very different class—the students of the Medressé or College, attached to the Mosque of Sultan Amurath, at Magnesia. Our survey, which had begun in the attics, ended in the kitchen, a roomy stable, with a fire on the middle of the floor, at which their pilaff was cooking

in a black copper boiler of portentous magnitude. On asking where they slept, we were shown the hard uneven boards of the room floors, and there they all really slept by companies: their bedding consisted of strips of straw mats; some few had a rough coverlet, made of goats' hair and camels' wool; but pillows seemed a luxury of which they were all ignorant. No capotes or great coats had as yet been distributed. Insupportable as all this would be to most European soldiers, it was little to them, as probably even these accommodations were equal to any they had ever been accustomed to. But unfortunately this house, with the others we saw them then occupying, was badly situated; dirty ditches and stagnant waters existing on this side of the town, though not to such an extent, as well as on the opposite extremity, "Les Jardins." Bad fevers of different classes were the result: there had been a considerable mortality in the course of the summer, and we saw a number of poor wretches, suffering under the cold attacks of intermittents, huddled together near the kitchen fire. The thermometer, in the open air, marked 98°. Extensive barracks were then erecting, and in an advanced state, for the accommodation of these regular troops. They form a hollow oblong square, the front along the

line of the sea-shore, from which it is but a few paces distant. The four exterior walls are of stone and rubble work, but slightly built for their height and extent. Four interior walls rise to the elevation of the first story; the rest is in wood. Corridors run along each side of the square, and into these open the rooms or wards, which are well lighted and aired by windows in the main walls. A large fountain was constructing in the middle of the square or yard. When I saw this edifice completed, in the autumn of the following year, it presented a very respectable appearance, with its neat roofs, its plastered and whitewashed walls, and its four lengthy lines of windows. Seen from the bay, it is, in fact, a fine object, and may bear a comparison with the new barracks erected in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. It was subjected, however, to the same inconveniences as the old houses I have described, and which are indeed close to it. The pasha had the intention, it was said, of draining the ditches, and carrying off the insalubrious deposits; but it may be doubted, even then, whether its situation on a low, sandy, sea-flat, with mountains close behind, will be found healthy. It stands, too, on the water's edge, an admirable mark; and so weakly is it built, that two or three enemy's

cannon would produce sad havock. With the exception of the great mosques, Turkish buildings seem calculated but to last one generation; and it is probable that Smyrna barracks will brave the winds and the rains so long. I observed frequently while it was building, that there were very few Turks engaged on the works, and *they* as common labourers; the masons, carpenters, &c. were Greeks; they were impressed for the service, but their daily hire, though low, was pretty regularly paid. But to return to my observations on the troops: the friends we had made at our first halt, civilly conducted us to another temporary barrack close by, where we saw another party going through the rudiments of drill; and thence to a square in front of the pasha's palace, where part of the *élite* of the forces (about three hundred men) were exercising under the eyes of their colonel and officers. Considering that these troops were, at the time, of little more than a year's standing, they went through their evolutions in good style; they handled their muskets with great activity and tolerable precision, but they had not yet caught the military march-step. The marching, indeed, was the worst part of the exhibition; and its slovenliness is perhaps to be accounted for by the habitual locomotion of the Turks, which

is performed by something which I should describe as between a shuffle and a strut, and by their wearing clumsy *papoushes*, which fit ill to their feet. The most striking deficiency, of course, was that of non-commissioned officers and subalterns; these being imperfect in their *service*, threw all the work on a few of the superior officers, who were seen running from place to place, performing the duties of drill serjeants: even the colonel did this, and was there racing and storming, and using the flat of his sword, until he appeared ready to drop from heat and fatigue. Strange work this for a colonel! but so few were the subjects possessing any previous knowledge of the military art, that they were obliged to submit to it. Another strange sight to see, was, that many of the officers carried thick heavy horse-whips, made of plaited thongs, and not merely for ornament, as was demonstrated by their frequent application to the shoulders of the awkward or careless soldiers. This endurance of blows, which the tacticoes bear with the equanimity of an Austrian recruit, is considered, by those acquainted with the proud and fiery character of the Turkish people, as not one of the least strange workings of the "new order of things." The colour of the uniform of the Smyrna corps of regulars is blue; their

jackets, like those frequently worn by Italian sailors, are long, and rather more loose than becomes military *tenue;* their trowsers are very wide down to the knee, where they are tied in, thence they fit close to the leg, and descend to the instep. Neither stock nor stockings have been introduced; and the want of them, and bare necks and feet, give a dirty, forlorn look to the whole man in the eye of a European. The European military hat or *shacko*, has not been introduced; but the eastern turban has been entirely put aside. They wear red cloth caps, not small, and gracefully clapped on the crown of the head, as with the Albanians, but large, padded, and descending over the whole of the upper part of the head, and reaching the ears: a blue tassel in silk or wool, is pendant from the crown, as an ornament. This description will certainly not convey a splendid idea of the uniform of the tacticoes; but even this, as worn by some of the officers, properly made to fit, and in good materials, with a *crescent* worked in silver, or in small brilliants, according to their rank, on the breast, with a good cap, and flowing bushy tassel, and a neat pair of morocco leather boots, or at least a pair of stockings in their slippers, does not look amiss. The best part of an officer's equipment is, however, a cloak or mantle,

worn occasionally; this is fastened round the neck by a silver clasp, and descends below the knee in loose folds; the colour is a rich Turkish red. It has a graceful and military appearance; and so sensible are the wearers of this, that they can scarcely be induced to resign it by the heat of the dog-days. No people, perhaps, are more attached to dress than the Turks; and had the grand signior's finances permitted, it would have been wise in him to create an affection to his essay (the regular service) by giving them a dashing uniform.

The muskets and bayonets of the troops, which were furnished by a house at Marseilles, were of inferior French manufacture, and not kept remarkably clean. The belts and cartouche boxes were extremely slovenly, and hung too low; a trifling defect to the eye, which they share with the French. The instructors and officers were all Turks. At the commencement, the pasha had a Piedmontese; but he was dissatisfied by his entire ignorance of the Turkish language, without which it was impossible for him to do much; and the soldier of fortune, on his side, thought his services inadequately recompensed, and retired. The colonel and one or two elderly officers had acquired their knowledge, during the fatal attempt made by Sultan Selim to introduce

discipline and European tactics. Indeed, it was a few of these men who escaped massacre at the time from the hands of the Janissaries, and who were found alive at the suppression of that body, that formed the nucleus of the infant Turkish army of Mahmood. It was on these men the Sultan called, and on them he relied.* A very false idea prevails in Europe, as to the number of Christians employed in the formation of the new troops, and also as to those actually in Mahmood's service. The fact is, he never has had more than a few individuals employed merely as instructors, without rank or command in his army, and they had dwindled down to almost nothing before the opening of the Russian campaign in 1828. As the Turks of the *Nizam djedid*, under Sultan Selim, were instructed by French officers; and as the Europeans employed by the present sultan were either French or Italians who had served in Buonaparte's army, the French system of drill and evolution has been naturally adopted for the new troops.

During my stay in Smyrna, I was a frequent visitor to the Turkish side of the town, to see the exercising and progress of these *tacticoes*. On particular days, all those who had passed

* A few officers were furnished by the pasha of Egypt, who began earlier to adopt the new tactics.

through the "awkward squad," exercised and manœuvred before the pasha and his court. By the end of September, 1827, there were between six and seven hundred men so far advanced; the mere *tyros* were between three and four hundred. The scene of their display, or their champ-de-mars, was a small plain immediately under Mount Pagus, or the castle hill, and the hills on which the Turkish cemetery, with the dark cypress grove, and the Jewish burying ground, with its broad white flag-stones, are situated. The curve of these hills bound in the *esplanade* like an amphitheatre, and their lower declivities were generally occupied here and there by groups of Turkish women, who, contrary to another opinion prevalent in Christendom, are constantly gadding about, and who seemed to find much amusement in these military scenes, particularly in the firing. Parties of Jewish women occasionally partook of the pleasure, sitting apart from their superiors of the *yellow boots and slippers.** I have also seen, at times, a few Armenian dames, "fat and contented;" but do not remember having seen any Greek females among the admiring

* None but the sons and daughters of the Prophet dare wear yellow. The boots and slippers of the Jewish rayahs are of a purple die; those of the Armenians, of a dingy red; the Greeks of Asia Minor generally wear black.

spectatresses. The pasha and his suite, splendidly attired in oriental costume, with rich turbans, and flowing robes of bright and various colours, sat sedately under an awning on one side of the square; and old Smyrna castle, more imposing still, seemed to preside, from his throne on the summit of the steep mountain, over all the scene. On these grand days, which were considered as a sort of holiday by a good part of the Moslemin population, the band was constantly present, and playing almost incessantly. The pasha had not been able to go so far as the grand signior, who has introduced Italian music into the band of the imperial guards at Constantinople. Here music, instruments, and performers were all truly Turkish and Asiatic. The instruments next in importance to their *big drums*, which are very different, both in shape and sound, to ours, are curious long flutes, held not horizontally, but perpendicularly, which emit the shrillest, most piercing sounds I ever heard, and grating, cracked, screaming trumpets, that positively tear the ear of an unaccustomed European. The airs are primitively simple and monotonous; but yet there were some of them that possessed a wildness and plaintiveness, which, when heard *at a sufficient distance*, as from the surrounding hills, were not without their charms. They always

recalled to my mind the old Scotch mountain music and the pipers of the north, who also (begging the pardon of every bag-pipe among them) I have generally preferred to hear "at a sufficient distance." The passion of the Turkish women for their music, barbarous as it is, is unbounded. I have remarked this wherever I have been among them, both in Europe and Asia Minor; and have seen that it formed one of the principal attractions, not merely to the military reviews, but also to the convents of the dervishes.

The countenance and admiration of the fair sex, to the new military, and to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," even though such were but imitations of the faithless Christian, seemed to be pretty generally shared by the young Turks, particularly by those of the city. There were, however, not wanting sneerers and scoffers, and deprecators of the departure from the old and true Osmanli arms and tactics, and the modern and impious adoption of the *unmanly* weapons, and riddling, incomprehensible manœuvres of the Ghiaours. Such men, indeed, were numerous both at Smyrna and Constantinople, though in the latter city the expression of their contempt and complaint was, for good reasons, much more guarded. Besides the exclusive

attachment to what was Mussulman and antiquated—besides their religious fanaticism—a considerable portion of the spirit of Janissaryism entered into all this.

A grim old Osmanli, from the island district of Magnesia, a true Turk, who looked upon every change as a crime, happened one morning at the review to enter into conversation with a Levantine gentleman, with whom he was acquainted. "So these are the new troops," said he, "that I have heard so much of; these are the troops that are to defend the Ottoman empire from its enemies! And what in Allah's name can the sultan expect to do with these beardless, puny boys, with their little shining muskets? Why, they have not a yataghan among them! What does this mean? It was with the yataghan the Osmanlis conquered these territories and the countries of the Christians; and it is with the yataghan they ought to defend them. The yataghan is the arm of Mahomet and his people, and not that chibouque-wire I see stuck at the end of their guns. Mashallah! And what sort of a monkey's dress is this? What sort of ugly-faced, shrivelled, puling dogs are these? Why, they don't look like Osmanlis! And the land of Mahomet to be defended by such as these!—Baccalum!" He continued somewhat

in this style, blaming all he saw, and breathing his choler from time to time with a—"If it please Allah!" "Allah be praised!" "We shall see!" "What is written is written!" and other good Turkish orthodox exclamations. Of their deploying, their lines, their squares, and of the other mathematical figures the *tacticoes* formed in the course of their evolutions, he could make out nothing, except that it all appeared very silly. But when they came to firing; when he saw a regular rolling fire maintained along the line; the firing in platoons; the means of defence of a solid square;—all which was very tolerably executed;—and other things which his philosophy had not dreamt of, he was obliged to confess that it would not be so easy as he had imagined to charge and cut such troops to mince-meat, with the yataghan in hand. Indeed, at length his progress to conversion seemed merely impeded by the conviction, that though clever and effective, this mode of warfare was wicked and unbecoming of the children of Mahomet, being derived from profane, infidel sources.

One remark of the prejudiced old man does, however, merit attention, at least in my opinion, as I have frequently made the same myself. The *tacticoes*, in fact, do not look like Turks; (generally a fine set of men, physically considered;)

they are short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged. Only a trifling part of this difference can be accounted for by the change in their dress, the rest must be sought for in other causes, to which the following circumstances may afford some induction.

On carrying into execution his long favoured plan for raising a disciplined army, the grand signior directed the levies to be made among young lads, and principally in districts remote from the great cities of the empire; thus wisely insuring to himself a superior degree of docility, and running little risk of his conscripts having the dangerous taint of Janissaryism among them. The regular service, as may be well imagined, was not much affected; and the better class of Turkish peasants bought off their sons from the officers and local authorities, who, in Turkey, are universally corruptible by bribes, to an extent perhaps unknown in any other country. The weight fell on the most degraded of the peasant caste, and for the most part in poor, mountainous, rude countries. The Turkish people, when they first came in contact with the nations of Europe, were remarkably ugly, and their great improvement has been attributed to their intermarriages, once very frequent, with women of different countries, where the standard of beauty is high.

But immense portions of the original race, that remained stationary in remote districts, (particularly in the interior of Asia Minor, which has furnished so great a portion of the levies,) can have had no such opportunities of improvement, and may have retained their original Tartar ugliness.

To bid farewell to the *tacticoes* of Smyrna, for the present, I will say from the experience of several months, that they were remarkably docile, inoffensive, and quiet; and that when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, and the Christians dreaded some movement of popular fury, they considered their presence a valuable protection.

CHAPTER IV.

Commerce of Smyrna—Imports and Exports—Opium—Large quantities purchased by the Americans—Curious Turkish Laws respecting Contracts and payments of Debt—European or Consular Courts of Law—The Greek, Armenian, and Turkish Traders—Story of a Jew at Smyrna—English, French, and other commercial Establishments—Enmity of the *Imperialists*, or Austrians, to the Greeks—English Levant Company.

SMYRNA, as is sufficiently known, has been for several centuries the most important *scala*, or place of trade in the Levant; and although, from various causes—such as the recent withdrawing of a part of her exports, the Brusa silk, to Constantinople—the progress of Alexandria, which has now many establishments, and furnishes France with cotton to the detriment of the produce of Asia Minor, and the districts of Egypt and Syria with European manufactures, &c. (formerly chiefly drawn hence,) and, more than all, from the gradual impoverishment of the country—an impoverishment that, within these last six years, has spread in an increased ratio—although, from this combination of causes, it has suffered much, the commerce of Smyrna is still

very considerable. The principal imports are cotton manufactures, woollen cloths, colonials, iron, steel, lead, tin, hardware goods in general, and many other articles; for the Turks have need of almost every thing made to their hands. Even swords, sabres, and other *armes blanches*, for the manufacture of which they were once so celebrated, are now nearly all brought from Christendom. The fine old weapons, whose beauty and temper can hardly be surpassed, are becoming every day more scarce and dear. An important item in the imports of cotton goods, is the cotton twist or yarn, made by our machinery, and exclusively furnished by Great Britain. This is used by the people of the country in their finer cotton manufactures, but the greatest quantity is consumed at Brusa (in Bithynia) and its neighbourhood, the first manufacturing district in the Ottoman Empire, where it is worked up with silk, which the country produces in great abundance. I have seen specimens of these mixed stuffs of great strength and beauty, and with more taste in the designs than might be imagined: they are made by the Greeks and Armenians, a Turk rarely putting his hand to the loom.*

* The Turkey carpets imported in England, are manufactured in the interior of Asia Minor—they are far inferior to the Persian carpets.

The exports of Smyrna are numerous, and generally rich. Besides its cargoes of figs and raisins, which principally supply England, all the north of Europe, the United States of America, &c., it furnishes bales of cotton, still to a considerable amount, bales of silk, though this trade has fallen off, from a cause already mentioned, goats' hair, sheep and camels' wool, rabbit and hare skins, cargoes of vallonea and madder root, yellow berries, and a surprising number of cases of opium. The trade in opium is said to be extremely delicate; ingenious modes have been discovered of adulterating that very expensive article, and only a limited number of appointed brokers or *conoscitori* all Jews, whose honesty is scarcely to be depended upon, are said to be in possession of the secret. The Americans have of late been the largest purchasers of the intoxicating drug, which they dispose of in their trade with China, and the Mahometans of the islands of the eastern seas. Its use has been for many years on the decline in Turkey; and the Turks, who are not aware how the purchasers after dispose of it, give the Yankees the credit of having assumed the propensities they have themselves abandoned.

All the transactions between the Mahometan grower or merchant, and the European merchant, are conducted through the medium of Jew-

ish or Armenian brokers,—a medium by no means calculated to improve the honesty and good faith which seem natural to most of the poor Turks. Contracts previously entered upon with them, for the supply of a stated quantity of a certain article, to be delivered at a certain time, are not however to be depended upon; for if the Turk finds the article rises in price, he will not fulfil his engagement, and the infraction is supported by the peculiar nature of Turkish law, which only admits as regular transactions of trade, goods delivered for money or the promise of money, or in barter, when there has been an actual delivery. Written contracts even signed and sealed, are of no weight.

Another curious feature in Turkish justice is, that when a creditor summonses a delaying or dishonest debtor before the moollah or cadi, on having a sentence awarded in his favour, and payment enforced, *he* and not the *debtor* pays a per centage to the court on the sum in litigation. In "written law" this is limited to three, but in practice it is frequently raised as high as ten per cent! In spite of some recent improvement of system, emanating from the Porte, and the good intentions of the pasha, the greatest corruption was said to prevail in the courts of Smyrna. Litigation between Frank and Frank

is settled by arbitration, or by a court of merchants of different Christian nations, presided by consuls.

The effects of the revolution had ruined and scattered the principal Greek traders, who (particularly the Sciotes) were by far the most enterprising and intelligent of the rayahs* The Armenians, who have been praised for their honesty by travellers who knew nothing of them, receive a very different character from the resident merchants, who have had dealings with them for years. "They are a gross, dull, thick-headed set," said a gentleman to me, who was complaining of the frequency of their failures; "with just talent enough to be rogues in business,

* The British merchants have claims on the Turkish Government to a very considerable amount. The warehouses of the fugitive Greeks, in 1821—2, were sealed, and the goods in them, sequestrated and sold by the local government. Now these Greeks were debtors to the merchants, and in many instances the goods so disposed of were in fact *their* property, having never been paid for.

The disturbed nature of our relations with Turkey has hitherto prevented our ambassadors from pressing these claims on the Porte; but, perhaps, their consideration might be introduced as a sequel on the renewal of our good understanding with that government. The claims are considerable; but even were they not so, it would be well to give them just support, as any infringement on equity or privilege that is permitted to pass, is too apt, in Turkey, to grow into confirmed abuse, and to be considered afterwards as law.

and to cheat in a cowardly manner." They are now in possession of a great part of the retail business; there are, however, many Turkish magazines in the bazaars, mixed with theirs. The Jews seem to live entirely on the affairs of others, but they cannot be said to thrive on them, as that class is, at the present day, extremely poor at Smyrna, and indeed, throughout Turkey. A mishap that befell one of these degraded sons of Israel, during my stay at Smyrna, deserves to be mentioned as affording proof of the decline of Turkish fanaticism. A young Jew, the son of a *mezzano* or broker, was found to have intrigued with a Turkish female; an offence, which, by ancient law and usage, was punished by death, to be avoided only (when favour was extended) by the delinquent's embracing the Mahometan religion. The Jew, however, escaped the dire alternative—he neither lost his head nor apostatized—a sum of money raised by his father, and a subscription among "the people," satisfied the present improved views of Turkish justice, and set the offender at liberty. It is necessary to state, that the partner of his crime was a very obscure woman.

At present, there are about twenty English houses at Smyrna, the number of establishments having increased here, as in many other places,

as the business to be done decreased; our trade is still incomparably the most considerable. The French, who preceded us in their establishments in the Levant,* and who for many years were the first trading nation, were thrown out of the market by their revolution, the wars that were consequent, and by the rapid improvements in British manufactures, and the extensive development given to our commerce. They are yet, however, numerous in Smyrna; and though extremely limited in their commercial operations, they, by their number, give the *tone* to the Frank society at Smyrna, where their language has displaced the Italian, which used to be the prevailing idiom in the Levant. The Austrians, or rather the Venetians and other Italians, and the Dalmatians under the Austrian government, have numerous little establishments; and the circumstance of the shipping of these people having engrossed of late years nearly all the *cabotage*, or carrying trade of the Levant, which was greatly interrupted by the Greek cruizers, and which will be, in a great measure, taken out

* The first French treaty of commerce with the Turkish government, and the establishment of a French Levant company, were effected in 1531, under Francis the First. Our first treaty with the Ottoman Porte was made by Queen Elizabeth in 1581.

of their hands by the Greeks, should the acknowledgment of their independence by the sultan permit them to resume their commercial pursuits, may account in part for the great enmity the Imperialists have entertained against the Greek cause from the very beginning, and for the frequent partial interference of their ships of war, ever ready to favour the Turks, and protect Turkish property, if covered by their flag.* Besides the nations enumerated, the Americans, the Dutch, and the Genoese, have each several establishments at Smyrna; and before the present war, there were some Russian houses conducted by Greeks, who held letters of naturalization from the court of Russia.

According to the ancient system, which directed all our early commercial intercourses of any note with distant countries, the merchants trading with the Levant formed themselves into a factory or company, which was acknowledged and protected by government. The rights accorded to them in the perpetual charter granted by James the First, appear of an extraordinary nature—these rights were confirmed to them by

* The Austrian ships of war have, in fact, served as carrying ships and couriers for the Turks. If they have at times prevented piracy, they have, on the other hand, forcibly taken from the Greeks what were fair and lawful prizes.

Charles the Second at the Restoration, and formally recognized by both houses of parliament by an act passed in 1753. "The Levant Company" had the free choice and the power of removing any ambassador, minister, governor, deputy, or consul in Turkey, all whose salaries they paid; they "could levy money on the members of their corporation, for the necessary charge and support of their ministers, officers, and government;" they could prevent all persons, who were not members or not licensed by them, from sending ships to the Levant; they could fine, distrain, and imprison the refractory; and their ambassadors and consuls had even authority to send offenders out of the country, and to England in custody. These great powers, with an exclusive commerce, included all the "Levant," by which comprehensive term was meant, the dominions of the grand signior, even the tributary states of Barbary; in short, every country situated on the Mediterranean Sea, except the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy, and Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and the other islands without the Arches. This charter must appear extraordinary in our days. In explanation, I beg leave to quote a passage or two from a pamphlet I found at Smyrna, entitled, "Account of the Levant Company," and written

apparently by one of the body at its disfranchisement.

"To account for conferring such powers upon a trading company, it will be only necessary to consider the peculiarities of the Levant trade. The Turkish government being essentially different from any other in Europe, perfectly despotic in its nature, and approached only like that of all oriental people, ancient and modern, through the medium of *presents* and *particular influences*, no intercourse can be carried on with the natives, with any security to the Franks, unless under certain regulations, called *capitulations*, agreed upon by the respective courts. By the terms of their capitulations, all causes of dispute in which a Frank is concerned, must be determined by the interference of the ambassador or consul of the nation by whom he is protected; and, to support their consequence, protect their persons, and carry on their correspondence with the authorities of the country, subordinate officers, such as dragomans, janissaries, &c. are indispensably requisite. Now, as it was the policy of the government of England to throw the whole weight of *paying* those officers and establishments on the Levant Company, it was but reasonable to confer on them the *appointment* and *management* of those whom they had

to support; and it is clear that this power would be nugatory, unless the British subjects resident in Turkey were made amenable, to a certain degree, to their authority," &c. &c. * * * * *

"The Levant Company was not a *joint-stock* company, like the East-Indian, Greenland, and others, but was open to *all the subjects* of England, who became free of the company, by paying only such reasonable and proportionable sums as were necessary for the support and protection of the trade itself. Every man paying a trifling sum was admitted a member, and then traded on his own account; and though the company was governed by a Court of Directors, every man who paid forty shillings duty in the former year, was entitled to vote on all its questions and elections. The company was empowered to levy taxes on its members, but they exercised the power with a jealous scruple; they never allowed their ambassadors or consuls abroad to levy arbitrary imposts on the trade of its members, but they *taxed themselves* for all the necessary expenses. They were authorized to make by-laws; but, before these were valid, it was necessary that they should be confirmed by the Board of Trade. They could fine and imprison, and send home the refractory in custody; but for a century no instance occurred of their exercising such a power."

This view of the institutions of the Levant Company is (as far as my information has reached) clear and true; but the discrepancies of such a system, as a whole, with the spirit of modern policy, is evident. Besides, as our political relations with the Porte became more complicated, our government found an inconsistency, and much inconvenience, in having all the diplomatic and commercial agents, at the nomination of an independent body of merchants. As early as 1803, Government took upon itself the nomination and payment of the ambassador and suite at Constantinople, and named some additional consuls. In 1821, when Turkey became the scene of the greatest political interests, the expediency of our government's possessing the sole appointment of resident agents throughout the Ottoman empire, was made still more evident; whilst the existence of the Levant traders as a body corporate, as a chartered company, was deemed every day more unnecessary, and less consonant to the prevailing ideas of free trade. It was not however until 1825, that a communication was made to them by Mr. Secretary Canning, containing the information that a bill, for the better regulation of consular establishments was about to be submitted to parliament, and that the said bill would include the consuls and subordinate

officers of the Levant Company. Mr. Canning concluded with a suggestion for their consideration, "whether it would not be expedient to give up the remaining privileges of their charters, which, being no longer connected with public interests, might be deemed by parliament and the public as useless and injudicious restrictions on trade." The suggestion was forthwith acted upon; the charter was surrendered, and the company dissolved itself, after having existed for two hundred and forty-four years.

From the commencement of the Greek revolution, the Levant Company had been considered as an enemy to the cause, and the dissolution of that body was learnt in the Levant with great joy by the Greeks and their friends. Even an English gentleman who has published an account of his residence among the Greeks, and of part of their revolutionary war, mentions the suppression of that commercial body as an event importantly favourable to the Greeks. This is scarcely to be understood. When the difficulties of the Levant began, in 1821, part of the British consuls and agents were direct servants of the government, and not of the company; and those appointed by the company received instructions for their mode of conduct from the ambassador. The Turkish predilections supposed or real of the

Levant company could not influence them. Among the number of these consuls or agents, *one** was accused of collision with the Ottoman commanders against the Greeks; and that *one*, who was never supposed to have acted on any suggestions but those of his private interests, was promptly recalled by his government, which professed perfect neutrality; a neutrality that was maintained until armed interference was deemed necessary to save the Greek people from utter annihilation. In fact, the whole of the sins of the Levant Company, as regarded the Greek cause, related to the expression of certain opinions of the defects of the Greeks; their inability to support the struggle, and the present misery entailed on the East by their attempts. But these opinions were in a great measure confined to the members of the body resident in the country, or extended, but in a small degree, to the numerous and most important members of the Levant Company in England. The effect that the expression of individual judgment or prejudice produced against the Greeks, must have been trifling indeed; and as they could in no

* Mr. G. consul at Patras. A communication explanatory of his conduct, and in which the French writer, Pouqueville, is severely handled, was published some time ago in a London periodical.

way be checked by the dissolution of the Levant Company, the exultation the event elicited was uncalled for. Be it remembered, too, in justice, that most of those very resident merchants of the British factory, who were considered so inimical to the Greeks, were always the most forward to assist the suffering portion of that people—not with fine words, but with disbursements of *hard money*, and that to the exertions, of the Company as a body, or its members and agents separately, hundreds of the unfortunate inhabitants of Smyrna and Scio are indebted for their lives or liberty. The Greeks of Asia Minor and of Constantinople know all this, and are grateful, as they should be; but certain writers of a rival country, whose lips ought to be sealed by the far weightier accusations, (many supported by sturdy proofs,) brought by the Greeks—not against a body of merchants, but the captains and officers in their naval service—have seized the opportunity of venting their spleen against every thing English, and have coupled the name of the Levant Company with that of the Corcyrean Pandemonium, (as M. Pouqueville* politely entitles the Government of Corfu,) where the most

* This intemperate declaimer ought to be silenced for ever by the few *temperate* words of Colonel Leake, introduced in a note to his able Sketch of the History of the Greek Revolution.

nefarious measures were resorted to against the Greeks and liberty and humanity.

I can suspect myself of no particular partiality to the English merchants of Smyrna; my opinions on the Greek question were directly opposite to theirs; and in discussion, I had frequently occasion to recur to their charitable deeds, and to the difficulties and losses they were suffering, to reconcile me to what I considered, on their part, as prejudice and illiberality. But I am anxious, as I ought to be, for the honour of my country, and would not let a calumny rest on the heads of any class of Englishmen, whilst I had the means of dissipating it with truth.

In giving an account, brief as it is, of the Levant Company, it would be injustice not to record the benefits that association has conferred on science and literature. In their nomination of ministers, consuls, chaplains, and agents, they must have exerted great discrimination; for I cannot ascribe to fortunate hazard the fact that so many among the individuals they appointed and supported, were men of distinguished talent. To these agents of the Levant Company, we are indebted for our earliest knowledge of Barbary, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Constantinople; and it will be sufficient to name of their number, Pococke, Ricaut, Smith, Maundrel, Chishull,

Shaw, the two Russells, Porter, and Dallaway, (all appointed by the Company, and all intelligent travellers, and able writers on the countries they visited,) to become sensible of the value of the obligation.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER V.

Society of Smyrna among the Franks—Curious Customs—Want of Intellectual Cultivation—The Frank Ladies—General mild Character of the Levantines—Morals and Religion—The Abbé Janson at Smyrna—Low Order of Franks—Spaniards, Provençals, Italians, &c.—The Turks—Katib-Oglu and Suleiman Aga—The Greeks of Smyrna—State of Education among the Greeks—The Armenians of Smyrna—Their differences in Religion—The Jews.

SMYRNA boasts the title of "*Le Petit Paris du Levant;*" and when compared with any other city in the grand signior's dominions, she certainly may merit it, even in spite of the very serious local abominations I have faithfully described in my first chapter. These abominations she shares, though in an inferior degree (Pera excepted) with all the Frank residences in Turkey, but she has social and other advantages exclusively. The free, familiar intercourse among all classes, never fails to strike the stranger, who, if he choose, may become an immediate partaker

in it. The total absence of ceremony, stiffness, and etiquette, so thoroughly disgusting when assumed by persons excluded by their relative situations in life, from a proper knowledge of using it, is really refreshing. At Smyrna you are presented at a house—you meet there a certain number of Levantines, and make their acquaintance in brief time—they talk at once with you, particularly the ladies, who are of course the most interesting, as if they had known you for years; they tell you stories about Greeks and Turks, and the splendid balls at their *casino*, and ask questions about London and Paris, of which places their eastern imaginations have formed the most extravagant ideas. There is little instruction or wit to be met with, but *naïveté* and natural liveliness are general, and do very well for an idle hour. The next day you may repeat your visit, or drop in on any other acquaintance you have made. Coffee, always served up in the Turkish fashion, in a very small china cup placed within another, generally of silver, and prettily fillagreed—a long pipe, (for here every body smokes, and the ladies are used to it,) and a glass of water, form the *frais* of your entertainment; but you have plenty of gossip and laughter, and a familiar and kind reception. If the weather is cold, you are invited to "cross

your legs" under the ladies' *tandour*,* a situation, which owing to its genial warmth and pleasing familiarity, it is difficult to detach oneself from. The general visits, which are called *avant soupers*, are paid in the evening between seven and eight o'clock, at which hour all the sociable portion of Smyrna society is either in circulation, or receiving at their own houses.

This slight sketch will convey an idea of an easy tempered, sociable, and agreeable people, and such the Levantines of Smyrna really are; nor is what I shall add intended to detract from the good qualities they possess.

The men, considering that they are generally descended from European parents, seemed to me amazingly deficient in spirit and instruction, and the markings of national character; and the women really too unintellectual and uninformed to be any thing but the pretty playthings of an

* Every body at the present day ought to know what a tandour is, for every body ought to have read Anastasius. To such as have not, the following words will suffice:—The tandour is nothing more than a table with a bottom, six or nine inches from the ground, on which is placed a small *brazier*, or pan of charcoal—the table is covered with a sort of counterpane of ample latitude and longitude, which you pull over your knees, (or up to your chin if you like,) while you thrust your legs under the table by the fire. The counterpane, in addition to its own heat, retains that of the charcoal pan.

hour. An extreme quickness of perception, and a facility of acquiring, however, distinguishes all classes; and their want of proper masters and other means, the absence of the necessary stimulus of emulation, and of a proper standard of imitation, the enervating effects of a hot climate, and the all-pervading influence of the Oriental listlessness that is around them, may be held amenable for their deficiencies.

The ladies do not even possess the accomplishment of music, which one would think inherent to the clime of "Ionia." I never heard a piece of music, or even a song, that was supportable, during my long stay at Smyrna. I never saw but one lady with a book in her hand, nor did the men seem much more given to reading.

The extreme freedom of manners, and general liberty allowed to young ladies, astonished me on my arrival; the more so, as I had been long accustomed to the reserve and restraint imposed on the "unmarried" in French and Italian society. I do not intend exactly to class this among the defects of the fair Smyrniotes, as no general immoral effects result from the indulgence, but merely for the sake of *convenances*, I think it ought to be somewhat restricted.

I have described the beautiful heads and classical head-dresses of the Smyrna ladies, and have

mentioned that they are seen to the greatest advantage in "their frames"—the windows. This is indisputably the fact. Those lovely heads and necks are generally badly set off, on a clumsy, lumpy body, relaxed by indolence, or deformed by bad dress—totally devoid of that symmetry of form which may rival the beauty of the loveliest face. Their feet are large and vulgar, and terminate legs that might be supporters to a drayman. Their hands are, in dimensions and delicacy, assorted to their feet. These defects are attributable to certain inveterate habits, too long to particularize. I will mention only one:—if you enter unawares, you are sure to find them with their shoes down at heel, and their legs pendant over the edge of a high sofa, or doubled under them like those of the Turks. The "received position," even in company, is to sit with one leg on the sofa bent under them, and the other hanging over the edge—(the sofas are far too high to allow it to touch the ground.) You will see in this strange, pernicious (not to say indecent) attitude, half a dozen ladies, sitting side by side, on a long sofa. And a Frenchman, who saw for the first time in his life, this *unipedal* exhibition, had reason to ask, "*Si les belles dames de Smyrne, n'avaient qu'une jambe?*" Surely nothing can be more injurious than these habits,

(and I might add, the practice of keeping their legs for hours over a charcoal fire,) to the "*ritondetto ed asciutto pie*," and that charming portion of the female frame, which *ought* to be—

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

These defects are the more striking, from the elegance and graceful carriage of their heads and necks, which I have hardly ever seen equalled, except among the Greeks.

I have said, in the preceding chapter, that French is the prevailing language of Frank society, but it is merely a language *of society*, used when strangers are present, for Greek is the idiom they learn from their cradles, and speak most fluently; it may be called their *natural* tongue. Strange, however, as it may appear, it is a fact, that hardly one of them knows how to write or even to read it. The French which is in use, is far from being a model of purity; it sits on them with the constraint of a foreign language, and is superseded whenever politeness permits, (and frequently whether it permits or not,) by their every-day and familiar *Romaic*. My nationality was much hurt to find, that of the descendants of Englishmen, the male part spoke our language with a foreign accent and a polyglottish idiom; and that the ladies, with one

or two exceptions, *spoke it not at all,* French being their medium of conversation with the countrymen of their fathers!

Italian, which was for centuries the general idiom in the Levant, is now confined to brokers, and shopkeeepers, &c. individuals not comprised in the circle of the beau-monde of Smyrna, who speak it most barbarously.

Unsusceptible of strong feelings or passions, the Levantines are incapable of great virtues, and exempt from great vices. The sun of the east has imparted to them his languor, without his fire. I have been in few places where general leading morals were purer than at Smyrna; and this must appear strange, when we reflect on the heterogeneous materials which compose its population.

Religious duties are scrupulously attended to by all classes. The Catholics have two good-sized churches, (one under the protection of France, the other of Austria;) and I never entered them without seeing them crowded. The English have a resident clergyman, who officiates at the Consulate; and a chaplain, who preaches in French, is attached to the consul of his Netherland majesty; so that the Protestants (*numerically* a very inconsiderable portion of the Franks) are sufficiently provided for, without taking into con-

sideration the chaplains of the ships of war, who occasionally do duty. From the circumstances of intermarriages and daily intercourse, fanaticism and religious intolerance have in a great measure disappeared. These violent feelings, dangerous to their mutual tranquillity, and shamefully inconsistent with the existence of a Christian people in a country of infidels, were however excited a few years ago, by the injudicious zeal of a French missionary, the famous Abbé Janson. This man arrived at Smyrna from a visit to the Holy Land, where he seemed to have completed a gloomy, savage *theosophy*, originating in remorse for the irregularities of his early life, and strengthened by the subsequent lessons of "La Congregation." He found the different classes of Christians,—Catholics, Protestants, and those of the Greek church, living tranquilly together, and all, though perhaps devoid of great spiritual zeal, attentive to the observances prescribed by their respective churches, and exempt, in a striking degree, from those vices which demand the probing of a severe hand. He began a source of fanatic preaching, and soon made Smyrna a scene of violent contention. He dwelt on the doctrine of exclusive salvation held by the Roman church; he announced the impieties and perils of Protestantism and heresy in general, in terms calculated to produce great

effect on the weak-minded; and asserted broadly, that those who held intercourse and fellowship with the heretics, risked the contagion of their crimes, and incurred their eternal punishment. The heads of the poor Smyrniotes, hitherto unconscious of such visitations, became all at once bewildered with polemics; and modes of faith were canvassed with an obstinacy and asperity befitting the general ignorance.

A young man of some instruction, who happened to be present, a Swiss and a Protestant, entered the lists of controversy with the Abbé, and several letters were interchanged. The Swiss and his friends flattered themselves that he had had the best of the argument, or at least had proved (what it was most essential to prove) that Catholic wives could live with Protestant husbands, and, vice versa, without being in a state of spiritual reprobation. The Abbé, however, most improperly, published the controversy; and this, with his unchanged and unmoderated tone of preaching, exasperated the minds of a certain number of the lower order of Catholics, who, on retiring from one of his unctuous discourses, repaired to the lodgings of the Swiss to decide the question in such a way as would have disqualified him for a defender of the Protestant faith. Some friends who were in the house at the approach of the unwelcome visit, had, fortu-

nately, time to secure the door till the Swiss made his escape through the back windows to the tiles. But this scene, disgraceful as it was, was a trifle compared to the domestic dissensions that resulted from the Abbé Janson's ministry. Wives, who had lived happily and affectionately with Protestant or Greek husbands, discovered they could do so no longer; and there were instances of women, who, after having had a family of children, thought it incumbent on them to renounce all the tender ties, and flee from their homes for the faith's sake.

Fortunately this firebrand did not remain long among them; he went to Pera,* where he found more congenial bigots, and scarcely any degree of the same causes of dissension. The soft nature of the Smyrniotes, easily moved but not adapted to retain impressions, relapsed to their former tolerance:—husbands and wives lived in peace, and no young lady seemed to object to a lover merely because he was not a Catholic.

The lower orders of Franks that swell the

* The *drogomaneria*, and other Catholic classes of Pera, never ally themselves either with heretics or schismatics. I know a Catholic family that forms an exception in this, as in every thing else. They are excellent people, but are not the less on the high-road to perdition, according to the charitable construction of the Perotes, for having such intimate connexions with Protestants.

non-rayah Christian population of Smyrna to five or six thousand, are composed of emigrants (voluntary or involuntary) from nearly all the countries on the Mediterranean — Spaniards, Provençals, Genoese, Livornese, Neapolitans, Sicilians, Maltese, and Ionians, form the motley groupe, and contrive to live among the indolent Turks, by exercising the calling of boat-men, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c. How this numerous and contentious rabble is kept in order, used to surprise me; but it is kept in very decent order by the consuls, (an important fact, which justifies the extent of power and privilege accorded to those gentlemen in the Levant,) and except by an occasional *rissa*, or a theft, or such a trifle as a man's taking to himself two cotemporary wives, or forgetting to pay his debts, or to take off his hat to the "authorities," they seldom obtrude on notice. The most turbulent of the set are said to be the Sclavonians, gentlemen from the Bocche di Cattaro, who are delicate on "the point of honour," and are given to cutting a quarrel short with a knife. The next *worst* are considered to be our protegés from the Ionian Islands, and our faithful subjects the Maltese.

Robberies are rarely committed; and household and other property, covered merely by "the door that opens with a latch," seems ex-

posed in a manner that would alarm the dwellers in certain more civilized and well-governed lands. The thefts that do, however, take place, are nearly always traced to the Franks. Neither the Greeks nor Armenians are addicted to this species of appropriativeness, (perhaps they are deterred, in part, by the tremendous punishments of the law that governs them;) and that anomalous barbarian, the Turk, who will murder, ravish, plunder, and destroy without remorse, when called upon for the cause of Mahomet, holds "petty larceny" in the utmost contempt.

Having treated, in the first place, of the Frank society of Smyrna, I may be expected to say something of the society of the other inhabitants — the Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. But the truth is, these classes have no society whatever, or such as is closely confined to their own families and sects. The Turks are not a gregarious people, and rarely visit even relations, except during their annual religious festivals of the Bairam and Courbann-Bairam. Their women remain at home, though by no means in that strict seclusion that has been imagined in Christendom:* the

* They are to be seen every day in the bazaars, and frequently walking out in small parties to the country; always unaccompanied by men.

men who go abroad, seem to pass the greater part of the day, smoking their long pipes on platforms outside of the coffee-houses. There they are to be seen, (principally on spots overlooking the sea,) *sitting in mute and almost motionless groups for hours at a time.* There is no exaggeration in what I say. On my first arrival, when these things appeared more striking than after some month's residence, I have not unfrequently taken a pipe, and watched the cross-legged pythagorean assemblies; and positively, in the course of an hour, have seen no other motion than what was required to shake the ashes out of their pipe-bowls; and have heard no word but their murmured "atesh ghetir," (bring me fire, or a light.) Among the higher Turks at Smyrna, there have been occasionally individuals who affected Frank society, and who even went so far as to invite jovial parties of them to their houses. Such, however, have always been rare; and it may be well imagined, that the recent difficulties of the country have entirely checked those tendencies to sociability,—never, perhaps, indulged in without incurring a certain portion of odium from their brethren, and of jealousy from the Porte.

Of two of these social Osmanlis, I have heard frequent mention: one was the famous Katib-

Oglu, long *muzzelim* or governor of Smyrna. This unfortunate man so completely contracted European habits, that he seemed never happy but when he was with them. It is said that, in spite of the law, he would even take a hand at cards, and with still less repugnance, a glass of wine. He was a constant attendant at all their balls, and a passionate admirer of the ladies; and it is whispered in Smyrna, that *some* of those ladies were not insensible to the gallantry of this Turk—a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life. His manners in company were unexceptionable, and even gentlemanly. He conciliated the affections, not merely of the Franks, but also of the Christian rayahs, whom he befriended to the utmost; and even now, one frequently hears the poor Greeks of the country singing a melancholy air, that describes his virtues and his cruel fate—an interesting instance of good feeling, which proves these people not so ungrateful as they have been described, and that affection may exist between a Greek and a Turk.*

The second of these innovating, party-hunting Mussulmans, was old Suleiman Aga, formerly governor of Athens, and already known to the

* For the treacherous manner in which poor Katib-Oglu was invited on board the captain-pasha's ship—then sent to Mytelene,

English public as the intimate associate of Lord Byron, who describes him as sociable a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. When he was at Smyrna, where he held, I believe, the post of receiver of the customs: he was as fond of Frank society, and of a ball and mask, as ever. He frequented the *casino*, and visited familiarly in Frank houses—he laughed and played, and told stories; but carried his scruples so far, as to drink no wine but champagne, which he said, and with much plausibility, was not at all like "*crassi*,"* and could never be distinguished by the Turks to be wine at all. He held, and still holds, considerable property near Smyrna; and built pleasant kiosks, and laid out a garden on an estate close to the town. He there entertained Frank parties, and once gave a grand dinner to Admiral Moore, and the British officers. He used to tell sundry pleasant stories of freaks he had had with Lord Byron in Greece; and in the room of my friend, Mr. L——, he recognized at once, a portrait of his lordship, which he said, however, was not so handsome as the original. But Suleiman, with all his sociable

and beheaded, I may refer to a good account in Mr. Turner's Travels in the Levant.

* The common wine of the country; not much unlike what the soldiers at Gibraltar call "black-strap."

qualities, was far from being so interesting a character as poor Katib-Oglu; he was neither young, graceful, nor refined; and his general manners and conversation were those of an old and grovelling debauchee.

His exit from Smyrna was however more agreeable. Two or three years before my arrival, he had received the dignity of the "tails," and had been sent to command a Pashalic in the Island of Candia.

The continued residence of thousands of Franks, and the palpable advantages derived from their extensive trade in the produce of the country, with Europeans, has considerably humanized the character of the Turks of Smyrna in general. A man in a hat and coat, is not looked upon as a strange animal, made to be hooted and hunted; and it is only in the upper part of Turk Town, (under the castle,) inhabited by the "very low," that women and children indulge in the luxury of throwing mud and stones, and "speaking disrespectfully of one's mother."* And even there it is not always indulged in with impunity. As I was descending from the castle one morning, a set of mischievous urchins began to pelt me unmercifully; and I was hesitating whether I should turn on them

* A very foul way of swearing, prevalent among the Turks.

and box their ears, or take fairly to my heels, when an old Turk ran out of a door, and put an end to hostilities with his pipe-stick, which he applied to their backs. These unorthodox feelings and predilections are well known; and the sturdy Osmanlis of Constantinople, as well as of the interior, give this place the degrading denomination of *Ghiaour Ismir*, or Infidel Smyrna; and consider a Smyrniote Turk as little better than one of the wicked. *We*, however, who cannot partake in their fanaticism, must feel the benefit of the conversion, and applaud the civilizing effects of commerce!

Before the revolution, and the horrors that resulted from it, there were, as I have mentioned, many respectable and even wealthy Greek families settled at Smyrna; though, as rayahs, they could not be admitted to the honours of the Frank *casino:* they had assembly rooms, and frequent balls and parties of their own, which ceded little or nothing to their more favoured rivals. The ladies wore as rich dresses, displayed as many jewels; and, it is said, (which I can well believe, judging from the poor portion that remains,) even more personal beauty and grace than *les dames du casin;** and the gen-

* "Casino," in Italian, is a good word, and means, as well as "country-house," "assembly-rooms;" but the Italian lan-

tlemen, though they did wear calpacs, and were obliged to waltz and dance quadrilles in broad trowsers, loose gowns, and unsoled boots, derived pride from the equipment of their partners, and were light of heart and gallant in their eastern way. The Sciote merchants were particularly distinguished as *bons-vivans*. A friend of mine, whose windows commanded the view of a khan, where several of them lived together, has often amused me with descriptions of the gay scenes he used to witness. After working hard, and living sparingly all the week, they were wont to meet on Saturday evening at a jovial supper: the wine bottle circulated freely, and the guitar, and the song, and the "ready chorus." They generally kept it up late; and the concluding farce used often to be, a mock combat with their calpacs, which were thrown about like bombs, till all the lights would be extinguished; and the difficulty then was, how each tipsy member should find his head's proper appurtenance. On the Sunday, they frequently formed parties with ladies, to some one of the neighbouring villages. But, alas! all these gay doings were over long before I reached Smyrna;

guage, as I have mentioned, is "gone out" at Smyrna; and from Casino they have made *Casin;* which, in spite of the *Dictionnaire de l'Academie,* they consider French.

and it would be too sad to describe the fate of the principal actors in them.

Of the Greeks that remained in Smyrna, the mass was extremely poor, and all were anxious to avoid drawing the eyes of the Turks upon them, notwithstanding the encouraging assurance of the pasha, which went even so far as to invite them to resume their former gaieties. Still, however, their natural lightness of heart, and spirit for society and enjoyment, were not entirely to be suppressed. They still celebrated the weddings that did take place, with three days of dancing; let off fire-works on the day of the Panagea; and played all sorts of tricks on the eve of St. John.

At the village of Boodjà, where I passed several pleasant weeks at different seasons of the year, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing their merry-makings and fêtes. The Greek, to an eminent degree, (I speak here of the Greek of Smyrna, and its neighbourhood,) shares in the feelings and gallantry of the nations of civilized Europe. Unlike the Turk, the Armenian, the Jew; unlike, indeed, all the nations of the east, he has little idea of pleasure, unless women be present. I may perhaps take an opportunity of describing their amusements in the course of collating my notes, and shall dismiss the Greeks

for the present, with a few words on their personal appearance and general character.

The women, as I have intimated, are handsome; indeed, you rarely meet with an ugly face among them. The form of the head, the general cast of countenance, are classical; and in their profile I have frequently found that exquisite, gently-curving line we see in ancient Greek statues and medals, (and which we have been accustomed to consider the line of *ideal* beauty,) identified in "real flesh and blood." Their large, black eyes, with long lashes, and their delicately-arched eyebrows, (the latter, when not denaturalized and spoiled by the too common practice of dying them,) are the finest I have ever seen. Unfortunately, however, they are incomparably more given to paint than the Frank Smyrniotes; the coéffure is by no means so graceful, and their general costume is a downright deformity in dress. They have the same graceful carriage of the head and neck, (all the necks here appear to a European extremely long—another striking conformity with the works of ancient Greek art,) which I have remarked in the Frank ladies, and have all, however abject their condition, an easiness of deportment, a natural gentility, I might say, elegance of manners. "You might take one of these poor girls," said my friend M——,

" and, having changed her dress and taught her a few terms, present her at the court of the king of England, and she would be remarked, even there, for her gracefulness and dignity."

The men are an equally fine race. Their demeanour is firm and erect; their walk is what we should call theatrical, but to them it is natural; the expression of their countenance, when free from the restraint felt in the presence of Turks, is frank and even bold; in short, they are the only set of rayahs whose deportment has not been degraded by the tyranny of ages, who bear few outer signs of the despotism under which they groan, and whose approach does not at once announce the slave. If we extend our observations to the *inner* man, I am well aware that the demoralizing causes will be found to have produced their effects. They are accused, by those who have long known them, of duplicity and cunning; and I can readily conceive them amenable to the charge. The weak seek refuge in cunning from the oppression of the strong; (this is a natural instinct, which requires no exemplification;) and this turn of the mind is strengthened by continual exercise; they feel the advantages of its operation on their indolent and short-sighted masters; they become proud of their intellectual obliquity; and it is confirmed

into a habit, of which, perhaps, they cannot entirely divest themselves, even in their transactions with a neutral party. From my own trifling dealings with them, (which, as a traveller, were confined to boatmen, guides, muleteers, &c.) I should not, however, feel justified in passing a very severe censure. I found the poor Turk quite as eager for money, and as fond of overreaching, with this disagreeable difference, that his demands were enforced by bullying and contemptuous treatment; whereas the Greeks' were supported with witty cajolery which made me laugh while I was cheated.

Their personal vanity, their love of dress and show, are excessive. These they have inherited from their ancestors, but they may be strengthened by the example of their masters the Turks, who are equally vain and conscious of the advantages of a good personal appearance. I was one day detained with two English gentlemen above half an hour in the streets, by the *toilette* of a donkey driver, who was to conduct us to Bournabat. We were attired in a very homely style, wearing nankeen jackets, and broad straw hats, as befitted the extreme heat of the season; but the gallant *palikari*, who was to run on foot by the side of our asses, could not think of showing his face at the village, it being a grand holiday,

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the festival of Panagea, without equipping himself in his best garments and turban. My good friend D—— remarked as we entered the village and met the people in *grande tenue*, that the fellow seemed ashamed of us! For myself, I scarcely feel inclined to quarrel with this passion for display; it is akin to that spirit which, entertained by the ancient Greek people, led to all that was elegant in life and beautiful in art, and its present limited effects produce a pleasing illusion, throwing a gay, rosy wreath over the iron chains that bind them.

The Greeks of Asia Minor, in general, and those of Smyrna and all the districts of Ionia in particular, are accused by their brethren of European Greece, and of the islands, as being deficient in energy and courage. But if they have not their courage, they are devoid of their ferocity. They are, in fact, what their ancestors were, a humane, mild, ingenious, and elegant people. Those were not qualities in the "olden times" to stem the torrent of blood and violence, and to know no alternative but liberty or death. Ancient Ionia was always the tranquil vassal of some gigantic power—now of Lydia, now of Persia, and now of Macedonia. But the cultivation of these qualities produced a sweetness of manners and an amenity of society that were

proverbial. Letters and arts were cultivated with the most brilliant success; putting even aside their doubtful claim to Homer, the father of poetry, they could boast of some of the greatest characters of literature; they gave their name to an order in architecture, (one of the four grand efforts of taste and genius in that elevated department of art which can never be surpassed,) and the mutilated remains of their splendid cities, the coins they struck, which, with other beautiful antiquities, continue to be found daily, are melancholy attestations of the perfection and generalization of the fine arts throughout Ionia.*

"After all, then," say certain advocates for

* The Ionian league comprised, within a circle inconsiderable in extent, ten prosperous, commercial states, and ten magnificent cities, each abounding with temples and statues, libraries and stoas. It is sufficient to name Ephesus, Smyrna, Priene, Miletus, Colophon, Teos, Lebedos, Erythræ, Clazomenæ, Phocæ, and besides those on the main, in Ionia proper, the contiguous islands of Samos and Chios, to fill the mind with wonder and admiration! Of all these, Smyrna alone remains as a city. The desolateness of Ephesus is well known; but within these last few years even the scanty remains that marked its site have been removed by the Turks, and in a few more the traveller will be left in doubt as to where the city of Diana stood. The ruins of the other cities of Ionia are to be sought for in savage and insalubrious solitudes; some have not one stone left upon another, and those are perhaps less afflicting than their ancient associates, which retain masses of building, overthrown columns, and fragments of beauty and magnificence —all fast disappearing.

'things as they are,' "these Greeks are what they have always been, subjected to the great powers of Asia Minor; and whether those great powers be called Persian or Turkish, what matters it?" Granted, in part—but be it remembered, that under their ancient sovereigns, they existed as separate communities, were governed by their own laws, were owners of lands they cultivated, and were in no way mixed up with oppressors of conflicting faiths and prejudices, nor subjected to the certain abasement produced by the constant contact of master and slave. Restore to them their ancient condition, such as it really was, with its advantages and disadvantages, and the easy nature of these people, and the superior intelligence they possess, would ensure them happiness and affluence even as tributaries to the Ottoman Porte! But it is idle to indulge in such dreams—the Turkish landholders are not likely to be dispossessed and sent to the interior. Even along the line of coast, the Greek population is far inferior in numbers to the Turkish: all that we can hope is, that the Turks may advance in civilization, and that the Porte may properly appreciate and protect this useful and pacific portion of its subjects, the Asiatic Greeks. The formation of a disciplined army would enable the sultan to do so, for hitherto he has not had the power in

his hands, and the massacres and oppressions of these rayahs have proceeded from the voluntary movement of the Turkish inhabitants, who acted, frequently, in direct opposition to his imperial mandates.

As to the plan of withdrawing the Greeks of Asia Minor from the Ottoman power altogether, and of strengthening, with a general emigration, the depopulated regions of the Morea—a plan I have more than once heard advocated—the only objection I see to it is its impracticability. If the peninsula assure to herself the blessing of an equitable and regular government, there will no doubt be cases of individual emigration from these countries; and yet, even these will soon be checked by the Ottomans. But how are we to suppose for a moment that the Porte would submit to the subtraction of two millions of its rayah subjects, and suffer them peacefully to depart, to strengthen what it will always consider its enemies? And even allowing this difficulty to be overcome by some miraculous means, the customs and local attachment of the Asiatic Greeks would still remain and bind them to the soil. They are scattered over Asia Minor—many of them far in the interior of the country; their manners and customs are essentially Asiatic—in many districts the Turkish language has almost wholly super-

seded the Greek; they have lost that close connecting link (as relates to their brethren in Greece) which is produced by a community of idiom; the inveteracy of habit would make them tremble at the idea of changing their mode of life, and acquiring new and foreign associations; and in spite of the oppression they suffer, they are attached to their native districts, where many of their families have been settled from very remote ages. If the project could be affected, it would indeed procure (considering the people in a moral point of view) a healthy infusion into the Morea; but as it is, we can only mourn, as we do over so many other human devices, that though brilliant, it is impracticable.

The Greeks have two churches in Smyrna,—a large and well decorated one, situated in Frank-street, and another, which I never visited, in a back part of the town. Before the revolution they had a very respectable gymnasium, directed by Constantius Æconomos, a Roumeliot of considerable literary acquirements, and an elegant preacher. Small sums paid for instruction, and the voluntary donations of the Greek merchants, supported the establishment. This went to wreck in the fatal years of 1821-2; they have, however, recently opened another academy, attached to the church, and under the direction of their despotos

or bishops. Of one of the professors, with whom I was personally acquainted, I can speak in the highest terms, both as regards his talent and instruction, and his moral character; added to a critical knowledge of ancient and modern Greek, he spoke and wrote Turkish, Italian, and French, and was familiarizing himself with the English language. He was mild, patient, beneficent, and single-hearted.

Besides this academy, there are a number of little, elementary schools; so that the accomplishments of reading, writing, &c. are more common in Smyrna, even among the poorer classes of Greeks, than might be imagined. Their principal want is a supply of proper books in Romaic, and this is felt extremely. Though the Greek church may be censured for the number of festivals and fasts which break in upon the industry of the people, and serve to substitute senseless observances for moral and religious duties; it is in a striking manner, free from the spirit of intolerance and exclusion which animates the Church of Rome. It has done, and is doing, what the latter strenuously opposes; it lends an active and efficient hand to the diffusion of the holy scriptures in the vulgar tongue; and whilst Italian translations of the New Testament (sent out by the British Bible Society) have been burnt by

the orders of Catholic priests in Italy, some of the heads of the Greek church have actively employed themselves in distributing the translations in Romaic, and have themselves made an improved version, which is now printing in London. I may appeal to the Rev. Mr. Leeves, now in England, who resided several years in Turkey, as chaplain to the embassy, and agent to the Bible Society, for the exactness of this statement. Mr. Leeves' exertions in the cause brought him into intimate relations with many of the Greek bishops. I have myself had communications with several of the hierarchy, and have found them anxious to promote the general as well as the religious instruction of their flock. "Translations in Romaic from the Italian and French, of many good elementary works, which would be essential to the civilization of the Greek people," said Constantius, the venerable archbishop of Mount Sinai, "do exist among us, but we have no means of printing them here, and our poverty precludes our recurring to the presses of Europe. Had we editions of these, or of any other instructive works, where the principles of morals, and of the Christian faith (in which we all agree) were not attacked, we would favour to the utmost their circulation. But, Sir, we have nothing—we have scarcely a sufficient number of common

school books to teach the children to read by!" I shall return to this interesting subject in the course of my remarks.

Of the Armenian society of Smyrna I shall say little here, as it differs scarcely at all from what I observed in other parts of the country, and at Constantinople. They are, *en masse*, interested, sordid and dastardly, (to a degree equal to the Jews,) and so coarse, and graceless, that the meanest Turkish *hamal** seems a gentleman in manners compared with them. I never saw their broad, vulgar faces, shining under their flame-red calpacs, without an involuntary feeling of disgust. Their mode of living is thoroughly *à la Turque*—they eat the same messes, and in the same manner, squatted on the ground at a low pewter or copper tray—with their brawny arms laid bare to the shoulders, and their filthy fingers diving into the dish, and tearing and dividing, (each helping himself,) in utter contempt of the cleanly invention of knives and forks. The women are kept perhaps even more secluded, and subjected to more domestic degradation than among the Turks. Their dress (except the colour of the boots and slippers) is the same; and they also are debarred the pleasure of showing their faces, which when they go abroad, are

* *Hamal*—The Turkish for porter.

muffled up in folds of white linen, that only allow a sight of a pair of eyes—immensely large—of a peculiar long shape, jet black, but heavy. (I could always tell an Armenian woman, by the shape and character of her eyes, without reference to her *chaussure.**) At home they are drudges: they stand behind their lord while at dinner, wipe his greasy mouth, and afterwards hold the basin for him to wash his hands—present his chibook, (lit, and drawn by their own mouth,) prepare his cup of coffee, and then hold themselves ready with the *mashà*,† until the clapping of his hands warns them that he wants to light another pipe. The Armenians, like the Turks, never take their women out with them in their parties of pleasure: these are composed exclusively of the privileged sex, and *amusing* things they are! They get their heavy bodies carried to some open spot in the country, by horses or asses; there they cross their legs and sit down, and gorge in unsociable silence. When their

* There is another portion of the *Caput Armenii* which no less distinguishes them, i. e. their ears. These are covered in the women, but you may distinguish the men by them at a distance. They stick out from the edges of their red calpacs like the ears of asses, and are of a length, breadth, and thickness, I never saw equalled in any other race. In a *horse*, nothing shows bad breading more than this.

† Small iron tongs.

meal is over, they take their cup of coffee, and light their eternal pipes, which they keep smoking until it is time to return home. All their amusement concentrates in this—they have no idea of pleasure beyond smoking; and the only variety they know is occasionally to substitute the *narghilé* (or Persian pipe) for the usual chibook.

I have often observed these *keff** parties of Armenians at a pretty piece of water near Smyrna, (called by the Franks Diana's Bath,) and watching their dull heavy countenances, never irradiated by a smile, and the clouds of smoke, which in lieu of words issued from their mouths, have wondered at so extraordinary a conception of mirth and enjoyment.

The Armenians are grossly ignorant, and affect to despise what they never knew aught of—the charms of literature and the elegancies of art; yet they possess a degree of dexterity in the mechanical professions which, according to the Italian proverb, "*In paese di cicchi beato chi ha un occhio,*" leaves them in possession of the trades of jewellers, enamellers, dyers, weavers, smiths, &c.

* *Keff* is a Turkish word, in use by all classes of Levantines —it signifies, what in my school-boy days, we used to term a "*jollification.*" It applies admirably in this sense to the Armenian parties!

&c. They have renounced their ancient language for the idiom of their masters, the Turks, which they use in their intercourse with one another. Many of them know no other language but Turkish, and few of them can write or read the good Armenian which is used in their churches, or even understand it when it is read to them. The meanness, the obsequiousness, the utter prostration of these people before the Mussulmans, must be seen ere it can be conceived. It however, answers their purpose, and reflections on the degradation of the character of man are not likely to disturb the repose its practice ensures them. The Turks, who have nothing to apprehend from a set of men that have scarcely courage enough to fire off a pistol, hold them as a sort of favourites, and to characterize their softness, patience, and obedience, call them *men-camels!* There are other qualities than those mentioned belonging to the quadruped, which could not well be esteemed flattering as objects of comparison with a human being, but they might be applied with justice to the Armenian biped.

These people have supplanted the Jews, as *serafs* or bankers to the ministers of the Porte, and to pashas or other governors. It is questionable, however, whether the Turks have gained

much by the change, and whether the Armenians have not in *reality* lost a great deal; that is, considering their safety and tranquillity as matters of calculation. Eminent posts are eminent dangers in Turkey; and all the Turk's affection for the "camels" has not prevented his hanging several since their advancement.

The Armenians are unequally divided into two sects, the Eutycheans, or followers of the ancient Armenian Church, and the Roman Catholics, who hate each other with all the fervour of sectarian hate, without knowing the essential points of belief in which their creeds differ.

The first of these, called by their opponents "the schismatics," have a large church in Smyrna; the second, (who numerically form but a very small portion of the Armenian stock,) frequent the Frank Catholic Churches. It is from the Catholic portion that the consuls furnish themselves with drogomans, and the merchants with cashiers and warehousemen. Their intercourse with Europeans has given rather a better tone to their manners, but still the original taint is strong upon them. The Catholic Armenians in Smyrna, are descended almost, without exception, from an unfortunate body, that about three or four generations since, was obliged by the intolerance and intrigues of their brethren of the rival church, to

flee from persecution in Persia, to the dominions of the Turks, where they were amicably received. At the time of this emigration, several families repaired to Europe, and from them are descended most of the Armenians established at Venice.

The hatred, intolerance, and persecution, one of the effects of which is here stated, have always existed between the two religious sects, who have severally and repeatedly had recourse to intrigues and bribery, with an infidel—a Mahotan government, (in whose eyes they were all Christians alike—alike odious, yet all tolerated,) to work the ruin of each other. The Eutycheans, as the more numerous and powerful, have generally had the upper hand. An amusing old Italian traveller, (Carreri,) who was in Persia, towards the end of the seventeenth century, tells the following characteristic story. The patriarch of the Armenians and other heads of the Eutychean church, being incensed beyond measure, at the presence of a Catholic bishop, and the existence of a Catholic Armenian monastery, in the capital of the Persian empire, had recourse to the usual court intrigues. The mother of the Shah, and the favourite minister of the day, were won over by them; and forthwith an order emanated from the "Great King," that the monas-

tery should be razed to the ground, and the poor bishop burned alive! This, however, the winning party deemed was going too far; independent of mercy for their enemy, they might have felt that with a capricious government, there was a possibility of their being, some other day, the losing party, and being burned in their turns. They petitioned, and obtained that the punishment should be commuted into suppression and banishment. But they have not been always thus humane; they have shed the blood of several who had renounced their faith for the Catholic. The most distinguished of these was a certain Comydas, or Comidas, who has consequently been made a saint by the Roman church.

But as I must revert to the Armenians at Constantinople, I need only now briefly notice the last and most degraded of the Turkish rayahs, the Israelites. Loaded with the concurrent and utter contempt of Frank, Turk, and Armenian, they yet contrive to have something to do in the business of all. "They live," as I have said, "on the affairs of other people;" and there is no base occupation, no species of coarse humiliation and insult, to which they will not submit for money. I have seen and heard instances of this which will not bear repeating. It is singular, that they are not more averse to arms and

war, than to the pursuits of agriculture. You never see a Jew with a spade in his hand, or in any other manner employed in the cultivation of the soil, although they are no more excluded from that species of industry than the other rayahs. I remember having made the same observation among the Jews of the coast of Barbary, many years ago. Like all the rayahs, they are distinguished by their costume. The points of peculiarity are their head-dress; a low, flat-crowned hat, with a scanty cotton turban round its edge, instead of rims; the sky-blue colour of their benish, or cloak; and the blue of their boots and slippers. They are very filthy in their persons. Throughout the Ottoman dominions, their pusallanimity is so excessive, that they will flee before the uplifted hand of a child. Yet in England the Jews become bold and expert pugilists, and are as ready to resent an insult as any other of his majesty's liege subjects. A striking proof of the effects of oppression in one country, and of liberty, and of the protection of equal laws, in the other.

The Jews of Smyrna, like those of Barbary, Egypt, and Constantinople, retain a corrupted Spanish idiom, a proof of their connexion with the numerous tribes, driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the 16th century.

I have heard their rabbies once or twice discoursing in Hebrew; but have never heard the people make use of any other language than this corrupted Castilian, I mean among themselves; for they are all familiar with the tongue of their masters, the Turks; and many of them with the Greek. The more respectable members of the trading community have recourse, in their dealings with Frank merchants, to a species of "*lingua franca*," of which Italian is the basis.

The Jews, however, morally depressed as they are, are generally cheerful, light-hearted, and social among themselves: they keep up the festivals prescribed by their religion; and celebrate betrothals, marriages, births, &c. with feasting and music. I went twice into *Judea** on grand occasions; the first time to a betrothal. The *fiancés* were of very tender age, the bride being nine years old, the bridegroom twelve; their real union was to take place three years after. All the relations, to remote degrees, were present, and formed a numerous party. Besides her father and mother, and grandfather and

* The Franks of Smyrna call the Armenian quarter *Armenie*, and you hear continually "Je vais en Armenie." "Je viens de l'Armenie," (rather a long journey, one would think, from Smyrna.) I forget whether they call the Greek quarter *la Grèce*, and the Hebrew quarter *la Judée*, but if they do not they might just as well.

grandmother, the bride's great-grandfather smiled his approbation at the precocious engagement! At the feast, the women, who are veiled like the Turks and Armenians, waited on the men. The latter, I observed, drank wine with a devotion that would have done honour to people who have correcter notions of religion. Their religion, however, forbids them to drink any wine but such as is made by themselves. Christian wine is to be touched no more than Christian pork. A poor old Jew, called Bohor, the grandfather of the bridegroom, and in the employ of my lamented friend, Mr. J. S——, boasted to his master, that the marriage "was a good marriage;" that the bride was of a good tribe, of a "*buona razza*,"—of pure blood!

Thus we find pride of descent, and family, and connexion, cherished even by the lowest of the low.

My second visit was during their observance of the feast of Tabernacles, the instructions of which they follow to the letter, as far as pitching tents goes; but the spirit of the regulation is lost, as these tents are raised, not in the open country, (which would subject them, on the part of the Turks, to interruption and inconvenience,) but in the yards of their own houses; being thus reduced to mere types. There was much gaiety

and feasting; but my European stomach entered a point-blank protest against their greasy cookery. Their every-day food is olives, oil and caviar. The last is so important an article of consumption, that the only observation a Jew made on hearing of the ukase, which prohibited further exportations from the Black Sea to Turkey was, "Why, what shall we do for *caviar!* the prices will be up immediately; what shall we do for *caviar!*"

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUSEUM

CHAPTER VI.

Villages near Smyrna—Party-divisions among the Smyrniotes—Scene at Boodjà—Attack of the Samiotes—Fig Trade at Smyrna—Ball given by Lord Prudhoe—Departure for Chesmé—Curious Annoyance.

THE respectable Franks, Greeks, and Armenians—in short, all who can afford the expense—flee from Smyrna during the summer months, and the men merely go into town in the morning, to attend their business, and return to their families in the evening. Were it not for this system of encamping in the outworks, I question whether the position would be found tenable by fresh imported Europeans.

There are two villages resorted to, Bournabat and Boodjà. The first, so large, that it might with propriety be called a town, is situated in a plain that bears its name, and which, for Turkey, may be considered highly cultivated. The second, which lies in a valley surrounded by mountains, is small, open, and rural. The society of

Smyrna is absolutely divided into two parties, that of Bournabat and Boodjà, as they frequent the one or the other of these villages. Nor are they content to confine the rivalry to themselves; each party tries to make a convert of the traveller, and excite him to an exclusive admiration of their chosen village. If he declare himself for one party, he is immediately cut by the other, (just as happens with parties of a more serious nature,) as a man of no judgment or taste. In the dearth of subjects to occupy their minds, the fair Smyrniotes maintain this discussion with unwearying perseverance, and with an animation that we colder souls do not always display on matters of vital importance. I have frequently laughed as they have balanced the merits of the rival villages.

"Why, you have no water at Boodjà six months in the year," says the lady of Bournabat.

"If we have occasionally a scarcity of water, we have at the same time neither mosquitoes nor Turks to annoy us," retorts the lady of Boodjà.

"You can't walk out in the day-time: you have no shade," says the lady of Bournabat.

"But we can walk out in the evening without lanterns, which is what you can't do at Bournabat," replies the lady of Boodjà.

"We have more *bon ton*, more finery," says the lady of Bournabat.

"We have more merry parties, and more freedom," says the rival.

"But we have five consuls at Bournabat," adds the one side, with emphasis.

"But we care so little about consuls," *once* retorted a *wicked* advocate on the other side, "that we let our pigs eat them!"*

Without attempting to settle the difficult question, or declaring myself on either side, (in truth they are both pleasant places, — paradises on emerging from Smyrna,) I was more at Boodjà than Bournabat, because that village was the residence of my friends. The extreme kindness and hospitality I there met with from my countrymen, the many delightful rural parties I partook in, the many romantic walks, the many happy hours I experienced in the midst of a turbulent country, have impressed innumerable pictures on my mind, which at this distance of time and space, make me turn to Boodjà with pleasing, melancholy, and grateful feelings.

My limits, and the plan I have prescribed my-

* This relates to an accident that befell a gentleman of consular dignity, as he was feeding a sow and litter of pigs at Boodjà. The ungrateful matron, "mad to bite so *great* a man," bit out a large piece of his leg.

self, prevent me from luxuriating in scenic description; but there is one scene near Boodjà that I *must* notice.

At a short distance, there is a small grove of rustling, murmuring, pine-trees, covering the Turkish cemetery of the village. Towards evening, the panorama presented there is magnificent. In the front, is a fine alley of dark, lofty cypresses, and the low white houses of the village; and beyond them, over a ridge of rude hills, the lengthened indented outline of the castle of Smyrna, and the shelving sides of Mount Pagus, disclose themselves. In the opposite direction, is the bold, broad, black mass of Mount Tartaleé, rising stark from the plain; to the left, is a grand chain of mountains, with numerous cones—to appearance, so many extinct volcanoes. An intense blue rests on those mountains; a light bluish vapour spreads over the plain, like a mysterious veil; but receding far away, the peaks of the two brothers brighten with the hues of the rose, as the sun sets behind them in his eastern splendour. At that "holy hour" I have frequently sat down there on one of the humble tomb-stones, and have felt as if I could breathe forth my spirit to the beauty of the material world. The animate objects, too, were all so touchingly in unison;—a string of loaded

camels, with noiseless steps on the way to the village; (their place of rest for the night;) a flock of goats, with tinkling bells, retiring from the thymy hills and heaths; a few cows lowing as they repaired to the stalls, would pass me by; and sometimes the Turkish camel-driver would be seen to stop, turn towards the already darkening east, bend himself reverentially to the earth, then cross his arms on his breast, and with true devotional *recueillement* repeat to himself his *Salath-Maghrib*, or evening prayer.

My first visit to Boodjá was of short continuance, and interrupted in a singular manner. I had retired one night to rest about twelve o'clock, and had just fallen asleep, when I was roused by the firing of guns and pistols, and tremendous shouts and cries. I was wondering what this could mean, when I heard arms discharged in the garden close to my room; the next moment, the lady of the house knocked at my door, and, in a voice almost unintelligible from agitation, begged me to get up, "for the Samiotes had come." From this intelligence, and from the proximity of the firing, I concluded the depredators were already in the garden, or at least assaulting the house; I accordingly rushed out, as I expected, to the scene of action. I confess my disappointment was not of a painful nature, when I learned

that the attack had not been made on our quarters, but at a house at the very end of the village; and that the Greek gardener had been firing in the premises, and the neighbours in theirs, to give the alarm, and scare away the robbers. When I was permitted to go into the village, I found all the inhabitants abroad, and armed, as became men on deadly purposes. I went with a troop of these, who gave notice of their approach and numbers by an astounding noise, to the house the Samiotes had entered, but which of course they had left without waiting our visit. I learned there, but not without difficulty, that as the inmates (a mother with five or six daughters and a servant-maid—the male portion of the family was at Smyrna) were going to bed, their privacy was intruded on by a dozen of wild-looking fellows, who had climbed over the garden wall, and entered the house through a window. Fortunately, one of the youngest of the children crept out unperceived at the back of the house, and alarmed the neighbours, who immediately began firing off their arms, and so frightened away the robbers before they had perpetrated any evil more serious than ridding the damsels of their necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, and rings, and seizing the silver forks and spoons.

The brilliant moon, which shone beautifully

over the plain by which the fellows had just retreated, would have favoured a pursuit; but the adventurous spirit of the armed village did not extend so far. As I was slowly retiring, after a quarter of an hour, with some other Europeans, we met the 'agha's guard, composed of four Turks, repairing, with equally slow steps, to the scene of alarm.

The Samiotes had long been feared, as they had already stolen Turkish cattle, and goats and sheep, in districts not distant from Boodjà; but this attack on the village, spread a general panic. Consequently, the next morning every Frank family in the village packed up; all their country-houses were closed, and a long and odd-looking caravan, of camels, loaded with household furniture, and asses, with men, women, and children, took the road to Smyrna. I had there ample motive and leisure to curse the Samiotes for inducing this unseasonable retreat. The excessive heat had not abated; the mosquitoes were as tormenting as ever; and I found another annoyance, nearly as vexatious as the mosquitoes, superadded to the miseries of Smyrna—it was the fig-trade!

This interesting branch of commerce was then in its full activity; you could not stir in the narrow streets for the long lines of camels loaded

with figs; you could hardly move on the Marina for the drums of figs rolling to be shipped; you could not sleep after three o'clock in the morning for the noise of some two or three hunded women and children (close under your lath-and-plank dwelling) employed in picking and packing figs. You heard nothing around you, and about you, but talk of figs. "How are figs?—what's the price of figs?" rung in your ears from morning till night, through the agreeable variety afforded by the different organs of every man you met. You would have thought that the whole mind of Smyrna had become one vast receptacle of sweet-meats. If you asked for news, you were told "figs were getting up." If you complained of the heat, you were informed that "the figs were lusciously ripe." If you drank to a person at table it was ten to one but his soul was below stairs with his drums. In short, the parody in the Rejected Addresses, "In the name of the prophet, Figs!" would have been no parody at Smyrna during the long month of September.

Fortunately, however, about this time, Lord Prudhoe, in the course of his interesting travels, arrived at the fig-mart, and by giving a grand ball, produced an agreeable diversion, for which all those "unconnected with the trade," ought to have felt unbounded gratitude. This ball was

given at the *cassino*, or assembly-rooms, to which none but Franks, or such rayahs as have obtained the protection of some European minister or consul, are admitted; and only that portion of them who have money enough to be respectable—*de bonne societé*. Indeed, the right of entrance to the casino, forms a sort of "*lettre de noblesse*" at Smyrna, of which those who are entitled to it are duly proud, and those who are excluded are proportionately envious.

On this evening, I saw all the society of the Frank town united. I should think there were about a hundred ladies, and that it would be difficult, in any other place I have seen, to find in the same number, the same proportion of fine faces. The defects I had remarked in particular instances, struck me, however, here in the mass, through all the disguise and arrangement of a studied toilette; which in general, considering the very limited fortunes of these people, was so costly, and so abundant in gold bracelets and jewels, as to convince me of what I had often heard remarked, that the fair Smyrniotes, though they brought no fortune, were very expensive wives.

But very few of them were even tolerable dancers. The dances were waltzes, quadrilles, and, I believe, an occasional *Anglaise*. Greek

dances are *cut* as being *low*. The orchestra was most abominable; so loud, and screaming, and discordant, as to be at first utterly insupportable. I was detached from the sense of my own suffering, by observing its effects on an Italian who possessed the delicate sensibility to sound, and the justness of ear, that distinguish the inhabitants of the Peninsula. He screwed up his mouth, made faces, twitched and shrugged, and at last fairly ran out of the ball-room for relief, muttering between his teeth, "*che cani! che stonazione!*"

The Smyrniotes were not similarly effected; they kept up the dance with great spirit to four o'clock in the morning; they could not have done more had Orpheus himself presided. The kind attentions, the easy, natural politeness of Lord Prudhoe to all present, were admirable—they captivated the hearts of all Smyrna; and the flattering queries: '*croyez-vous qu'il restera encore—le charmant homme!—qu'il nous donnera encore un bal!*' proceeded from every group, and must have been heard (as they perhaps were intended to be) by the amiable, good-natured nobleman.

The morning after Lord Prudhoe's ball, I was sailing quietly out of the bay for Chesmé, leaving behind me, to my infinite satisfaction, the mos-

quitoes and figs of Smyrna. I was not yet, however, so clear of the latter pest as I imagined: the ship I was in, was partly loaded with figs, and in going below to bed in the evening a new affliction awaited me. I had scarcely laid myself down, when I felt something crawling over me; presently a creeping procession was formed on every part of my body. I called lustily for a light to kill the bugs. The cabin boy came in with an intelligent grin; and by the lamp I found I was covered, not with the dark-brown foul reptile, "familiar to man," (at least in these hot countries and in wooden houses,) but with innumerable long white worms or maggots, that issue, as I was then told, from the fresh-packed figs, and insinuate themselves into every part of the ship, and circulate or nestle until the uncongenial clime of the north destroys them. I was informed, moreover, that they were perfectly sweet, (and well they might be, considering whence they sprang,) and quite innocent—that "they only tickled." But this tickling, and an idea that got into my head, of presenting (prematurely, as I thought) the appearance of a corpse in the horrid stage of decomposition, effectually hindered me from sleeping. The next morning at breakfast, these disgusting white vermin fell in my coffee from the beams of the deck—on my plate, almost

into my mouth; and on taking my book, I found them running through its pages. The malediction of Anastasius against opium could hardly have been bitterer than what I ejected against figs. His curse, he flattered himself, took effect; but I have now the charity to hope mine will not, as it would destroy one of the great resources of Smyrna. The strong *inbat* the preceding day had hindered the ship from making any progress: after tacks, and tacks innumerable, we had only reached the Sangiac castle at night-fall, and there we had anchored. When I went on deck after breakfast, we were between the castle and Vourlà, but still obliged to see-saw across the bay, gaining scarcely a mile each tack. English vessels are thus sometimes three days in manœuvring out of the long bay during the rëign of the *inbat;* but the ships of all other countries (except the Americans, who like to struggle for it as we do) quietly lay up at the castle, and wait until it shall please God to send them a favourable wind. They thus save themselves much labour, and the wear and tear of sails and rigging—time is not a matter of consideration—and they are strangers to the ambition which animates even the lowest of our trading captains to try his utmost to make a quick voyage. I may here appropriately introduce a piece of "advice to travellers" in the Mediteranean: if their object be speed, let them

under no consideration embark in any vessel but an English or American; but if they have time and patience, and a desire to see the coasts and islands on the way, let them choose any other flag in preference. A Genoese or an Imperial is sure to sail close in land: they come to anchor nearly every day, and will generally even wait a few hours, if you have any particular object to visit, for a trifling present.

The scene, from on board, this morning was animated and pleasing. We were nearly twenty sail of different nations, all under the convoy of an English brig of war; for so great was the terror inspired at the time by the Greek pirates, that ships would not venture out of the bay of Smyrna but with convoy. All these ships were sailing to and fro in the narrow gulph: now standing over to this shore, now to that, and mixing with, and crossing each other like figures in a country-dance. In some tacks our vessel (which was one of those which made the least lea-way, and sailed the best) would shoot close by three or four merchantmen in succession; and our captain, who was a witty fellow, had his remark and his joke with each. His shot of course was always returned, and some of these cross-fires were amusing enough: as for instance:—

Captain Jackson—"Ho, ho! Eliza! I see

we beat you hollow: we've gained a tack on you."

CAPT. OF THE ELIZA—"Why, ye see, the fact of the matter is, them figs at Smyrna have brought us too much by the head; but, d'ye notice; the Mary-Anne is no such great crack after all—we've walked past her."

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—"Captain Jackson, I presume your coppers are clean scraped.—We haven't been hauled down for a long time—coppers foul—but we'll be up with ye!"

CAPTAIN JACKSON—"Aye, aye, Sir, at Chesmé."

We at last cleared Vourlà, and its windmills and islands, and towards evening a land breeze setting in from the bottom of the gulph, wafted us on our way. A brilliant moon light disclosed the dark lofty sides of Mount Mimas and the precipitate cape of Karabournu to our left, and to our right the deserted shores and hills of Phocea; and far away, indistinctly, as if seen through a veil of blue and silver, the towering summits of the island of Lesbos. I sat on the deck till a late hour. Our conversation, though not classic, as would perhaps have become the scene, was characteristic and amusing. Our captain spoke of his trim ship with pride and affection, as if he were speaking of his wife; and the mate, a fine young man, sang us "England for ever," and "Home,

sweet home;" two touching ditties to a traveller like myself, who had not seen his native land for many years, and who has always felt his patriotism increase in a ratio with his distance and the time of his absence.

As I had got somewhat used to the fig-worms, I slept soundly this night, and the next morning was awakened with the glad tidings that breakfast was ready, and that we had just come to anchor at Chesmé.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Chesmé—Raisin Trade of that Place—Description of the Town—Greek Church and Greeks of Chesmé—Don Giovanni, the Sciote—Combat in the Straits of Scio, between a Greek Mistico and two Turkish Saccolevas—Body of the Greek Captain—Libération of a Sciote Slave—The beautiful Wife of Chesmé—The Muezzinn and the *Ezann*, or call to Prayers from the Minarets—Turkish ablutions, &c.

Driven from Smyrna by figs, I fell from Scylla on Charybdis: at Chesmé I found all the world engaged with *raisins!* There was scarcely room to land on the little quay, for the casks of fruit lying there for embarkation: the narrow streets were thronged with hamals, camels, mules, and asses, all carrying raisins; vast heaps of raisins were seen piled up in every magazine, and in the lower part of the wooden house where I was accommodated by the kindness of my friend Mr. W—, were regiments of casks and barrels, mountains of raisins, and about a hundred half-naked, bawling fellows, (Turks, Greeks, and Jews,) picking and packing raisins. If at Smyrna I had found every man's mind absorbed in sweet-

meat, here it was worse. Chesmé has no other trade but these exports of raisins: the Franks go down there merely to ship the fruit; this they must do with the greatest expedition for the interest of the shippers. They are besides all impatience to return to the *coconas** and *avant soupers;* for take a Smyrniote away from his dear town, and Bournabat and Boodja, he is like a fish out of water, so that their stay at Chesmé is considered as a sort of campaign to be occupied solely with raisins, to be broken in upon by no other earthly or heavenly subject, and to be got over as quickly as possible; and even the indolent, clock-work-moving Turks seem to be infected with the raisin fever—they were bustling about in their papooshes, bawling and swearing the most expressive oaths, and all about raisins.

I really thought I was destined never to get clear of this practical course of wholesale grocery, and almost determined, out of revenge, to expose all the filth and abomination that accompany the packing of raisins. As I have, however, shown mercy to the figs, I will even extend it to the dried grapes. The revenge I meditated would turn the stomachs of half the fine ladies in England, and do infinite mischief to trade.

* *Cocona,* the modern Greek term for *Mademoiselle* or *Signorina.*

The town of Chesmé is pleasantly situated on a small creek or inlet (which forms an excellent port) of the channel of Scio. The channel itself is not more than nine miles broad at this point, and the island and city of Scio face the mouth of the creek. It was here that the Russians, commanded by Count Orloff, annihilated the Ottoman fleet, under the daring Hassan,* capitan-pasha in 1770; and, to recall a subject of still deeper interest, it was here that hosts of barbarians from the mountains and the interior embarked for Scio, to assist the forces of the capitan-pasha of the day, not to conquer, (for the trifling resistance of the Greeks was over,) but to burn, murder, destroy, plunder, and take slaves. And here, when the dreadful night of vengeance came, and the capitan-pasha's three-decker was blown into the air by Canaris, the rocks echoed the roar, the habitations shook at the near explosion, and the sleepers started from their slumbers as if they had heard the "crack of doom."

* This hero was not capitan-pasha in the day of action, but became so in consequence of it. He however did all during the battle, as his pusillanimous capitan-pasha fled to shore at the very beginning of the engagement. Nor was Count Orloff's conduct much superior to that of the pasha—he left his flag-ship for a frigate, which he kept aloof from action. Elphinstone was the hero on the Russian side, and the two fire-ships which did the business of the day, were conducted by English officers serving under him.

The Turkish term Chesmé, signifies "the fountains," and from the quantity of water that gushes out from the neighbouring hills, the place has a title to the appellation. The town stands partly on the brink of the creek, but the most considerable portion straggles up a hill, which is crowned by the ruins of an old Genoese castle. The remains of a wall round the town are now only to be traced, but another Genoese castle, of small size, much dilapidated, situated on the shore of the creek, nearly at the end of the town, retains its original form, and has four or five long brass guns mounted. Chesmé, with a population of between two and three thousand Turks, as many Greeks, and a few Armenians and Jews, is one of the most considerable towns on these once thickly-peopled coasts. It owes its prosperity to the exportation of raisins exclusively, which are grown in immense abundance in its neighbourhood, as will be well understood by the fact, that fourteen English vessels, three Austrian, and one American, took fruit (many of them, though large ships, whole cargoes) during my stay; and that with the exception of a small fine species of raisins, called sultanas, which are shipped at Smyrna, nearly all the fruit that goes in England by the name of Smyrna raisins, is sent from Chesmé.

The town, considering it is Turkish, is very tolerable. It contains several mosques, small but neat; public baths, which are as essential as mosques to the Moslemin religion; and, what is as essential as both to the habits of the people—plenty of coffee-houses or sheds for lounging and smoking. The Greeks had a fine church in the upper part of the town, where they chiefly live, separated as usual from the Turks. They had just finished it, at the breaking out of the Greek revolution; and when, some months after, the catastrophe of Scio took place, they had the mortification to see it battered to pieces by the furious Turkish *Bairaks*, who seemed bent on the destruction of every thing that was Greek. I felt melancholy, as I stood among the ruins of that building erected by Christian piety, from the hard-earned savings of a poor oppressed people. Subscriptions* had been made for years, the liberality of some of the rich Sciotes had assisted them, and they raised at length in stone and marble, and in a respectable style of architecture, this temple—which was to last but as a day! Scarcely had it echoed the name of Christ, ere

* I forget what sum (but it was a large one) was paid to the Porte to obtain a firman, allowing them to erect this temple. The reader may remember that the Greeks cannot repair, cannot even whitewash a church, without the permission of the government.

the Mahometans burst open its gates, and left nothing but a skeleton of rived walls, too strong to be wholly overturned by their ignorant violence.

Among these ruins I observed some architectural ornaments in marble, executed with considerable taste and spirit. In other places, too, in the course of my excursions in Asia Minor, I have met with objects of art far from contemptible; and these, with the observations I have made on the natural talent and aptitude of the people, convince me, that under any supportable form of government, they would develop the superior qualities, possessed by the ancient Greek occupants of the soil, which rendered Ionia the *lovely*, the *elegant:* whose temples were unrivalled upon earth—"whose wonders were hardly exceeded in Hellas!" Even as it is, whenever prosperity smiles on them, and the iron hand of the Turk does not interfere, they strive to give beauty to their places of worship, and neatness to the interior of their houses. Their oppressors owe to them, almost wherever they are settled, their houses, their kiosks, and even their *mosques;* for it is rare, where they are, that a Turkish hand is employed on either.*

* Nearly all the superior sculptors or stone-cutters in Constantinople, are from this part of the sultan's dominions. I am indebted for this information to my intelligent friend Dr. Macgufiog, many years physician to the embassy.

But the unfortunate Greeks of Chesmé had not merely to weep for the destruction of their temple; they were butchered in the streets—their wives and daughters were the prey of lust—their children were carried away as slaves by such Osmanlis as had made no "captive of the sword" among the fugitives of Scio. And be it remembered that these poor Greeks, mixed up with the Turkish population, (every man of which is armed, whilst *they* are all debarred the use of a gun,) far superior in numbers, and backed by the Mahometans of the vast interior of Asia Minor, had not partaken, and could not partake in the views and spirit that animated their brethren in the strong peninsula of Europe, and in the islands of the Ægean. Unarmed and unoffending, they were plundered and butchered for their affinity in original race and religion to those who elsewhere beat, (and be it said in impartiality,) sometimes barbarously treated, the captive Osmanlis. They fell, because they were Greeks—they died, they were carried away captives; but not a case transpired where one of them stayed the hand of slaughter by apostacy, or sought to lessen the rigours of slavery by renouncing the faith of his fathers.*

* Of the children of tender years who were carried away from different places to the mountains and the interior, most,

I abstain from repeating the dreadful accounts I heard, and will briefly mention some characteristic circumstances that came under my immediate observation while at Chesmé.

The first day of my visit, on sitting down to dinner, I remarked that a poor man they called Don Giovanni, who had arrived that morning from Smyrna to assist Mr. W—— in despatching his business, looked at all the silver spoons and forks one after the other, and turned ashy pale. "*Per Dio questa è robba mia!*" said he, much agitated. He explained. He was a native of Scio; he escaped with difficulty at the time of the massacre, and left his house and all he possessed, to be pillaged and destroyed. The Turk of Chesmé, in whose house we were all living, had gone over to the island with one of the Bairaks, and had plundered himself, or bought from some other plunderer, poor Don Giovanni's service of plate. The spoons and forks were of old Italian manufacture, and neatly engraved with the initials of the Sciote's family. They

it may be supposed, have become what their masters chose; but the indisputable fact asserted in my text is more than honourable to the Greeks, whom it is now *the fashion* to visit with too general and too severe blame, as it once was (and that but a few months since) to exaggerate their worth, and to extol them for what they were not, and what, from the circumstances of centuries, they could not be.

had been produced to honour us, for even Turks of a higher station than our host, use neither; but I could well conceive how disagreeable such a recognition must be to their rightful owner. My friend informed me that Giovanni was descended from one of the respectable Genoese families of Scio, and had been in easy circumstances; he was now obliged to gain his bread as best he could, in the service of different Frank merchants.

Two or three days before my arrival, a combat had taken place between a Greek mistico, and two large Turkish saccolevas. The Turks crept out of the creek of Chesmé, and surprised the mistico. The Grecks endeavoured to keep clear of both—to cope with one at a time; but in the middle of the channel, the saccolevas, which were far heavier, and crowded with men, contrived to get the mistico between them. The Greek captain crying to his men to follow him, sprung on board one of the saccolevas; he cut down four Osmanlis, but receiving a stab in his back he fell on the deck. His head was cut off in a moment. His men, who had hesitated to follow him, on seeing his fate, set fire to the powder, and blew themselves up. The mistico, however, being only partially decked, the powder exploded without the concentration which is re-

quired to make it fully effective. Ten of the men were killed by the shock, or drowned, but the others, (twenty) were seen by the Turks, as soon as the smoke cleared away, on the surface of the water. With these, as prisoners, and the bleeding head of the captain, hung to their bowsprit as a trophy, the Turks returned to Chesmé, where they were received in triumph by their brethren, who had witnessed the fight from the heights above the port. The condition of the Greeks was dreadful; wounded, maimed, and blackened with gunpowder, they were cast ashore. The relatives of the Turks, who had been wounded by the daring captain, were there ready to tear them in pieces. The interference of the agha was however efficacious; they were put into prison, and the next morning, having with them the head of their commander, they were carried over to Scio. What became of them there I never could ascertain. The body of the Greek captain was thrown into the sea, and as usual, without any care being taken to sink it.

"There," said Mr. W——, pointing to two large boats close under our window, "are the two saccolevas; and there," pointing to the end of the creek about a musket-shot off, "lies the body of the captain, which has floated ashore." Walking out in the evening with an English

officer round the head of the little bay, I approached the ghastly spectacle. The waters had cast the headless trunk on the sands, where it lay on its back; the ripple of the waves slightly agitated the legs and the arms, producing a motion approaching to that of life, which was inconceivably horrible. Our approach scared away a number of carrion birds, but did not disturb a myriad of tiny fish that were playing round the swollen and already offensive corpse, which still retained, in trunk and limbs, signs of manly beauty I have seldom seen surpassed. There, as it was, for several days after, I saw the body of the Greek captain; the Turks were no way disgusted by the revolting sight, nor the pestilential stench which, (and close to the town,) emanated from it; the Greeks durst not approach it lest they should give offence to the Turks.

One afternoon, as I was sitting alone in the house at Chesmé, two Greek women entered; the younger knelt down by the sofa before me, and seized my hand, which she pressed to her forehead and then to her lips, shedding tears, and speaking in a hurried manner. This poor creature had been taken at Scio in 1822 by an old Turk at Chesmé, who had kept her as a slave ever since. A short time before my arrival, she had discovered that a female relative who had

escaped at the time, had returned to Scio. At her intercession, this woman had come over to Chesmé, and bargained with the Turk for her liberation. He asked the sum of twelve hundred piastres; they could scarcely raise twelve;—but they applied to the Franks who had come to Chesmé, and through their subscriptions, added to those of the captain and officers of the English brig-of-war, the "Jasper," and what I gave, they collected eight hundred piastres, which, at the intercession of my friend, Mr. W——, the Turk agreed to take. The poor Sciote had just received the liberating paper, signed and sealed by the Mollah and her old master, and had come to thank me for the part I had taken in restoring her to the blessings of freedom. It was to Mr. W—— that her gratitude was due; for he had most generously interested himself, and conducted the whole negociation, which had been the more difficult as the hoary satyr, who had children and grand-children around him, on seeing the young Sciote about to be snatched from his roof, conceived all at once a violent desire to place her in his *harem*. I had never before seen the captive, and her sudden entrance, and oriental demonstrations of gratitude, surprised me not a little.

There was a genteel young man of the town,

a Greek, who was pointed out to me, as being the husband of the handsomest young woman of Chesmé. Of the wife, whose beauty I heard enthusiastically extolled by those among whom beautiful faces are not rare, I could never get a glance. The door of her house hardly ever turned on its hinges; and if it did, it was only for the egress or ingress of the husband, or an old female-servant; the gazebos, or windows, towards the street, were latticed with more than Turkish care and jealousy; in short, she was kept more secluded than the favourite of an *harem*. This wide departure from the usual Greek practice, had been occasioned by the passion with which her beauty had inspired a Turk of the town. After suffering the persecution of this man for some time, during which she could never get out without meeting him and hearing his proposals, seconded by threats, she at last confided the dangerous secret to her husband, and it was agreed between them, that to avoid the repetition of such scenes, and the violence of the tyger-lover, she should constitute herself a prisoner in her own house. The passion of the Turk, however, seems to have been of an impetuous and lasting nature;—he watched the house, he walked the street, and in his frenzy, threatened the husband himself with destruction,

if he did not consent to, and co-operate in, the prostitution of his wife. These threats from a powerful Turk, a connexion of the agha's, were sufficient to render the unfortunate couple truly miserable; they passed some weeks in continual alarm; and at length worn out by the worst of woes, and menaced anew by the Turk, they determined to abandon their home, and save themselves with what trifling moveable property they might possess.* They stole out of the town at the dead of night, crossed the neck of land on which Chesmé is situated, to a deep bay called the gulph of Resderé, embarked in a small Greek fishing-boat, and were carried to a Greek brig-of-war in the straits of Scio. The next day, when their flight became known, the agha confiscated their property, and I saw his mystic seal placed on the door of their dwelling. I learned afterwards, with satisfaction, that the Greek brig had found means to have the fugitives conveyed to the island of Tino. The prayer of all the poor Greeks at Chesmé accompanied the youthful couple.

At Smyrna, living in the Frank town, segre-

* There were several other Turks who had cast an eye of desire on the fair Greek, and had determined what should be her fate and her husband's, whenever a season of turbulence should favour them with an opportunity.

gated from the Turks, I had never heard, what I had long wished to hear, the muezzinn calling the faithful to prayer. But at Chesmé I was in a Turkish house surrounded by Turks; and one of the principal mosques of the town stood at the distance of twenty or thirty yards from my room, with which the gallery of the minaret, where the crier takes his stand, was about on a level. The muezzinn, moreover, had one of those deep, sonorous, musical voices, whose notes so impressed Lord Byron when he was a wanderer in these lands. I used to listen to him with extreme delight, and I have heard his impressive *Ezann**

* *L'Ezann*, ou annonce des heures des priéres, est de l'institution du Prophète. Comme l'Apôtre céleste, lors de sa retraite à Medine, ne faisait pas toujours les cinq priéres canoniques à la même heure, et aux mêmes instants, ses disciples, qui manquèrent souvent de faire le *Namaz* avec lui, assemblèrent un jour, pour délibérer sur les moyens d'annoncer au public, les momens, du jour et de la nuit, où leur maitre s'acquittoit de ce premier des devoirs religieux. Les drapeaux, les cloches, les trompettes, les feux, furent successivement proposés pour signaux. Aucuns ne furent admis. On rejeta les drapeaux, comme ne convenant point à la sainteté de l'objet; les clochés pour ne pas imiter les Chretiens; les trompettes, comme des instrumens propres au culte des Hebreux; les feux, comme ayant trop d'analogie, avec la religion des Pyrolatres. Dans cette contrarieté d'avis, les disciples se separèrent, sans rien conclure. Mais pendant la nuit, l'un deux, Abd-'ullah ibn-zeïd Abdériyé, voit en songe, un être céleste vêtu de vert: il s'ouvre à lui avec tout l'empressement qui lui inspiroit son zèle, sur l'objet dont s'occupoient les disciples du Prophète.

many times, for each of the five canonical prayers, prescribed daily to the Moslemins by their prophet. The first of these is the morning prayer, called *Salath-Subhh;* the second, the mid-day prayer, *Salath-Zurrh;* the third, the afternoon prayer, *Salath-Assr;* the fourth, at twilight, or "the heavenly hour," the Ave Maria, *Salath-Maghrib;* and the fifth, at the dead of the night, *Salath-Ischa.* It will be readily conceived, that the two last summonses to prayer, the one at those musing, softening moments which succeed the setting of the sun, when a balm is spread in the air and over the harmonized face of earth and heaven; the other, at the stilly hour of night and darkness and repose, when it would seem that none but a voice from another world should break the general and awful silence—it will be readily conceived, I say, that at such a time they must be deeply impressive, and particularly to strangers, to whom they are not become fami-

Je vais vous montrer, lui dit cet esprit céleste, comment vous devez remplir ce devoir important de votre culte. Il monte alors sur le toit de la maison. et fait *l'Ezann'* à haute voix, avec les mêmes paroles, dont on s'est servi depuis, pour annoncer les cinq heures canoniques. A son reveil Abd-ullah court exposer sa vision au Prophète, qui le comble de benedictions, et autorise à l'instant même Bilal Habeschy, un autre de ses disciples, à s'acquitter sur le toit de son hôtel, de cet office auguste, sous le titre de Muezzinn.—D'Ohsson. Tableau generale de l'Empire Ottoman.

liar and every-day sounds. But it was the first, or the *Ezann* of the morning, that generally struck me most. I used to be awakened by the solemn chaunt of the muezzinn on the contiguous minaret, every morning; not at that point "when jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top," but when the rising sun's forerunners announce his majestic approach, while he is yet hidden behind the mountain's ridge; when the star of morn " pales its ineffectual fire;" when a mantle of sober grey, brightening its tints with each passing moment, is spread over the canopy of heaven, over the mountains and valleys, and the bosom of the deep; and when all nature attends, in hushed and reverential silence, the presence of the monarch who comes " rejoicing in the east." As the muezzinn's slowly measured and harmonious adjuration struck my ear, I frequently arose, and, going out on a corridor, whence the minaret with its gallery, (where the crier was slowly pacing round repeating his words,) the little bay, the still town, Scio's straits and lofty mountains were visible, felt the full influence of the " hour, the time, the clime, the spot," and of their harmonizing and touching adjunct—the voice from the mosque! It is impossible to avoid being penetrated by devotion, and mine was of

such an expansive character, that it embraced the poetical ritual of the Koran, and made me forget that it was only a beautiful feature in a false code—a picturesque practice of a barbarous and degraded race. The words of the *Ezanns* are indeed sublimely devotional. "O Great God! Great God! Great God! I attest that there is no God but God! I attest that there is no God but God! I attest that Mohammed is the prophet of God! I attest that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! Great God! there is no God but God!" These are the same for all the five canonical hours; but at the *Ezann* that calls to early morning prayers, the muezzinn after the words, "Come to the temple of salvation," adds "Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!"

The muezzinn, with an aspect of entire *receuillement*—a finger of each hand put all the time to his ears, as if to shut out every earthly sound, stands awhile with his face turned towards the east, to the Keabé of Mecca; but when he proffers the general invitation, "Come to prayer—come to the temple of salvation," he slowly turns round the gallery of the minaret, and faces the

four cardinal points in turn, the invitation being addressed to "all the nations of the world, to the whole universe."*

It is to be remarked, that the solemn summons to the temple of salvation is by no means generally attended to at the present day, even by the Turks who have the reputation of being religious men. I believe it is not considered essential, even to the dwellers in cities where mosques abound, to go to them five times a-day. (The Salath-Ischa, in the middle of the night, would be an importunate call—an attendance at that hour would reduce Moslemin laymen to the privations of certain orders of Christian monks.) But what is exacted is, that at the five canonical hours they shall perform their devotions and offer up their prayers, in their houses or fields, or wherever they may be. Each time, before they can begin their mental application, they must perform an ablution. On this point the *Ayeth*, or celestial oracle, in the Koran, is very positive. "Oh ye, believers! whenever you dispose yourselves to pray, wash your faces, and your hands, and your arms as far as the elbow; bathe your head, and

* The Moslemins who are within hearing, are ordered to subjoin mentally to the words of the muezzinn, "There is no force, there is no power, but in God, in that supreme, almighty being." This is called the *Tchhlil.*

your feet as high as the ancle." But even this injunction is rarely obeyed to the letter. I do not remember having once seen a Turk take off his turban to bathe his head, (it would give them, indeed, great trouble to remove and re-adjust that portion of their attire which they most pride themselves in,) they content themselves with washing their faces and rincing their mouths; and instead of immersing their feet in cold water, their wonted practice is merely to dip the sole of their papoosh into the stream.

The purification of the outward man being so essentially a portion of religious observance, there are always fountains attached to the mosques; and it is an odd scene, particularly on a Friday, when attendance is imperatively exacted to say their *Namaz*, or dominical prayer, in the temple, to watch a crowd of sturdy fellows, with their loose sleeves tucked over their shoulders, washing and squirting like river gods in our old garden ponds.

Two English tars, who were on shore at Chesmé from the brig of war, one Friday morning about noon, seemed puzzled with the general ablution that was performing in public. "I say, Jem," said one of them, "I suppose it is Saturday night with them here Turks!"

In spite, however, of all these periodical cleans-

ings, and the frequent use by all classes of the vapour bath, the Turks cannot be called a cleanly people. Indeed it is hardly possible they should be so, for they huddle on dirty cloathes over a clean skin; and in their houses they eat, drink, and sleep in the same room, and frequently on the same *divan* or low sofa—thus encouraging the increase of vermin, which their wooden-built, low houses, and hot climate, naturally tend to produce. Of fleas I shall say nothing; but it is not extraordinary on going out of a Turk's house, where you have been regaled with amber-mouth pipes worth a thousand piastres each, and served with coffee by a black slave on his knees, to find that a huge louse or a bug has insinuated himself into some fold of your drapery.

CHAPTER VIII.

Scio—Reception by the Turks—The Consul—Turkish Industry—The ruins of the Town—The Greek College—Distinguished Professors—Effects of even partial Education on the Greeks—Condition of the Greeks—Anecdotes—Former State of Scio contrasted with the present—Levant Vice-Consuls—Greek Captain and Ship—The Pasha—The Castle—The Country—Consul's Casino—The School of Homer.

One of the objects that had brought me to Chesmé was to visit the neighbouring island of Scio, and I was mortified in no trifling degree, when three days after my arrival, as I was getting ready to cross over with a Turkish boat, two Greek brigs of war made their appearance, and cruizing up and down the narrow straits that separate the island from the main, declared Scio to be in a state of blockade, and showed themselves ready to pounce upon any Osmanli who should venture out of the creek. Luckily, however, the circumstance that kept me at Chesmé, kept the English vice-consul at Scio, and his presence was required on the continent

to give the fruit-ships their clearance for England. Consequently, the commander of the brig of war, Mr. Rooke, determined to go over and fetch the old dignitary, and hearing of my embarrassment, very kindly offered me a passage.

The "Jasper" sailed from the creek of Chesmé at an early hour and on a beautiful morning about the middle of October, 1827. The wind was favourable, the Greek cruizers were almost out of sight at the head of the channel near the Oenussae, or Spalmadore islands; we made free with the blockade, which had never been regularly notified, and in about an hour and a half got close in to Scio. I went on shore in a boat with my old friend Lieutenant F——, Lieutenant D——, the surgeon, and Mr. W. Captain Rooke tacked up the channel to look after the Greek brigs. We entered the harbour of Scio, still defended by an ancient mole of admirable construction, and landed near the Turkish custom-house. Here we were instantly surrounded by Turks, whom alarm at the apparition of the Greeks, and reports that a descent was about to be made on the island, had rendered anxious for news—an anxiety they hardly ever express, except in cases of immediate danger. Presently, however, Signor Guidice, in the full blush of his consular splendour and importance, came bustling

through the crowd. He was, and I dare say still is (for I left him in good health a few months since) a curious little old man, with a shrivelled face and twinkling eye—the quintessence of politeness, of the rather obsolete Italian school of a century ago—lively, and talkative. He was dressed for "the occasion" in a blue coat with red cuffs and collar, and buttons as large as Spanish dollars, with the British impress of the crown and anchor. The cut would have done honour to a Greenwich pensioner, or a boatswain of the days of Howe and Jervis. His hat was round, but gallantly set off with a cockade of surprising diameter: in short, his appearance was altogether well adapted to the dignity of the nation he represented. He led us into the custom-house, where several of the principal Turks of the island were assembled, smoking their pipes. We received the honour of the chibook and coffee, said *buono-buono Musulmani* to their *buono-buono Ingliz!* laughed when they called the Greeks thieves, and having finished our pipes, laid our right hand on our breasts, and giving them the *Salam-aleikam*, walked away to look at the town. Our worthy consul proved a good *cicerone*, he spoke passable Italian, of which, and of his descent from a Genoese family, (*sangue franco*,) he was sufficiently proud. He conducted

us across an open, filthy square, crowded with mangy dogs, and ornamented with a large and pretty fountain, which was however dirty and falling to decay, to the lower wooden-built part of the town near the water-side, inhabited (then at least) principally by Turks. Here we found a crowd of strapping fellows, some lounging, some sitting cross-legged smoking, and a few in coffee-houses at the water's edge, watching through paste-board Venetian spy-glasses the progress and manœuvres of the "Jasper" in the channel. The only signs of industry we could see were in two armourers' shops, where about half a dozen Osmanlis were furbishing up old yataghans and other arms; and in a chibook magazine, where an old emir, a descendant of a daughter of the prophet, was sitting in all the glory of the green turban, drilling cherry pipe-sticks: both perverse applications of industry —the one to prepare the implements for killing men, the other, those for killing time. Yet these are the mechanical operations in which the Turks evidently take most delight, and in which you see them most frequently engaged. To us, however, they were all civil, giving us the usual "*star buono—star buono Ingliz.*"

We next advanced to the Greek quarter, whose former beauty I had so often heard vaunted. We

found a scene of ruin and desolation that chilled our hearts. We walked through long streets that no longer contained any thing but the ragged skeletons of houses, and heaps of fallen masonry, which rendered some of them impassable. Grass and weeds and nettles were growing in the crevices of the marble halls, in the churches, in the but lately busy streets; and to give an idea of the utter desolation of this once busy and populated town, we started a covey of partridges in the *strada de' primati*, or principal street. So solidly, however, and of such good materials were these habitations constructed, that their principal walls remain, some partially rent, but many entire. The fire, and the axe, and the crowbar of the Turks could not reverse these firm buildings, but they have left nothing within them but heaps of fallen ruins and empty space. There those walls stand, eloquent in reproach of the barbarous destroyers: they stand erect, but roofless, smoke-blackened and bare! Only the palace of the bishops, where the assemblies of the people were held during the brief and hapless insurrection, and the college, have been entirely levelled with the ground, as places peculiarly obnoxious, and by order of government. In this college, before the Greek revolution, from four to five hundred youths, from the different islands,

received the advantages of a good education. It was principally supported by contributions which the Sciote merchants generously imposed on themselves, and which were levied at the rate of two per cent. on all their merchandise. Under the impulse of the elegant Romaïcist Cokinaki, and latterly under the tuition of the accomplished Neophytus Vamba, the students of Scio had made great progress in the most essential portion of education, in the knowledge of their own vulgar tongue, which, reduced to rules, and strengthened by liberal draughts on the classical Greek, was promising fair, under a nascent literature, to lay claim in some future day to the glories of the idiom of the Hellas—"of that rich and harmonious language, whose sounds could give a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy." Nor was the ancient Greek neglected; besides Vamba, who is esteemed a good Hellenist, there was always one, and sometimes there were two other professors devoted solely to the Hellenic language and literature.

The verses of Homer were again rehearsed in this fair island, (one of the claimants to the honour of his birth-place,) and the walls of the Sciote gymnasium, now levelled with the dust, echoed the periods of Demosthenes, of Thucydides, and Xenophon. There was a master for the Latin

language, and French and Italian were generally attended to. It was a nucleus of civilization for the neighbouring islands and coasts of the Ægean; and I have met with several young Greeks educated here, but now scattered in different parts, whose literary attainments are far from contemptible. The colleges of Scio and Haivali, and more recently the college established by Lord Guilford at Corfu, have done more good for the Greeks than might be at first imagined. Among a people who are eminently communicative, intelligent, and curious, the instruction of even two or three will expand, in a certain degree, to the community in which they are thrown. I knew two young Greeks at a small, remote town of Asia Minor, who had pretty good notions of general geography, and of the modern history of Europe: this information had not been acquired by themselves directly, they had never had the means of so acquiring it, but it had been imparted by a companion who had studied at Haivali. It is to institutions like these we must look for the moral improvement of a long-degraded race; and can we see their subversion without a sigh? The college of Haivali, be it remembered, has shared the fate of that of Scio, and is now like it, an unrecognizable ruin.

After traversing the melancholy streets without

meeting a human being, we came to a part of the town that was inhabited by the remnant of the once flourishing Greek population. These poor people had partially repaired a few houses that had suffered the least, and were beginning again to labour in their wonted vocations. They had all suffered loss of property, of children, or relations, and the greater part of them had only lately returned to the island under the protection and consoling assurance of the pasha. In the town and the villages of the island, there were at that moment about fifteen thousand Greeks, a fearful reduction from one hundred thousand in the course of five years.* But they apprehended a renewal of calamities: "If a Greek expedition lands here," said they, "we shall be plundered by them—they will compel us to make common cause with them against the Turks; if the Turks receive reinforcements, and become too strong for the invaders, they will escape by sea, as they did in 1822; and we shall be left to assuage the vengeance of the Turks, with whom we would have lived in peace."

At one of the doors, two poor women, a

* The Sciotes have been stated at one hundred and twenty thousand, but probably the *resident* population did not exceed one hundred thousand; the rest were in commercial establishments at Constantinople, Smyrna, the islands, &c.

mother and daughter, offered us some tobacco-bags and purses, prettily worked in silk; we bought the whole stock. The story of these two women was painfully interesting, but not at all rare among the islanders—there were other cases of even greater wretchedness than they had suffered. The mother had seen her husband hanged on the castle walls,* one son slaughtered in her presence, another, a child, taken away as a slave, and her daughter and herself carried captives into Asia Minor. At Chesmé they were torn from each other's embrace, and sent separately by their masters to different places far from the coast, where it was unlikely they should ever meet again, or ever have the means of obtaining liberty. It was not explained to me by what happy chance the mother however did at last obtain her's. She then went in quest of her daughter; she knew that the Turk to whose lot she had fallen, on the division of spoil, belonged to a district somewhat inland, from the sea-port of Scalanova. With no other information, she repaired to that part of the coast:—her wanderings, her anxious enquiries, were long fruitless;

* The Sciote hostages, to the number of seventy, were stripped naked and hanged on the castle ramparts like dogs. This, *at least*, was done by order of government, and not by the mob.

but at last she learned from a papas, that a person, answering the description of her daughter, had been seen some months before at a certain Turkish village, two days' journey in the interior. She instantly departed with a caravan going in that direction, and after travelling on a camel two burning days in the month of August, reached the village named; but here she learned that the Turk, the master of her daughter, had died in the expedition against Samos, and that the other members of his family had gone, it was not known where. To obtain, at least, a clue that might lead her to her daughter, she wandered several days in the district. Nothing could she learn; the family had never been long settled there, its chief was dead, the rest might be scattered God knew whither—or all might be dead likewise. The afflicted mother was on the point of giving up the pursuit in despair, and returning to her solitary home, when a poor Yerook,* touched with compassion by her tenderness and grief, informed her he had seen a Greek female slave at an encampment of a tribe of his brethren, and that he would conduct her to it in a few hours. She again set out on her search—she arrived at the black tents of the Yerooks—the slave was indeed her daughter; and after a separation

* The Yerooks are wandering, pastoral tribes.

of three years, she clasped her darling child to her bosom. The Yerooks, to whom she now belonged, were poor. They might, perhaps, as a single-hearted, simple race, feel the force of maternal tenderness;—the terms of the ransom were easily arranged, and the poor mother returned to Scio, exhausted in person, and in pecuniary resources, but with her child. They had since continued to exist on the labour of their hands, assisted occasionally by relations, in somewhat better circumstances. Of their son and brother, the child that had been carried off in 1822, they had never been able to learn any thing.

With all the vices of the Greeks, (vices, however, from the greatest part of which the amiable, gentle Sciotes, are exempt,) the tie of blood and of family affection is closely drawn round their hearts. I have said, the foregoing story is not singular; there are hundreds such; and I learned a counterpart of it from a Sciote lady I was well acquainted with at Smyrna: she was the heroine of her own tale, but the object of her pursuit was a son, a boy of tender age. After wandering for weeks in the dark streets and recesses of Constantinople and its suburbs, she at last discovered her child: he was liberated, like many others, by the generosity of the English residents at Pera,

(a generosity warm and well directed,) and is now in England receiving a good education. I have stated, in a preceding part of these sketches, that individual charity and protection were most honourably exerted; but how little these could do in such a mountain of evils, may be imagined on reference to the fact, that according to the Turkish *teskerès* granted at the custom-house of Scio, forty thousand Greeks were carried away captives from that island.*

If we turn from the picture of desolation I have thus hastily, but faithfully, and from the impression of the moment, drawn, to the brilliant colouring spread over the same scene in the time of its prosperity but a very few years since, we must shudder as on beholding the mutilated corpse of a beautiful being, but lately replete with life and enjoyment. "This town, by far the most beautiful in the Levant, was an assemblage of little palaces, generally built of Sciote marble, and adorned with architectural ornaments; their island was a succession of romantic

* The fate of the children of *both* sexes was the most horrible; many of them have been known to have been rendered the instruments of the foulest debasement—of the most brutal passions—passions which (I speak not unreflectingly) may be said to be *general among the Turks* at the present day. "Grave virus munditiis pepulit."

woods and gardens, where art had assisted the hand of nature; and the inhabitants were a refined and educated people, enjoying at home the improvements of polished life, in which every stranger who visited the island, was kindly and hospitably invited to partake. Such was Scio seven years ago!" I have heard the description corroborated by many, and particularly by my intelligent friend, Mr. D. S—— of Smyrna, who left it only a very few days before its destruction. And even from very early times, from the first establishment of the intelligent, industrious Genoese, this island was celebrated for its beauty and cultivation. It claimed from the admiring Italians, who then held almost exclusively the commerce of the Archipelago, the appellation of "*il fior di Levante.*" That correct old traveller Tournefort, who visited Scio more than a century ago, describes its beauties with rapture; and our countryman, Dr. Chandler, who was here in 1764, dwells with complacency on the subject, and sheds over it an amiable, poetical feeling. He mentions the beauty of the women, their gay dress, their frankness and cheerfulness. They were sitting at the doors of their elegant houses knitting and spinning, and saluted the traveller as he passed. "The country," says he, "is diligently cultivated, and rewards the hus-

bandman by its rich produce. The slopes of the mountains are covered with vines. The groves of lemon, orange, and citron-trees, regularly planted, at once perfume the air with the odour of their blossoms, and delight the eye with their golden fruit. Myrtles and jasmines are interspersed with olive and palm-trees and cypresses. Amid these the tall minarets rise, and white houses glitter, dazzling the beholder." In his time, there were twenty-one villages that derived a considerable part of their revenue from the cultivation of the lentiscus or mastic trees. These, called the mastic villages, with one or two other villages that had grown up with the increasing prosperity of the island, were flourishing in 1822, but then suffered like the city. We saw some of them from the town (to the south) beautifully nestled in the recesses and on the slopes of the mountains, among olive and lentiscus groves, but were informed they were almost entirely deserted, and that the cottages as well as the pretty *casini* we saw sprinkled here and there, were like the houses in the city, nothing but skeleton walls. The "cultivated fields" were lying fallow, except a few near the town for the growing of vegetables, of which both Turks and Greeks make great use in all their repasts. The groves of olives, of lemons,

of oranges, and citron, the palms and the cypresses, the myrtles and the jasmines, (except in some places, where they had been burnt or torn up by the Turks,) were still there, but "gone were the hands that culled the flowers," and the useful productions of nature were running wild for want of tending and cultivation. The solitude and silence that reigned throughout were deeply impressive. The deserted houses, the groves, the gardens, seemed to say to their former possessors, "what have we done to be thus abandoned? Where are ye?" How dreadful would be the response!—"In outcast poverty—in slavery—in the grave!"

When we had finished our melancholy survey, the consul conducted us to his house and regaled us with pipes and coffee. We observed about as many arms of England, as Waverley saw Bears in the mansion of the genealogical Baron of Bradwardine. Besides the lion and the unicorn over the street-door, painted on a board, there was a diminished copy over the staircase, another over the door of the consular receiving-room, and two prints, brilliantly coloured and framed, suspended in the most conspicuous parts of the room. Signor Giudice said they were good things; he could not have too many of them—they struck the eyes of the Turks! This is true

enough; for many years past, a consular flag unfurled, and the sight of the arms of a European nation, have acted as a spell on the Turks, even in their greatest ebullitions. This respect began with their weakness and fears.

Signor Giudice's residence was situated in a street composed almost entirely of the houses of the vice-consuls of the different nations of Christendom, which had all been respected during the massacres and destruction of 1822. In them many Greek families took refuge, and were saved from slaughter. I regret to add, that this protection was extended only to such as could *well pay for it;* and that accusations of a total disregard of humane feeling, and in some instances, of heinous villainy, are laid to the charge of certain of these dignified personages, the consuls, who are said to have made a harvest on the miseries of the time. There was one exception in the august body, that I have often heard mentioned with gratitude and admiration—this was the Austrian vice-consul. The worst of the charges were brought against a Milanese, a quack-doctor, who had been dubbed Neapolitan consul.

I will not dwell upon the numerous and serious accusations made against the body in general, as it would be improper, without having

proofs in my possession; but I must state, that I saw ample reasons here and elsewhere, in the Levant, to prove the impropriety of granting (as had been done) the names of vice-consuls, &c. to men destitute of principle and education; who receiving but a mite* from the consuls they represent, are ready to sell their protection and influence (and their title gives them an influence which will hardly be understood in civilized countries) to the highest bidder, and for any purposes. In most of these places there is no occasion for agents; but where there is need of them, let proper persons be selected. Having finished our pipes at Signor Giudice's, we walked down to the sea-side, and the Jasper soon after standing in to the port, we embarked in the boat to join her.

The consul did not accompany us, as the fruit-ships at Chesmé were not yet loaded; but he was to cross over in three or four days, provided that Captain Rooke could request the Greek cruizers to permit his passage, and that the pasha would consent to his leaving the island.

The sail across to the continent was delightful. The views of Scio, with the lofty and grey Mount

* Signor Giudice received fifty Spanish dollars *per annum*, and what fees he could make. He was *venal* of course, but nothing worse was said of him.

Pelinæus, and the green declivities, and fertile plains at its feet; the town, the old castle, and the villages, present a fine picture on this side, that contrasts strongly with the gloom and sterility of its opposite or western coast.*

In the middle of the channel, one of the Greek cruizers came down to us. On a gun being fired from the Jasper, the commander immediately came on board. To enquiries put to him, he replied, that the blockade of the island had been ordered by the *regular* Greek government; that an effective force would soon arrive in the channel; and that it would be duly notified to the different European naval forces. He promised that the English consul should not be molested on his passage to Chesmé. It was not thought expedient to put further questions; but he told Captain Rooke of himself, that a considerable land-force of Greeks, under the command of Colonel Fabvier, would be thrown on the island, where they had nothing to do but to reduce the castle. He was a fine looking young man, and the Greek costume he wore showed his robust but graceful person to advantage. There was, however, an unfixedness in his eyes, and in his general air, as if he suspected trea-

* See description in Chap. I.

chery in others, and would be very capable of it himself, that was disagreeable in the extreme. He spoke a little Italian. Of the wine that was placed on the table for him, he mixed a mere drop in a glass of water, which he drank to our healths. The sailors that accompanied him were very fine young men. His brig was of a beautiful model and rig, and sailed, as Lieutenant D—— said, "like a witch;" but she was, as usual, very slightly built, uncoppered, and without bulwarks to cover her men. She bore the classical name of Themistocles.

Four days after my first excursion, the ships under Captain Rooke's charge being all nearly ready, and Signor Giudice not making his appearance, we went over again to Scio to fetch him. On this occasion Captain Rooke landed. We were received by the old consul and the Turks at the custom-house (whom we found smoking their pipes, just as we left them, as if they had never changed place or occupation) in much the same manner as before; but an invitation, which came immediately from the castle, to pay a visit to the pasha, promised something more interesting.

We were received at the castle gate by a body of tacticoes or regulars, who formed an avenue across the first court. We then wound through

a labyrinth of ruins into another open area, where a body of irregulars of motley and most unmilitary appearance, was stationed to do us honour. Hence, through another lane of ruins, we reached what seemed the only habitable part of the castle, the angle occupied by the pasha; but even to this we had to ascend by an external, pro-tempore, ricketty wooden staircase. Near this sanctum-sanctorum, the pasha's Albanians, or body-guard, were drawn out; and from the fine manly turn of their persons, the beauty of their costume, and the brightness of their arms, they certainly made an excellent appearance. They looked like bold, dashing warriors; but the regulars, like vagabonds; and the tacticoes, like boys playing at soldiers.

In a vast anti-chamber, dark and dirty, we found arranged in state the whole of the pasha's domestic attendants, black and white, (or rather black and brown, for he had not thought it necessary to honour us with a sight of his *harem*.) There were the tootoon-jis, the chibook-jis, the cafee-jis, and heaven knows how many *jis* beside—a complete mob, that cast eager glances at us, as we defiled. But the door was thrown open: and seated on a rich sofa, in a spacious, elegant saloon, exposed to the cool sea breeze, with the mollah or priest-judge by his side, was Yussuf Pasha himself.

Salutations *à la Turque*, from the inveteracy of our European habits, are rather difficult things. We are accustomed to bow and scrape, and swing our hats about; all which seems very silly to the Turks, and the uncovering of the head even an indecency. We however, not being utterly ignorant of that essential page of the eastern *Galateo*, acquitted ourselves tolerably. The pasha smiled as graciously as Turks are permitted to smile, shook hands with Captain Rooke, to conform to our odd customs, and kindly beckoned us to be seated on a sofa on the other side of the room opposite to himself. Signor Giudice, who, like that other *diplomate*, (his countryman by the bye,) the father of Anastasius, happening to be rather deaf, for the better convenience of hearing both parties, stood, resplendent in blue and red, brass buttons and cockade, midway between the two sofas, and a little out of the line of sight. After we had been seated three or four minutes, and not before, as that would be contrary to state and etiquette, the pasha bade the consul tell us we were welcome. A suitable reply, that went into Signor Guidice's ear in Italian, and came out of his mouth in choice Turkish, was returned, and then followed another silence. I forgot to mention, that on our entering the room, there were several officers well attired within the door, by

which they stood during all the audience. Meanwhile, the friends of every occasion, the compliment of every visit, the dear chibooks, made their appearance. These were of proper pasha length and magnificence, and each was presented by a proper chibook-ji, who crossed his hand on his bosom as you took it, kneeled down, and introduced the *atesh* into the bowl, with a little pair of tongs, and when he saw you were fairly under way, made another obeisance and retired. The coffee, which followed immediately, was served with still more state, by four slaves, as black as ebony, who kneeled as they presented it, and then retired to await at a respectful distance until we had finished. The coffee-cups used by the Turks, and indeed throughout the east, are very small; they have no handles, nor saucers, but are held in another cup, (as an egg within an egg-cup,) which is of plated metal, of silver or gold, according to the circumstances of the owner, or the respect wished to be paid to the visiter. The pasha's little cups were of the most transparent porcelain, and their coats, or outer ones, of pure gold, prettily pierced and filigreed. The coffee, as usual, was excellent; a tea-spoonful of it worth a quart of what we get in England, under the same name; a name it is in comparison no more entitled to than

small beer to that of ale, or the rinsings of a wine-cask to that of wine.

As soon as we were delivered of our coffee-cups, and left with our chibooks, conversation began by the pasha's asking us for news. After giving him that portion we chose of the infinitely small quantum we possessed, the pasha continued. He hoped that the differences which had arisen between the Porte and the great powers of Christendom would soon be amicably arranged; that the day was yet distant (just a fortnight from the date of this speech, we destroyed the Turkish navy at Navarino!) that should see the sultan, his master, engaged in hostilities, particularly with his friends the English, &c. To these friendly remarks, Captain Rooke gave a suitably amiable reply, through the improving medium of Signor Guidice. Then another dead silence.

"But what means the presence of these Greek thieves?" resumed the pasha, and here his countenance, which was placidity itself, ruffled somewhat; "what new mischief are they coming to cause here? They talk of a blockade; but will you permit such a measure?" This was said in a manner that seemed to imply that Captain Rooke ought to go and tell the Greek cruizers to be off. He merely replied that no blockade had been

officially announced. "I know what war is," continued the pasha; "I can meet my enemy face to face, and fight him with arms in my hands in the open field; but I do not understand this measure of sailing ships up and down, and cutting off communication and starving people!" His hatred of blockades had made him outrun his prudence; he corrected himself. "But *we* have sufficient supplies of provisions in the fortress; we neither fear the *caravis*,* nor are incommoded by them; the only injury they inflict, is on their own brethren, the Greeks of this island, whose commerce with the main land is interrupted, and who cannot even go out to fish. *They* may starve, but not *we*." Part of the reasoning was very just; the weight, indeed, fell upon the industrious Greeks, and their apprehensions of the future were naturally excessive.

Yussuf, apparently, was anxious to impress Europeans, and Englishmen particularly, with the excellence of the present spirit of the Turkish government, and to exonerate his own character (and his humane, just conduct entitled him to do so) from the suspicion of cruelty and bloodshed. He said things were changed in the country; that the views of the government were

* *Caravi*, the modern Greek for ship or vessel.

of a gentle and liberal nature; and that the reforms of the sultan had placed him in a situation to check the excesses that had *sometimes* been committed by irregular troops on the rayahs. He assured us that he himself was averse to violence; that although he must repel force by force, yet so long as the Greek population of the island remained quiet, and were not detected in traitorous correspondence with the enemies of the Porte, he should continue to protect them as he had done. "Hundreds of these scattered families," added the pasha, "have thrown themselves on my protection; have returned to Scio, and to their homes at my invitation; and what complaint have they against me?"

Our pipes were finished, (it is not etiquette to replenish on such a visit,) and the pasha's communicativeness (extraordinary in a Turkish grandee) had reached its utmost limits. We prepared to depart. At this moment a slave made his appearance, carrying a small silver tray, with glasses of water, and some delicious Turkish preserves, made from rose-leaves. The preserves were in a small glass basin, like some of our sugar-basins; there was only one spoon, which we, the visitors, all used in turn. Two other slaves then entered, one bearing a silver-cased phial, containing some scented waters; the other

swinging, suspended to a silver chain, a silver filigreed vessel, (almost a fac-simile of the encensoirs used in Catholic churches,) from whose apertures issued most agreeable vapours of some substance burning within. The slave of the bottle besprinkled us, and his comrade swung his fragrant vapours round our persons, and under our noses; at which, one of my friends, an honest sailor, who had never had an idea of being incensed like the statue of a heathen god or of a Romish saint, was near relaxing into an indecorous smile. We then took our leaves of Yussuf Pasha, who had honoured us with all the punctilios of oriental respect. But I must detain the reader yet a moment in this rather interesting scene.

Yussuf Pasha was far advanced in the vale of years, but his appearance was healthy and imposing, his manners were graceful and dignified, mild, yet firm; in short, what ought to be expressed by the proper and high term, *gentlemanly*, a term, whose weight and value have been almost lost in its vulgar abuse. His dress was very simple; his benéesh, or outer garment, which entirely enveloped his figure as he sat cross-legged on the sofa, was of plain, faun-coloured French cloth, without gold or embroidery, but he wore a magnificent cashmere for

a turban, and another shawl of equal value round his waist. He never rose, but merely bowed his head slightly, and crossed his arms on his breast, when we entered and departed. Dignity of appearance is not rare among the Turks; they easily acquire it; for a fellow who steps from a huckster's shop (and such steps are not unfrequent) to a high situation under government, can at once put on outward manners corresponding to his elevation; but this dignity is generally but skin deep, and depends on mechanical set forms, on rich turbans, and flowing robes, on a crowd of bespangled slaves, and countenancing dependents: the brute, when agitated, or obliged to speak, for any length of time, is almost sure to discover his innate coarseness, through the forced and artificial veil. But the dignity of Yussuf, seemed to be part of his natural character.

I cannot describe in such favourable terms the gloomy Mollah, who sat by his side on the sofa, a few feet distant, starch and motionless as a minaret. I do not remember to have seen, even in the class to which he belonged, (the most offensive and intolerant of the Turks, with the exception of the vagabond santons,) so unpleasant looking a fellow as himself. His face was ghastly sallow, his whole countenance diabolical, and as for his beard, in spite of his smoothing it down

with his hands every minute, it had precisely the *goat-beard shape*,* which is so vehemently reprobated by the Turks. The immense high, black caouk, with a broad green turban which he wore, added to the ugliness and sallow hue of his face. He appeared as if he disdained to look at us; but every now and then, his large heavy eyes, without any accompanying motion of the head, would turn in their red sockets, and take a stolen and ill-ominous glance, and then quickly revert to the colombojo† he held in his hand, or to the matted floor. He had precisely, what I should imagine, the ancient orthodox air, and looked as if he could enact again the scenes of early fanaticism; and with the sabre in one hand, and the Koran in the other, offer the alternative of death or Islamism. May Sultan Mahmood be as successful in his enterprises against this bigoted, corrupt, and all-monopolizing body, as he has been in those against the Janissaries! They stand infinitely more in the way of civilization than ever did those barbarians, who, indeed, had strength only by co-operating with the abomi-

* Beards that are not full and flowing, but jagged, and pointed at the extremity, are called by Turks, goat's-beards: a cloven foot could not be more detested.

† Colombojo, a string of beads like those used by the Catholics at prayer; a Turkish gentleman is rarely seen without it.

nable hierarchy. The room in which the pasha received us was, as I have mentioned, a spacious, elegant saloon; low sofas, covered with fine woollen cloths, ran along the two sides, and the upper end of it, and these formed the only furniture, unless we extend that denomination to a superior Egyptian matting which covered the whole floor. The walls of the room were painted a plain light colour, and over the door was an Arabic inscription in large black letters. All the ornaments seemed reserved for the ceiling, which was formed of curiously tessellated woodwork, and painted in the arabesque style, with blue and gold. It was, however, rather dingy, and seemed to bear testimony that many generations had smoked their pipes beneath it.

This description may serve for any other saloon of a Turkish grandee I may have to introduce my reader into; a little larger, or a little smaller, a little brighter or a little darker, they are all much the same.

The interior of the castle is a heap of ruins, but the outer walls are still strong and entire; a fosse, now dry and of inconsiderable depth, runs round them, except on the side where they lean on the sea. The fortress is commanded from the adjacent hills, and an advanced spur of Mount Pelinæus, just off one of the angles of the

walls, forms a *mamelon* which seems made on purpose to breach them. We remarked at the time, that with the forces the pasha then had, (about three hundred tacticoes, a few topjis or cannoniers, and about five hundred irregulars, counting all the Turks on the island capable of bearing arms,) the castle could not offer four-and-twenty hours' resistance to the attack of a thousand British soldiers with adequate artillery. Yet here Colonel Fabvier, of whose prowess we have heard so much, sat himself down for three months, let the Turkish reinforcements land, and at last ran away in a shameful *sauve qui peut* manner. But of this, more hereafter.

The castle of Scio, which with innumerable others in the islands and along the coasts of the Ægean, the Propontis and the Euxine, attests the widely-extended power of the trading Ligurian republic, was built by the Genoese during their occupation of the island. Since it fell into the hands of the Turks, it has been gradually going to ruin; and even at the time of our visits, when an attack was expected, there were only a few masons patching up the walls.

When we left the pasha's, we procured mules to ride to the principal object of most travellers' visits, a spot called, I cannot tell why, the School of Homer, situated between three and four miles

from the town, towards the northern point of the island. As it was not much out of our way, the consul insisted that we should visit his *casino* or country house, (his habitual residence,) and partake of his hospitality. We went through a beautiful, but almost deserted district, of groves and gardens, which forcibly recalled to my mind, from its disposition along cliffs, and heights above the sea-shore, and from the nature of its *agrumi* productions, and its *oliveti*, the scenery of Massa-Carrara, and of Sorrento, two of the most enchanting hesperides of the Italian peninsula. The country-houses, closely dotting the brilliant verdure, with their pure white walls, were, alas! walls, and nothing else. We saw the consul's descriptions fully verified. But the villa of Signor Guidice was among the rare exceptions. A neat little house furnished with a comely wife, a pretty sister-in-law, and a prettier servant, a cool *boschetto* of oranges and citrons, a garden and a fountain, composed his suburban retreat. Here we had more pipes and coffee, some almonds and other fruits from the estate, some Homeric wine, (at least, from vines near the *Scuola d' Omero*,) and some more preserves. Captain Rooke, who had probably had enough of sweets for one day, (and it is rude to refuse what is offered,) asked me what he should do

with them. "Put them in your glass of water," said I, remembering some agreeable mixtures of the sort that are used in Italy. He did so. At this departure from all reasonable and established custom, the hostess opened her naturally large eyes to the full width of astonishment; but the demure maiden, her sister, who was helping us, nearly let the tray fall from her hands, so much was she diverted at what, no doubt, she considered Captain Rooke's ignorance of the use of luxuries. The consul chid her in Greek. "*Scusate signor commandante,*" said he, when he had stopped her giggling; "*ma noi mangiamo questa robba, sempre sola, sempre, perche;*" and he gave some excellent reasons why preserves should never be taken in any other way.

From the consular domum, in about half an hour, we reached the *Scuola d' Omero,* which is now nothing but a flattened rock, with an unshapely hump in the centre, not a trace remaining to lead one to its original state and destination. When our early traveller, Pococke, visited it, he found a figure sitting in a chair, whose sides and back were hewn into the forms of something, and being misled by a vulgar name, he christened the group, "Homer and the Muses," without mentioning which of the nine. But Chandler, who was rather better acquainted with arts and anti-

quity, discovered in the sedent figure, the goddess Cybele, and in the sculptures on the chair, three lions. At the time of his visit (1764) the goddess was minus a head and an arm; but goddess and lions are all gone now, and have left but a shapeless block, a lump of flattened rock. Doctor C. describes the whole as "hewn out of the mountain, rude, indistinct, and of the most remote antiquity." Many works of a similar nature exist in Asia Minor, whose early inhabitants seem to have a strong, but not a peculiar, predilection to hewing the projections of rocks into human or divine forms. The sedent posture is appropriate to Cybele, or Cybebe, and the worship of the mother of the gods, was singularly affected in these regions.

I asked a poor Greek who was holding the mules, why the place was called Homer's School; he replied, it was because Homer used here to read to his scholars the wars and the glories of the ancient Greeks. The vulgar tradition might merit encouragement, and the site accords with poetry and sublimity. The little esplanade, detached from the mountains which rise close behind in perpendicular cliffs to an astonishing height, commands a ravishing view of part of the island, of Scio's silvery straits, of the indented coast of fair Ionia, lovely in her desolation, and of the

lofty, broad, and dark masses of old Samos. There was a time, when the districts seen from this fair point could have poured out from their elegant cities millions of admirers to the strains of Homer, but now desolation is in those "high places," and to the oppressed beings, who, still retaining the name of Greeks, vegetate on the soil, the divine harmony of the Ilias would be lost, and its spirit-moving theme not understood.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUSEUM

CHAPTER IX.

Chesmé—Departure of the Jasper—Plan of a Journey frustrated—Alarms—March of Tacticoes—The Scio Flotilla—Scenes—A Tartar—Turk's Idea of Lord Cochrane—Country about Chesmé—Habits and Professions of the Turks—Their extraordinary Honesty—Villages in the Neighbourhood of Chesmé—The Panagea—Beauty of the Women—Aya-Paraskevis—Allacchchitta—Its Ports—The Samiotes—Agha of Allacchchitta, and a Greek Mason—Beauty and Costume of my Hostess—Vice of Drinking among the Greeks of Asia Minor—Extraordinary Goats—Jackals.

The second morning after our last return from Scio, the "Jasper"* set sail from Chesmé with a whole fleet of figs and raisins, that she was to convoy as far as Malta; and this depriving me of pleasant society, left me at leisure to prosecute my further excursions.

I wished to proceed by sea, coasting from

* This brig of war, on board of which I spent many pleasant hours both at Chesmé and Smyrna, and to the attentions of whose commander and officers I was so much indebted, was lost off the coast of the Morea, a few weeks before I left the Levant last autumn. All the crew were fortunately saved.

Chesmé to Cape Argennum, thence to Teos, Geræ, and Segigeck, a Turkish town. From Segigeck I intended to cross the lofty and rugged promontory of the Myonnesus to Lebedus; from Lebedus to proceed along the coast to Colophon, Claros, and Ephesus; and then by a *detour* in the plains of the Cayster, to make my way back to Smyrna. This journey would not have engaged me more than ten or twelve days, and the season was most favourable.

On enquiry, I found that no boat would engage with me, on account of the swarms of Samian pirates that infested the whole coast, and of the Greek cruizers in the channel. I was therefore obliged to change the plan of my campaign, and decide on going by land to Teos, crossing the irksome Mount Corycus; but on application, I found this was almost as impracticable as the other. The Samian marauders were carrying their expeditions far inland, and particularly infested the country we must cross: less than twenty armed Turks could not be considered a sufficient guard, a smaller number indeed would not venture themselves with me. I tried to reduce my troop to payable limits, but the agha cut the matter short by letting me know, that he could not give me a *teskerè* (passport here) for such a journey. I then gave up the project I

had long been delighting in, and deferred its partial execution in another mode till after my return to Smyrna. Thanks to the battle of Navarino, and ill health, and the increasing disorders of the country, I was there again shackled, and my excursions never extended in that direction.

What the agha of Chesmé could give me was a *teskerè* and a guard, to visit the ruins of Erythræ, and to return to Smyrna; this he had the kindness to promise that I should have whenever I required; assuring me, that it was only regard for my safety, for which he was answerable to the pasha of Smyrna, and the limited authority he possessed in the district, that hindered his complying with all my request; though he avowed he could not understand what I should want in a waste country, where there was nothing but jackals and thieves.

This important negociation finished, I still lingered several days at Chesmé and its interesting neighbourhood, which promised to be the scene of great events—it was of some very droll ones.

While the Jasper was here, a third cruizer had joined the Greeks, and a day after her departure two others arrived to the blockade of Scio. As long as the English man-of-war and merchant-

vessels were in port, the Chesmélis thought themselves secure from any attack of the Greeks; but no sooner had they weighed anchor than great alarm prevailed. They had been conspicuous actors in the atrocities of Scio, and might well tremble at the idea of a visitation from the avenging Greeks; but from their own force and the numbers of Osmanlis that might be assembled in an hour from the districts adjoining, their fears were ridiculous. They worked wonders, however, for they even rendered the Turks active and vigilant; there was nothing but furbishing up old arms by day, and hailing and shouting from post to post by night.

The Jasper and her convoy having had no wind during the day and night, were descried by the Turks on the following morning; and to the eyes of fear, the peaceful fig and raisin ships were converted into a fleet of Greek fire ships, whose first important exploit might be to come down and burn their town. At a later hour this morning, as I was riding to a neighbouring village, I met a detachment of about two hundred of the pasha of Smyrna's tacticoes on their way to Chesmé, whence they were to cross (when they could, for there was no ship of war to escort them) to reinforce the garrison of Scio. This reinforcement did not look very respectable;

they were nearly all mere boys, apparently hardly able to drag themselves along under their muskets, the only things they carried; there were no knapsacks, no cloaks, no shoes, and the whole of their commissariat and other stores were borne on the backs of two camels, and three half-starved asses that marched at their head.

Yussuf Pasha had assured us that he desired no reinforcements, but it is probable that a Tatar he dispatched for Smyrna and Constantinople (a clever fellow, who some nights before had eluded the vigilance of the Greek cruizers) bore letters in a different sense. His friend Hassan had rather sent him what he could best spare, than the best part of his regulars; I think, indeed, he had picked out the very worst men of his troops. The poor fellows were sadly tired, they had worn out their papooshes on the way, and were in ill humour, which they vented in unsavoury terms on me, although I had paid the respect required from Christians to the green banner, by dismounting and standing aside while they passed. I could not recognize in them my good-natured friends of Smyrna.

The next morning, as I was returning from my ride, I heard all at once a heavy firing. A hill between me and the town concealed every thing in that direction, even the straits. Think-

ing that the Greeks were really arrived, I galloped to the eminence to reconnoitre. I saw that one of the cruizers had come close to the mouth of the creek, and at her the Turkish castle on the beach was blazing; but the guns seemed intended to hit the hard rocks across the harbour rather than the enemy, who were hurraing on the deck and rigging as if the Osmanlis were firing salutes to their honour. When I reached the town, I found, what did not surprise me, that the discharge and recoil of the heavy ill-mounted guns had broken the embrasures, and thrown down a mass of the crumbling walls, which had cracked a Turk's skull. This farce was several times repeated—the Greeks sometimes firing a bravado shot or two, but more generally saving their powder. One afternoon, however, there was appearance that we should be treated with a real fight: the blockaders were widely separated, and a brig lay alone close to the port of Scio. Against her the pasha's fleet, consisting of three light schooners and a *saccoleva*, sailed out with hostile demonstrations; but they no sooner saw another of the Greek brigs altering her course, and bearing down the channel, than they scampered back under all sail. The agha of Chesmé, in expectation of a combat, sent his crier to the bazaars, to order all good Moslemins to take to

their arms, and be ready; though of what assistance they, with their pistols and yataghans, could be to their brethren in the midst of the straits, it required Turkish penetration to discover. The sortie, however, procured me an amusing scene; all the Turks in the town ran to the cliffs over the sea; old and young, rich and poor—from the effendi in yellow boots and slippers, and flowing sky-blue beneesh, to the hamal* in torn papooshes, and in no beneesh at all—were seen climbing up the rocky ascent. Some lay on the ground to observe the ships through old telescopes, which they rested on projections of the rocks; others, uttering *mashallahs* and *ishallahs* at every other word, pointed to the Greek ship, which they all expected would be taken; and little boys were throwing stones in her direction, as if they too would help to crush the ghiaours. The Greeks of the town prudently kept out of the way, but there were some Armenians who called the cruizers thieves, even louder than the Turks—gratuitous demonstrations, in which their wish to conciliate their masters, had as great a part, at least, as any ill will they could bear against the Greeks.

When Yussuf's flotilla regained the port, and without a prize, the Greeks stood over to Chesmé,

* *Hamal*, Turkish for porter.

and fired a salvo, at which some of the Turks spat, and pulled their beards.

One evening, at rather a late hour, I saw the Tatar that had been despatched by the pasha of Scio to Stambool, return to Chesmé, having performed his journey to the capital and back in the short space of seven days. He was much fatigued; but the commissions he bore brooked no delay—he must cross the channel immediately. The passage was perilous, and none of the Turkish boatmen were inclined to risk it; but on the production of a certain crooked cypher, a party pressed the paper to their foreheads, bowed in implicit obedience, and sulkily prepared their boat. The Tatar's good fortune still attended him; he again escaped the Greek cruizers, and carried his despatches to his master. But a night or two after, in attempting to re-cross to the main, he was interrupted by some boats the Greeks put out, and made prisoner, having first resigned his despatches to the secrecy of the deep.

Another morning the Osmanlis were all on the alert at the apparition of a fleet of ships in the direction of Samos. It had been rumoured that Lord Cochrane was coming to Scio with all the Greek navy—this must be the dreadful man. The ships passed, and proved to be an Austrian convoy of merchantmen. Never, surely, did the name of

Richard Cœur-de-Lion strike the infidels with more panic than did that of Lord Cochrane, though, since his accession to the Greek cause, it had not been coupled with any great exploit. I know not how the idea had spread among them, but the Turks imagined him to be a sort of half man, half devil—a sorcerer who needed not the agency of winds and currents, but who could rush to his object in spite of them. I really believe some of them thought he could sail his ships on dry land. The fact is, they had mixed up in his personal character, with its skill and courage, the mechanism of a steam-engine.

The neighbourhood of Chesmé, though like all Asia Minor, thinly inhabited, has some pleasant, cultivated tracts, and several villages. Vines are the principal objects; and succeeding each other, stretch across the plains and sides of the hills for miles. Little corn is grown; and it may almost be said, that where there are no vineyards, the country is a desert. The lands held by Greeks are always better cultivated than those in the hands of the Turks. The fact is, that it is rare here, as in all the other districts I have visited, to see an Osmanli engaged in the fields in the labours of agriculture. They are fond, as was the race they sprang from, of a pastoral life, but seem to hold the plough and the spade in detesta-

tion; they delight in wandering, and monopolize the itinerant professions of devidjis and katerdjis, (camel-drivers and muleteers,) and they are the couriers and messengers for all classes, wherever they are. In these congenial employments they will, when well paid, exercise astonishing diligence and activity; and, be it said to their credit, on every occasion, their honesty is unimpeachable. I was acquainted with an admirable specimen of this class. Mustafa was a poor peasant of the village of Boodjà, and employed by my friend, Mr. W——, as a messenger between Chesmé and Smyrna, during the fruit season. He has frequently left Smyrna in the evening with bags of gold money, travelled all night, and reached Chesmé (a distance of nearly sixty miles, and, in part, over rude mountains) the following morning, with his valuable cargo deposited in his breast and girdle. Sometimes he would ride on a mule part of the way, but always (for speed) when he reached the mountains, he would walk. The only danger apprehended was from the Samiotes; but as Mustafa never had met them, he concluded he never should meet them. To increase our wonder, he, and the nature of his commissions, were well known on the road; yet there was not a merchant in Smyrna who hesitated to send his money in this exposed manner.

Of this anomalous virtue, in the midst of the vices of a half-savage people, I have myself seen innumerable instances. I have already had occasion to remark that the Turks are not a *thievish* race; —they have never been so to the breach of trust, or in a household or petty manner. The hordes that infested the country in former times, and to a fearful extent, under Sultan Selim, were the disbanded troops of pashas, who could not find at the moment new masters; they pursued their depredations on such a grand scale, and with such violence, that the thing changed its name and its nature to their eyes: it was not robbery—it was warfare. These bands were put down by the present sultan at the beginning of his reign; and highway robbery in Turkey has never since been heard of, though the convulsed, impoverished state of the country, particularly of late years, should seem favourable to its reproduction. Sheriff, or the courier that runs between Smyrna and Constantinople, rarely performs his journey without having large sums of money confided to him by European merchants, Turks, and others; yet he jogs along with all the security of an empty purse, and is often to be seen, when on the road, comfortably smoking his chibook within the coffee-house, and his bags of sequins thrown down at the door. Through a wildly desolate

country, where almost every step presents scenes that seem made on purpose for the haunts of robbers, Sheriff has travelled in the way I mention, and for many years, without ever being robbed.

The Greek village of the *Panagea*, situated on the sea-shore, about three miles to the south of Chesmé, is celebrated for the beauty of its women; but throughout these regions, the sex is universally handsome and graceful. Poverty, that cruel enemy to the charms of the person, as well as of the mind, cannot destroy their attractions—the bright, intelligent, large black eye beams, the clear complexion, the exquisite Grecian nose, mouth, and chin, the classical contour, are there, in spite of its wrongs; and an innate grace of manner and motion, developes itself through the covering of rags. I do not seek the recondite causes of this peculiarity, but, be it descent from a superior race—be it the soil and clime—such are the women of Ionia.

The village of Aya-Paraskevis stands about the same distance from Chesmé, (but in the contrary direction,) on a small port or creek of the deep bay of Resderé, which runs up to Erythræ. It was a considerable place, inhabited almost solely by Greeks; the houses were built, like those of Scio, in stone, and in a neat style of architecture.

A pleasant frame of gardens surrounded it, and the contiguous hills were clothed with vines. I have used the past tense, for *now* Aya-Paraskevis is almost deserted; the houses are ruins; the gardens and vineyards are unpruned and trampled down; and it is, in miniature, a picture of the desolation of Scio; another sad picture of Ottoman excesses. Of its once peaceful, prosperous inhabitants, I found only a few families of poor fishermen.

Alacchchitta, which is so considerable, as, in Turkey at least, to merit the title of town rather than village, is about seven miles from Chesmé, and to the right of the general route to Smyrna. It is situated in a fine plain, and a ridge of hills, covered with windmills, that flanks it, its minarets and cypresses, give it a pleasant aspect. A ride of about two miles thence across the plain, brought me to another of those fine inlets or ports, which are so frequent along these coasts, and which ought to be the commodious issues for the produce of the rich and productive lands they indent. On the shore of this creek, I found some magazines falling to ruins. They were then occupied by rather a numerous guard of Turks, (all either sleeping or smoking,) that had been placed there, and paid by the district, to protect it from the landing of the bold free-

booters from Samos. This creek was a convenient corner for the freebooters' boats; and frequently had they descended here, swept the whole plain, and carried off with them flocks and herds, and Turks as slaves, to the strong holds of their island; which, though separated from the continent of Asia by a strait, only two miles broad, has, from the commencement of the Greek revolution, set the Ottoman empire at defiance, and sent out depredatory expeditions along the whole line of the coast of Asia Minor, from the confines of Syria to the mouth of the Dardanelles. These incursions are precisely similar in nature to those practised in the heroic ages of old Greece; but in our days, and with our ideas of things, we cannot confer upon them the honours granted in antiquity. Colonel Leake, in his admirable "Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution," (the only sensible work that has appeared on the subject,) justly remarks, that these "Samian expeditions, although often disgraced by cruelty, have been a most useful diversion to the cause in Europe, (the Greek cause,) by keeping the Osmanlis in Asia." But the Greeks of Asia Minor, mixed up with the Osmanlis as they are, with all their sympathy for their brethren, would have estimated the "useful diversion" much more, had the Samians always distinguished between Greek and

Turk, and not carried off, indiscriminately as it fell in their way, the property of both.

I found the agha of Alacchchitta (a fat, coarse old fellow, who was an acquaintance of my conductor) beating a drunken Greek mason with his pipe-stick. The poor artist, who was building him a kiosk, had evidently lost the perpendicular line in a wall; and this had struck the mathematical eye of the Turk simultaneously with the unfortunate toper's own condition. The Greek was excessively hurt at the correction he had received, and wine had made him valiant. "Curse the old rogue," said he, as the authority went into the house to fetch us chibooks—"curse him, and curse me if I am not revenged on him!" "Silence, Palikari—prudence!" said my guide, who feared the poor devil would get into a scrape by some sudden explosion. "I'll be revenged on him," continued the mason.

"Be quiet, man! what can you do?" "Do," said he, thinking awhile, "why, I'll mix the mortar so that it shall not hold two stones together: that's what I'll do; and the wall won't stand a week." "And then you will get a good drubbing, and have to build the fallen wall again for nothing." "Yes," said the mason briskly, "but perhaps the old thief may be under it when it falls!" At this dire and indirect revenge, my

guide burst into a fit of laughter. The tipsy artisan stared for a second or two, then joined the laugh, and probably in another minute he had forgotten all his rancour.

After we had smoked our pipes and taken a cup of coffee, without sugar, at the agha's, we went into the village to look for something more substantial, in the shape of a dinner. This we found at the house of a Greek, with whom my conductor was well acquainted. We had some *pilaff*, some delicious fish, and some *caviare*, and were served with great civility by the hostess, a lovely young woman of nineteen. Her dress, which is common in this district, was exceedingly graceful, and formed an agreeable contrast to the Greek costumes of Smyrna and Scio, which are downright deformities. Her hair, in broad plaits, was wreathed over a small thin turban, which was fastened in a knot on one side of the head. Her gown, disclosing a long, swan-like neck, and the turn of a faultless pair of shoulders, was closed at the breast, and confined at the waist by a little shawl; from the girdle it flowed loosely, being open in front, to below the calf of the leg. Under it appeared broad, white trowsers,* which were drawn tight above the

* The Βράκη are mentioned in a fragment of Sappho, and as I can conceive no portion of female dress more poetical

ancle, and left to the view a couple of exquisitely formed feet, whose perfection was not veiled by stockings, nor cramped by shoes. She wore only a pair of low, light slippers, that just covered her toes and heels.

The Ionian gracefulness I have so frequently spoken of, was disclosed by this poor creature in all her motions, even in those occasioned by the most homely occupations. She was extremely modest, without being bashful; and with a fine feeling of politeness, she assumed a cheerfulness which was not in her. Her husband, who had been in good circumstances, in consequence of some misfortune and oppression, had given himself up to drinking; he was besotted and reckless: and she saw herself and her two infants exposed to misery that was every day approaching. My good natured companion employed his morality and his rhetoric on the infatuated man, but they were thrown away—the vice seemed confirmed into a habit; even while he listened and assented, he kept drinking his *crassi*, and we left him intoxicated.

This vice, which should not belong to the climate, I may say in passing, is unfortunately not rare among the Greeks of Asia Minor. The

than the trowsers of my fair friend at Alacchchitta, I imagine them to be *fac-similes* of those worn anciently at Mitylene.

wine cup is a great seduction to an unhappy man, exposed incessantly to violence and injustice; it can drown suffering and apprehension, and make him, for an hour, a happier man than his master. Besides wine, they drink a great quantity of *rakie*, an ardent spirit, distilled from the skins of grapes, figs, &c.

I saw near Alacchchitta flocks of goats of the largest size, and the longest hair I ever beheld. On our return towards Chesmé in the dusk of the evening, we disturbed a party of prowling jackals, that ran howling across our path into a vineyard. They seemed about the size of our fox-hounds, but very lank, and sharp-headed. From our lodging at Chesmé we used to hear every night the doleful cries of troops of these jackals, from the rough mountains on the opposite side of the narrow creek; but at the village of Boodjà, near Smyrna, they were wont to approach close to our garden walls, and frequently to wake us with their wild, melancholy chorus. They are excessively timid, and swift. I once rode after one on a plain, and though my horse was good, he soon distanced me. Their number in this desolate country is prodigious; but I never saw any other beasts of prey, except wolves, which are also common in Asia Minor.*

* On Mount Tartalee (the ancient Mastusia) near Smyrna, bears exist, answering in description to those not unfrequently

Finding there was no immediate prospect of the arrival of the Greek expedition at Scio, or of any warlike operation, and that the Turks at Chesmé were becoming rather churlish, I demanded my *teskeré* and guards for Erythræ.

found on the "Gran Sasso d'Italia," "Monte Majello," and other snow-covered mountains in the Abruzzi. I however travelled through those provinces in 1821, without meeting with any of the unamiable quadrupeds, except two small ones, at the town of Sulmona, where they were practising dancing in the streets, under proper tuition, to the great amusement of some Austrian Yägers. Mr. Arundell (see notes to the "Visit to the Seven Churches,") mentions an enormous leopard, that committed great ravages, and was finally killed by a shepherd's dog, at Sedikeui, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna; and says, that though lions are never heard of there, yet one "was seen a few years ago on the road to Nymphæum *(a very few miles off, by the bye,)* by J. J——t, Esq." Unfortunately, however, for the lion part of the story, the person who is said to have seen it, is endowed with a lively imagination, and was celebrated at Smyrna for seeing sights never seen by any eyes but his own, and for meeting with accidents that never befell any one else. My good-natured friend, J. J——, will excuse this remark, particularly as it can be no novelty to him.

CHAPTER X.

Departure from Chesmé—My Turkish Guard—Mineral Waters—Erythræ—View from its Acropolis—Adventures on the Road—Turkish Village of Seradem—Night spent in the House of a Turk—His Wife, &c.—Musical Voices of the Turkish Women—Journey from Seradem to Vourlà—Clazomene—Cavalcade going to a Turkish Marriage—Almas, or Dancing Girls—Vourlà—From Vourlà to Smyrna.

The agha of Chesmé gave me my passport, and appointed three of his Turks as my escort. I deemed no escort necessary; but he would not permit me to go without one—a delicate attention to my personal safety, if I had not been obliged to pay well for it. In the morning, as I was packing up my books, and just ready to mount, my guide put me rather out of humour, by letting me know that the three Turks would not go: that they considered their number too small in case of an attack of the Samiotes. They would accompany me if I would pay for three other men, whom they would choose among their friends. It was no use disputing; a Turk is never to be moved by argument or represen-

tation. I agreed to take into my pay the additional forces, and at last set off with six Turks, mounted on mules and Tatar saddles, and armed to the teeth. As we wound, in a compact body of cavalry, round the hills at the back of the town, I thought we made rather an imposing appearance; but my valiant Osmanlis esteemed our force still too weak, and proposed that I should recruit two more men we picked up on the road.

This was too much. I foresaw, if I gave in, that before reaching Erythræ, I should have a regiment at my heels, and positively refused to engage any more Turks. The guards then agreed with the two stragglers that *they* would make it worth their while to join our march; and on, accordingly, we went with eight fellows, who looked as if they were going to take a city by storm. Besides their pistols and yataghans stuck in their girdles, some of them had a long, small-stocked rifle, slung over their shoulders.

At about four miles from Chesmé, and on the shore of the deep inlet of Resderè, that I have before alluded to, we reached some sources of warm mineral waters, with baths erected for the convenience of the sick. The buildings are of stone, and though long neglected, and in part in ruins, have an Italian appearance. There are

several separate baths of different degrees of temperature. In one, the very hottest, I found an Italian ship-captain, who had profited by his vicinity at the port of Chesmé, boiling himself for the rheumatism. The waters are said to possess almost miraculous virtues, yet they are not much frequented by the people of the country. They seemed to me much the same as those near Smyrna, called the bath of Agamemnon; and mineral sources are numerous on this peninsula. These I imagine to be the Genoese baths that Dr. Chandler was told of, as existing at Chesmé, to which place he was prevented going, by the plague that was then raging there. In that town there are no baths but the common Turkish vapour-baths."

From this point we continued our way along the shore, and in about three hours, during which we had not met a human being, we arrived at Erythræ, which, with some small islets immediately before it, anciently called the Hippi, (or the horses,) is situated at the extremity of the gulph of Resderè. We passed some masses of masonry, the foundations of walls of stupendous thickness, on the beach; and leaving the Acropolis of Erythræ on our left, and traversing a meadow and a rivulet, we came to a solitary mill. The rivulet, and the mill—the same as described by

Dr. Chandler, just sixty-two years ago.* Probably not a feature in the desolate scene has changed since then. I knew of no other English traveller who had visited the out-of-the-way place since him; and I sat myself down by the mill where he reposed many long years before I came into this strange world, and gazing on the same sad objects, perhaps identified my feelings, with what had been his on the same spot.

The splendid Ionian city of Erythræ was situated in a small plain surrounded by mountains, except in front, where it is bathed by the waters of the deep and tranquil gulf. A detached mount, which rises abruptly from the shore, offered a site for the place of strength, the Acropolis; the mountains' feet were girded with a crescent of outer walls; and the beach was lined with thick walls and towers. Within this space, the city was again surrounded by fortifications, and the three accessible sides of the Acropolis were strengthened with a treble line of walls.

All these walls are to be traced, and of the inner line of the city wall, large pieces are found still almost perfect, particularly to the north of the Acropolis. They are built without mortar,

* "In the middle was a shallow, lively stream, clear as crystal, which turns a solitary mill."—*Chandler's Asia Minor.*

of immense blocks of fine stone, which might almost merit the name of marble. The stones are laid longitudinally on each other, and perfectly faced. They are snow-white. Bushes and shrubs have sprung up at their feet, and grass and creeping plants, here and there, in their interstices. I discovered the fragment of inscribed architrave, copied by Chandler. It is now erect; one end being stuck in the ground like a post. I was asked by one of my Turks whether I could explain the letters on the stone, as that might furnish a clue to the discovery of the hidden treasures which always haunt their imaginations. On one part of the plain, at the foot of the Acropolis, the soil is strewed with stone and marble fragments, but all so minutely broken, that it is impossible to make any thing out of them. I saw on the Acropolis the vestiges of a theatre, of a stoa, and of three temples. The bases of most of the columns of one of these temples at the summit of the mount, still remain in their proper places. The top of the Acropolis is encumbered with fragments—a complete field of marble; but I saw nothing more considerable than some truncated shafts of columns, and some defaced capitals. A covey of partridges whirred away from this melancholy place as we approached; and all my Turks, guide and all, went

after them, leaving me to enjoyments of which they had no conception. The greatest of these was perhaps the view.

At the foot of the rugged cliff on which I stood, the waves of the gulf gently reposed, but the waters of the deep and winding inlet stretched far away before me in brilliant light. The group of islets, the Hippi, was close to me; so close, that it almost seemed I might grasp the manes of those sea-horses. Far beyond the Hippi, at the mouth of the gulf, were the long Œnussæ islands;* and still further, beyond them, across Scio's straits, (dwindled to a silver thread,) rose the lofty Mount Pelinæus. To my right was the high, dark Mount Mimas (the reverse of Cape Carabournou) which rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, to its cloud-covered crest, without shelving—bare, and black as night. To my left were wild heaths and distant plains, with scattered vineyards; and flanking them, the acclivities of Mount Corycus, and the high land behind Chesmé, which forms one of the heads of the gulf. In this wide range, I could see nothing that had life, and except the far off vineyards,—not a vestige of man! Even the birds of the air

* Now called the Spalmadores, and celebrated as the scene of the defeat of the Venetian fleet by the Ottomans, in the year 1694.

seemed awed away by the silence and solitude of the place.

I was roused from my musings by a shouting among the ruins. It was one of my Turks, who pointing to the sun, gave me to understand its progress warned us to think of continuing our journey.

When we descended the Acropolis, he told my guide that for some time he had not been able to find me; that I was hidden among the stones, and, he was quite certain, performing some incantation to discover the concealed treasures!

We spread our provisions by the mill, under a willow that dipped its foliage in the sparkling brook. I had brought some wine with me from Chesmé. To my great surprise, when the forbidden liquor was produced, the Turks asked me for some. I handed them the skin in which there might be five of our bottles; they returned it, but not a drop of wine was there in it. I well knew that half of the Moslemins in this country have conquered their religious scruples in this respect. I had seen them drink wine, but always rather privately—*à l'ecarté*. Here there were eight staunch Turks wetting their whiskers in the reprobated draught, without awe or any misgiving of each other! I admired the proof of their progress in civilization, but wished they had left

me a little wine for my supper, as I knew I should get none in the Turkish village where I proposed passing the night. After dinner, the occupant of the little mill, a quiet, good-natured old Turk, prepared us some coffee: we lit our pipes, and enjoyed the oriental *keff* in its perfection. The group we formed was rather a curious one. My eight fiercely mustachoed, turbaned, bare-legged Turks, sat round me cross-legged, with all their arms hanging cumbrously upon them. Our mules were tied by the legs, near the mill; at a window in which, ever and anon, a veiled face and a pair of black eyes presented themselves to reconnoitre —the daughter, or perhaps the wife of the miller. The rapid, chrystal stream* babbled by, and the tree above our head rustled to a gentle breeze.

While the Turks bridled our *montures*, I walked again over the site of Erythræ. I found a Turkish cottage, with a gaping oven attached to it, in ruins. The very ancient temple of Hercules,

* This delightful little stream, anciently called the *Aleos*, was celebrated for making the hair of people who drank it grow luxuriantly. A natural substitute for the "incomparable oil of Macassar!" It traversed the town of Erythræ, and at hand, and perennial, it must have been the general beverage of the inhabitants. I could not ascertain whether the valuable quality was still detected in it.

built on the Egyptian model, for which the place was once famed, has not left a trace of its existence; and of the "vestiges of an ample theatre, by a conical hill to the north," mentioned by Chandler, unless he means the theatre on the Acropolis, I could discover nothing. The rising of prosperous towns and cities in the vicinity of ancient remains, is always destructive to the latter. It is easier to remove those stones and marbles, already cut and shaped to the hand, than to labour in the quarry.*

And this has so much prevailed in these countries, that Turks and Greeks may be said to have been building for centuries exclusively with the fragments of antiquity. The vicinity of Scio, Chesmé, and other places, and the facilities of water-carriage, have been fatal to the ruins of Erythræ; yet there still remains material enough on the spot to build a little town.

On leaving the mill, we struck across the confined plain in a south-east direction, and presently entered a long deep valley among the mountains. For some distance, we kept the bright little river, the Aleos, on our left; and during the first hour's ride, we pased by ancient remains, thickly scattered on either side the valley. I saw solid

* A similar idea, but better expressed, may be found in Johnson's Rasselas.

basements, some square, and some circular, which appeared as if they had belonged to towers and fortifications—the protection of this narrow approach to Erythræ. In several places we rode over pieces of the ancient road, paved with large broad stones, much like the Appian Way near Rome. By the sides of this road were some remains, which might have been tombs; and in one spot, (to the right,) the flat area of a temple, with a few scattered fragments of columns, were discernible. As we proceeded, the valley contracted and ascended among the mountains. The scene was very wild, and the height and closeness of the overhanging mountains gave it the character of an Alpine pass. In the lower and broader part of the valley, near the course of the Aleos, we had seen some patches that had been sown with maize; but here there was nothing to show that the wildness of nature had ever been interfered with. The sides of the mountains, and the narrow and winding breadths of the valley, were overgrown with ilex and thick underwood, mixed with gigantic myrtles, the rhododendron, and the arbutus arachne. On a sudden, at an opening of the valley, my Turks came to a halt, and pointing to a field right before us, entered into consultation with each other. By the help of my glass, I made out half a dozen

human figures in the field, apparently tilling the ground, and looking by no means hostile. My valiant guides, however, who had been in a cold fever all the time we had been traversing the narrow part of the valley, (certainly well adapted for ambush and attack,) decided here, that those harmless beings must not be neglected. They might be in league with the Samiotes, who were often concealed in recesses like these; they might be scouts; they might give notice of our approach, and bring an enemy on us, where there could be no defence. They determined in their wisdom to make sure of these Greeks. Accordingly we rode up to them at a quick pace. The chief of my guards beckoned to them across the field. An old peasant approached. "What are you doing here?" said the Osmanli. The Greek pointed to his companions, who continued their agricultural labours. "You must come with us, and conduct us through this pass; we don't know our way." "Very well," said the Greek. "And your comrades must come with you, that we may be sure of you all." There was no opposing this command; the Greeks left their work; the Turks made them march at their mules' heads, and on we went up the valley, which soon again contracted, and became wilder and darker than ever. At last, all traces of a path were lost, and

we forced our way as best we could, through thickets and clumps of pine, which abound in the upper parts of the passage. We went on slowly, my Turks casting their hawk's eyes around them at every step, and reconnoitering the thickets ere we entered them. In one of the very worst parts of the hollow glen, one of my heroes asked the Greeks if the Samiotes had been seen lately. "We know nothing of them," said the old man of the party; "but," and here probably his malice tried to avenge him for the interruption they had suffered, "a katerdji told us yesterday that a party had been seen to cross these mountains."

The intelligence had the effect he might have desired on the Osmanlis; they became more watchful than ever, and imposed strict silence, interrupting my guide, a merry soul, at the prettiest part of a song with which he was beguiling the way. In about an hour, and about three hours from Erythræ, we emerged from the ravine upon the open mountain's side. Our captives were here liberated, and walked back whence they came. "If we had been attacked in the hollow," said one of my Turks, with a complacent grin, "we could at least have cut the throats of those fellows." Though the valley had wound considerably, we had kept on the whole in a

south-easterly course—we now turned a little to the north, and crossed the ridges of some mountains that were stained with yellow, brown, and green veins, denoting, perhaps, the existence of copper.* The surface of these ridges was generally loose and slippery, which made it difficult for the mules to keep their feet. In two or three places I found a strong pungent smell like that emanating from volcanic regions, but I could not discover either lava or scoriæ. After much scrambling over the crumbling ridges, now up and now down—now embracing the mule's neck to avoid sliding over his tail—now holding fast by the crupper not to tumble over his ears, we came to another dead stop, when it was decided by a majority that we had lost our way.

By the help of Colonel Leake's map and a pocket compass, I ascertained that we had kept too much to the north, and ordered a movement over a high ridge to the south, which I calculated would afford us a view of the plain, and of the village of Seradem. But my Turks, who had lost their way to Seradem, where I was sure of finding comfortable lodgings for the night, and

* Has the colour of these mountains any thing to do with the name of the ancient city—Ερυθρος, red?—several of the mountains round are visibly tinged with red. Asia Minor abounds in copper, but it is from the districts on the Black Sea, about Erzerum, &c. that the Turks draw their supplies.

where they were equally sure of finding no such thing, knew that the direction we were following would lead them to another Turkish village, where they (the calculating rogues) had friends; and it was not without great difficulty, and a good deal of bullying on the part of the Frank who accompanied me, that we got them to abandon it. The ridge offered the view I expected. A fine large plain (a sort of table-land surrounded by mountains) was at our feet; and across it, to the south, we saw the white village of Seradem shining in the setting sun, and the smoke of its evening fires ascending in the pure mountain atmosphere. We rode along this plain, and near the village traversed some little pine woods, and waded through a shallow, rapid, mountain stream. The wide plain bore hardly any marks of cultivation, but we entered the village with some droves of lowing cattle, small but fine, and flocks of large goats, that were all retiring for the night.

When I reached the humble door of the Turk to whom I was addressed, a little girl came out, and informed us her father had gone to Chesmé. Her mother presently appeared, holding her *yasmack* with both hands close over her face, so that nothing could be seen but her eyes. My guide informed her that I was an English tra-

veller come to pass the night under her roof. She knew this: they had expected me several days before, but her husband was abroad, and she could not receive men in her house during his absence—"that was impossible"—"What was to be done?" The poor creature was embarrassed, and appeared really concerned for the discomfort of the strangers. At last she hit upon an expedient: "I will send into the village for my brother," said she, "and if he will come and stay with me till the return of my husband, I will receive the *Ingliz*." The child ran off, and presently returned with her uncle: he was a fine young man, and very goodnaturedly acceded to the treaty. He took my small portmanteau in his own hands, and led me and my companion into the house, bidding us welcome in the name of his brother-in-law. My Turkish guards did not cross the threshold, but took up their lodgings with the mules, in a sort of barn or shed detached from the house. The lower apartment, which we entered, seemed to be the kitchen, parlour, and sleeping place of the Turkish couple, and the little girl, their only child. A bright wood fire, at which the evening repast was cooking, burnt in a wide chimney-place. Our hostess lit a curious brass lamp, and ushered us up stairs to the apartment of honour, which, like the ground-

floor, was composed of one large room. Her brother furnished our chibooks, received our instructions for supper, and brought me a small carpet and cushions to repose upon. The room was floored with deal boards; on three sides the flooring was raised about a foot, and this elevation, with rude cotton-stuffs, and some cushions, served as the divan or sofa. On three sides of the room also, there were lines of shelves, which were stuck full of plates, dishes, basins, cups, with bright, new copper coffee-pots, and other culinary vessels; the whole arranged there (completely covering the walls) for show, not use; the eyes of the poor Turks being flattered by these vitrious, shining objects, as ours are with pictures and prints, the indulgence of which is prohibited by their religion, at least as far as the representation of the human form, or of any living creature, is concerned. From the cieling hung, suspended by threads to the beams and rafters, an immense quantity of apples and pears, and large bunches of delicious grapes, which they thus preserve in the open air, without any preparation, all the winter through. If I add to this description, that the edifice was all of wood, through the chinks and crevices (pretty numerous by the bye) of which the night breeze entered, and caused our lamp to flicker, that the front of

the room was almost all windows, with trelliced blinds, the reader will have the picture of my quarters at Seradem.

Our supper was served up by our hostess and her brother, on a round pewter tray, placed on a three-legged stool about fifteen inches high. To this we sat on the floor *à la Turque*. A good pilaff, a fowl nicely stewed with gourds, and cut up into infinitely small pieces, some fine olives, and bread of an excellent flavour, made of wheat mixed with maize, composed our repast. The young Turk waited attentively on us while at table, or rather at tray, and when that was removed, our hostess herself brought me a pewter basin to wash, poured the water from a spouted ewer, of the same metal, over my hands, and gave me a long towel, curiously embroidered with tinsel and coloured worsted at its two ends, to dry myself. During this very agreeable performance, the *yasmack* was entirely neglected, the visor fell down, and I saw the Turk's fair face. And fair, in truth, it was! The only thing in it that struck me as a deformity, was what she considered, and had no doubt sedulously cultivated, as a beauty;—by coaxing and dyeing, her eyebrows had joined over the nose, and formed one long, black curve. I have since frequently seen this singular trait, both in Turkish and

Armenian women, but custom never could reconcile me to the unity—to one eyebrow instead of two. My hostess, on raising her head, caught my eye eagerly perusing her unveiled face: a slight blush trembled on her pale cheeks, and she huddled up her *yasmack;* but some way or other, either through inadvertency or design, it was frequently discomposed in the course of the evening. She was a young woman, certainly under twenty. After supper we had coffee, and the young Turk replenishing our chibooks, we all sat down together cross-legged on the low divan. The fair Nazik went and came, and once favoured us so extremely as to sit down with us, and take a whiff of a pretty little pipe I carried with me. As she had often seen Franks and even Englishmen before, her curiosity was not so troublesome as it generally is among Turkish women. Her voice was extremely musical—a charm which I have remarked as being general among the Turkish women. The harsh gutturals of the Arabic scarcely exist at all in the Turkish language, whose tones seem to flow without restraint or effort from the breast—mellow and touchingly soft. There is a roundness, a symmetrical measure, an ευρυθμος in their locution, which is most grateful to the ear. This is so striking, that I have heard every traveller and

foreign settler in Turkey make the remark. In the superior classes, among the ladies of the harems of the great Turks at Stambool, the quality of course is found in greater perfection. Madame de Zuylen, the Netherland ambassadress, in describing to me at Pera a visit of curiosity she had paid some years before to one of these harems, dwelt particularly on the sweet voices and clear flowing delivery of the Turkish ladies she had met. "*C'était si douce, si coulante, que cette voix des dames Turques! En les écoutant il paraissait qu'elles seules savaient parler, et que nous autres occidentales ne faisions que de bruit!*"*

The little girl of my kind hostess, after she had conquered her first bashfulness, came into the room and sat down by me, watching my face and my movements with extreme curiosity. She wore a *fess*, or red scull-cap, ornamented with a few coins and small pieces of silver chain. Her hair hung loosely over her shoulders, and was of extraordinary length.

When we felt inclined for repose, the young Turk spread on the sofas a couple of mattrasses,

* My friend, Madame S. of Constantinople, used frequently to speak to me with enthusiasm of a young Turkish lady she had once intimately known, and whose voice was irresistibly musical. But this lady was a prodigy, she not only read the Koran, but composed Turkish verses.

clean coarse sheets, and thick coverlets, which he took from a large cupboard at the end of the room, and we were left to a sleep which, strange to say, was not disturbed by bugs. It was not, however, of long duration, for we were awakened at midnight by the arrival of the husband, with my friend Mr. W. and Don Giovanni the Sciote from Chesmé. They had started at sunset from that town by the regular route, and had had a rough journey over mountains in a dark and windy night.

As soon as these fresh inmates had supped, and laid themselves down on their travelling mattrasses by the side of myself and my guide, whom all the noise and confusion of the unexpected nocturnal arrival had scarcely disturbed, I endeavoured to compose myself again to sleep. But this was no easy matter. The autumnal gale had strengthened to a hurricane, which roared along this elevated plain, and among the mountains, with dreadful din: the little wooden house creaked and trembled under its shocks, and to complete the hurly-burly, numerous jackals close to our door, to judge from the sound, joined their long, sad howling to the discord of the elements.

The next morning I dismissed my Turkish guard, and set off from Seradem for Vourlà,

at about seven o'clock, with Mr. W. and Don Giovanni. I paid what the provision we had consumed cost the hostess, and offered a twelve piastre piece (about four shillings) for the trouble I had occasioned—she would not take it. I then slipped it into the hand of the little girl, but her mamma perceiving it, took it from her and returned it.

On quitting that solitary and truly romantic little village, (which consists of from thirty to forty houses, all Turkish,) we almost immediately began to ascend a ridge of mountains, and inclined to the north-east. In about an hour we reached a Turkish coffee-house in a sheltered nook, at the mountain's top, where we found a small company of irregulars stationed as a guard against the Samiotes. We here took our morning cup of coffee and chibook. From the coffee-house we rode for some time across the wavy ridges of the mountain by a very rough road. On passing through a little thicket I heard a gun discharged on the mountain's side, above my head; but this Mr. W. informed me must be the Turk, our good-natured host, who had gone away to the hills an hour before we left our bed, to kill us a few partridges to take to Smyrna. We soon came to the edge of the mountains, which offered us a view of the gulf of Smyrna,

and the plains of the isthmus about Vourlà, and descending in a little valley, midway down, we were met by our host, who gave us three braces of partridges, and took his leave, wishing us a good journey. At the foot of the mountains we came to a delightful dell, covered with a rich green sward, and with yellow and red flowrets in full blossom. There was a pretty little white marble fountain, from which gurgled a copious supply of the clearest water; and by this we sat down to our breakfasts, leaving our mules to make theirs on the luxuriant grass that was growing around us.

On expressing my surprise at the great kindness of the Turks at Seradem, Mr. W—— explained this, to a certain degree, by telling me, that the man, who was one of the most respectable of the peasantry, and cultivated an estate of his own, had for a long time been accustomed to do business with him for the sale of his produce, and that, moreover, being an excellent sportsman, and the country abounding with game, several parties of respectable Franks had resorted to his house. Thus being, in a measure, accustomed to the society of Christians, he had become humanized and obliging.

When we again mounted, we rode along the edge of some low, bare hills, which we soon

crossed at a narrow gap, that had been a few months before the scene of robbery and murder. A party of Samiotes had here waylaid some Armenian and Turkish traders; their fire from behind the rocks killed two of the travellers, but the rest had the good luck to escape with the loss of their property.

On passing this short defile, we found ourselves in an open and pleasant champaign country, where cultivation again made its appearance. The white city of Vourlà, and Mount Corax (or the brothers) were before us: to our right we could occasionally see the high blue summits of the island of Samos peering over the lower range of mountains which here cross the isthmus of the peninsula, joining the Corax to Mount Mimas: to our left were the silvery bay and the coast of Phocea; and in a straight line with us, on our side of the gulf, the site of the ancient Clazomene, with the cluster of six small islands, the Pisterides, spread in its vicinity.

Clazomene was also one of the fair cities of the Ionian league. I did not visit it on this journey, but some time afterwards, by sea, from Smyrna. As however it lays in my way, I may as well offer here the few remarks its present utter desolation offers..

Clazomene was situated on an island, which

Alexander the Great joined to the continent by a magnificent stone causeway, somewhat more than a quarter of a mile in length. It is about three miles below Vourlà (which, until Dr. Chandler rectified the gross mistake, was supposed, in spite of the total difference of its localities, to be the site of the ancient Ionian city,) and so much nearer Mount Mimas, or the Cape of Carabournou. An utter and abandoned waste, offers nothing for description or variety. I saw, as Dr. C. had in his time, the connecting causeway still firm, but for the most part covered with the sea. I saw the same slight remains of the mole which enclosed the port, not however on the northern side of the island, as he says, but on the southern, the same excavation in the rock with water, and two other smaller excavations which he did not observe. And this, with pieces of ancient pottery, and a few coins that are occasionally discovered, is all that remains of Clazomene, if we except its fame in the now imperishable pages of history, where it is described as foremost in Ionia—inferior only to Smyrna. At the time of my visit, I found two little boys attending a flock of goats that were browzing on the wild thyme and other aromatic herbs which grow on the site of the city. The aspect of the neighbouring islands is extremely

agreeable. One of these islands is called by the English, "Partridge Island." It would be fairer to call it "Rabbit Island;" the quadruped abounds on it, but the bird does not.

I continue my journey from Seradem to Vourlà. We soon struck across the plain, and pursued our way for some time along the shores of the bay of Smyrna, which afforded enchanting prospects.* As we advanced, cultivation in-

* The reader may feel obliged to me for extracting the following good description of the gulf of Smyrna, &c. from an old traveller, (Chishull.) "Smyrna is situated in the latitude of 38° 40′, in a deep bay, that enters within the continent about ten leagues; and is so well defended by the Erythræan promontory, now Cape *Kara-bornu*, and Mount Corycus, with the hills commonly called *Cordilieu*, and its own windings, that it is everywhere a port, affording good depths and anchorage. Immediately within the bay are seven islands, lying in length towards the port of Vourlà, which of old were called the *Pisterides*, and the biggest of them *Megala*, is now by the English named long island, over against *Fochia vecchia* or Phocea. Cape *Kara-bornu* (anciently the ἄκρα μελαινα) afforded, as Strabo says, excellent mill-stones. * * * * *. Within two leagues and a half of the city of Smyrna, the *Hermus* enters the bay, and there forms a bed of sand, which being met by a point of land from the opposite shore, stops up the haven by a very narrow channel, thus rendering it κλειστος, as Strabo then expressed it. On the said point stands a new and strong fort, called *Sangiac Castle*, because the Grand Signior's colours are there exposed on occasions that require it. From hence we sail towards Smyrna, in a fair and long arm of the sea, which imitates the pleasures of a canal; whilst the woody mountains on each side, with the city at one end, and the castle at the

creased. Vourlà, being more than two miles inland, we left the sea-shore, and leant to the right. On approaching the hills on which that town is situated, the views still improved. On one gentle ridge, we saw a long line of windmills; on another, a dark cypress grove with marble tombs; and peeping over another, the domes of mosques, and light arrowy minarets. The beauty of the spot, and the salubrity of the air, (the latter unequalled in this country,) used to render it the favourite resort of convalescents from Smyrna; but the troubles that were incident on the Greek revolution, interrupted those visits, and they seem never to have been resumed. We arrived at Vourlà at one o'clock, having employed about six hours from Seradem.

On entering the principal street of the town, our ears were saluted by the shrill sounds of Turkish music, and presently we met a very numerous cavalcade, proceeding in great pomp, to the celebration of a wedding some miles off. This festive procession was composed of some of the principal Turks of the district, followed by their harems (the women riding astride like men) and their domestic slaves and retainers all on horseback, and in their finest garbs. The

other, conspire to give a mutual beauty to one another."—London, 1699.

flowing, and various coloured robes, the rich turbans, and the horses caparisoned in the eastern style, produced a gay and agreeable effect. But the physiognomies of the Turks themselves were, (with the exception of two or three lads and some of the slaves,) as solemn as if they were going to a funeral. I remarked, that most of the horses, besides their embroidered bridles, head-pieces, and poitrails, and rich housings, had strings of large blue glass beads hung round their necks, and that their long tails were tied with bright coloured ribands. The beads, however, were as much for use as ornament; they are a charm against the evil eye, which may fall on beast as well as man; and a horse is rarely put on a journey without a trapping of the sort. If a head or two of garlic be mixed with the beads, the charm or preservative is considered more efficacious.

The rear of the march was brought up by a band of musicians, blowing their screaming pipes, clanging their cymbals, and beating their kettle-drums, on horseback; and by a mounted company of those venal ministers to debauched tastes, the *almés*, or public dancing girls; who, degraded and vicious as they are, and strange as it may appear, are always considered indispensable at the celebration of a respectable and *virtuous* union.

About a year after, I had an opportunity of witnessing at another Turkish marriage, the profligate exhibition of these hired inciters to lust. It will not bear description: it possessed all the lewdness described (an odd subject for a priest!) with such unction by the Abbé Raynal, in the dance of the Indian Bayaderes, but without any of the grace he saw or fancied. It was too gross to be voluptuous, and utter disgust was the sentiment it excited in me. Yet there were present old grey-beards of Turks, who were evidently enraptured with the performance; and the more *marked* it became, the warmer were their applauses, and the more liberal their gifts. The bride, of course, was not present; but I understand that these wretches were admitted into the harem, to amuse her and her female friends!

The marriage procession at Vourlà passed us quietly enough: a black slave, however, in the rear, jostled rudely against me; and one or two of the dancing girls threw a few flowers of their choicest rhetoric at our party, as a proof, perhaps, that they could be as indecent in their language as in their posture-making.

We alighted at the house of a poor Greek, who provided us a dinner of *kibaubs*, and a *caviare* salad. Here I heard fresh tales of destruction and murder; other episodes to the tragedy of 1821-2. Since that period the popu-

lation of the town has decreased; but it is still considerable, though I can hardly believe the statement correct, that made it amount to twenty-five thousand—Turks and Greeks, and other rayahs included. I saw in the house a version of the scriptures, in modern Greek, printed and sent out by our English Bible Society; and perceiving that the book, which lay in a corner, was covered with dust, as if it had not been touched for a long time, I asked our host if he never read it. He replied that he could not read it; that it was written in such a strange *Romaic*, that neither he nor any of his neighbours understood it. I attributed this to ignorance; having yet to learn that the fault was in the translation.

We left Vourlà for Smyrna, at three o'clock, passing, in our way out of the town, a tolerable mosque, a fountain, a coffee-house, crowded with Turks smoking, and some other cemeteries. For a short distance the country was delightful, and richly cultivated; the declivities of the hills of Vourlà, on this side, being indeed a succession of gardens and orchards, among the richest and pleasantest spots I have seen in Turkey.

We soon reached the plain, and again pursued our way by the shores of the bay of Smyrna. Between Vourlà and the Sangiac castle, we

crossed at their mouths several canals or ditches, which penetrate to the right to the foot of Mount Corax, and of the declining ridge that traverses the isthmus, serving to carry off the waters, that flow from their sides, into the sea. In one of these, travellers have recognized the canal made by Alexander the Great, which was to penetrate the isthmus,* and afford a short passage from the gulf of Smyrna to Teos, &c.; but as these several ditches are precisely similar to one another, no one being distinguished by superior depth or breadth, or regularity, I could not in passing them, nor could I afterwards in spite of more mature examination, determine which of them was the work of the conqueror. We reached the romantic little Turkish village, situated behind the Sangiac castle, and composed of a mosqué, a few Turkish peasants' houses, and some kiosks, about six o'clock in the evening. At the coffee-house, where we stopped to refresh ourselves with a cup and pipe, we found a Turk dead drunk, wallowing in the dirt. This

* The width of the isthmus, at its narrowest part, was reckoned about six and a half miles; the periplus, or circumnavigation of the peninsula 125 miles. The latter seems to me rather overrated; but by following the sweeps and indentures of the coast, it might be so long. Alexander's canal appears to have been stopped when it reached the mountains, where a tunnel would have been required.

I thought carrying civilization and emancipation from prejudice rather too far.

Not far from the coffee-house was a large encampment of Yerooks, with their small conical tents arranged in pretty order. The men were busied in tending their camels, their cattle, and goats; and the women, followed by a crowd of swarthy urchins, were filling large copper vases with water, at a fountain near the coffee-house. These wandering females were generally well made, and good-looking, (they hardly affected to hide their faces,) and their toilette was picturesquely barbaric. Their head-dresses were almost covered with Turkish coins of small value, pierced with holes, and attached to the *fess*, or to the scanty turban. One of them had a good ancient Greek medal dangling over her brown forehead, which she refused to sell. These pastoral tribes, in their frequent change of place, and in their favourite haunts, (the plains and pastures on the Hermus, the Caicus, the Cayster, &c.,) often find such interesting antiquities, and the use they make of them, may account for so many of the beautiful ancient coins of Asia Minor, that reach the cabinets of civilized Europe, being defaced by a hole in the rim. The Turks also, to whom they frequently dispose of them, give them to their women, who make the same use of them in their toilettes as

the Yerooks; and more scrupulous than they, if they find the forbidden representation of a human head or of any living creature on them, they will efface the work, regardless of its beauty. My amiable friend Mr. Borrell, an intelligent antiquary, who has been many years at Smyrna, has had but too frequent occasion to lament this barbarity in looking over exquisite medals thus bored and mutilated.

From the coffee-house, our road lay, for about two miles, through fine olive-groves. I was struck with the appearance of a low tree or bush, that grew by the side of a solitary Turkish tomb: its stem and branches were literally covered with rags and shreds, nailed or appended by pieces of string. The grave was that of a Turk of reputed holy life and end; the rags and shreds were torn from the garments of the sick and afflicted, who hoped to rid themselves of their ailments and sorrows, by fastening a portion of their dress in the neighbourhood of his sanctity. The practice is a common one, and the superstition, varied in its application, prevails equally among the Greeks, who go to nail, with pieces of rags, their fevers and agues to the sides of an *aiasma* or holy spring, and to a tree denominated of Saint John.* What

* A Greek of Chesmé told me a story of his father, who died on the road in going to dispose of his fever in this way, at some place of peculiar sanctity and efficacy.

with Turkish tombs and santons, and Greek saints and virgins, you may see in the course of a journey as many rags as, collected, would make a cart-load of paper.

On leaving the olive-groves, we continued our route by rocks over the sea-shore. It was now

In Catholic countries, a superstition of kindred nature exists, but they append in chapels, and before statues and pictures of madonnas and saints, votive offerings emblematic of diseases and the diseased parts, of which they have been already cured by the interference of these saints and madonnas. These are offerings of gratitude for miraculous benefits already received, not applications for favours. They are always grotesque, and sometimes—from a too faithful imitation of a particular part of the body, or of a loathsome disease—extremely disgusting.

I have frequently seen in the lower part of the city of Naples, and in the towns and villages of Calabria and Apulia, little chapels, that form lateral recesses in the churches, stuck full of arms, legs, heads, breasts, and other parts of the human body, generally done in wax-work.

This practice may have been taken from the ancients, but the taste which moulded their votive offerings has been lost. In the spring of 1822, I passed eight days with a friend at the ruins of Pæstum and its neighbourhood. Among other interesting discoveries, we found a complete bed of ancient votive figures in terra-cotta, buried in the soil, at a short distance from the magnificent temples. They were nearly all the same, representing the goddess Ceres in half-relief, and seemed made to hang against the walls of houses or temples. They were somewhat similar in style and grace (though inferior) to the little terra-cotta heads (see plate) I met with at Pergamus in Asia Minor. Mr. Hamilton, the British minister at the Court of Naples, secured some of the prettiest of them.

dark, and the road excessively bad; but the sight of the domestic lights shining from the casements of Smyrna across the bay, gave encouragement and speed to my married companions. Their impatience, which I hardly could partake, was of some inconvenience to me with my short sight. In one place I was going to ride over a precipice; in another, at the outside of the town, I rode into a ditch.

We entered Smyrna at nine o'clock. The bazaars, through which our road lay, were shut up; a trifling present, however, opened them for our passage, and we arrived in Frank Street, where, wondering at my long absence, I was kindly welcomed by two friends—two Englishmen, who have since fallen victims to the fevers of that foul place.

CHAPTER XI.

News of the Battle of Navarino at Smyrna—Alarm produced thereby—Tranquillity of the Turks—Russian Pilgrims at Smyrna—Feelings of the Greeks—Anecdotes of the Battle of Navarino—Hadji Bey, the chief of the Turkish Police—The English and French Ambassadors at Vourlà—The Smyrna Newspaper—General Church—Colonel Fabvier—Parties and Gaieties at Smyrna, &c.—Good Provisions—Wild Swans, &c.

I HAD arranged a pleasant party with some friends at Smyrna, for a journey to Ephesus and Lebedus, and was full of this project, when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, and detained me a prisoner for several months.

The intelligence of the unexpected conflict was brought by the Rose, sloop of war, which reached the Sangiac castle, on October 27th, about seven o'clock in the evening. There being no wind to enable her to go through the narrow passage of the bay, she came to anchor below the Sangiac castle, and Captain Davis landed, and walked up to Smyrna. The distance by land is about nine miles: nor could a dark and rainy night have

rendered the gallant officer's walk a pleasant one. He, however, reached Smyrna in safety at about ten. Captain Crofton, of the Dryad, frigate, who was at the time commodore of the station, was not on board his ship; but at an evening party, given by Lord Prudhoe, at Bournabat. Consequently, Captain Davis renewed his walk to that village; and calling Captain Crofton from a merry dance, delivered his instructions, and announced the important event that had taken place. The naval officers returned forthwith to town; but as it was not thought expedient to alarm the ladies, and interrupt so pleasant a party, the news was not made known; the dance continued until two o'clock, when Lord Prudhoe, Major Felix, and my Friend E—— came to Smyrna.

I was sitting alone, writing, having felt too unwell to go out that evening, when, at about half-past eleven, Mr. Nathaniel Werry, our Vice-Consul, knocked at the door to inform my host, Mr. S. of the news just arrived. At midnight, a meeting of all the English merchants, who happened to be in town, was held at Mr. Werry, the consul's. It was there unanimously determined, that for fear of reprisals, or acts of violence from the irritated Turkish population, the merchants should, as soon as possible, embark their goods

in ships in the bay, and hold themselves and families ready to retreat at a moment's notice.

The instant he received the news, Mr. Werry had despatched his head drogoman to the pasha's. The pasha was in bed; but he received the messenger. Hassan affected surprise; but it afterwards appeared he had received full information of the fatal events of Navarino, from the commander of a small Austrian ship of war, who had arrived at Smyrna at an early hour the preceding morning, and who had not had the delicacy to inform the European consuls, or any of the Christians at Smyrna. The pasha, after coolly hearing the details, merely said, "This is rather too much." He however assured Mr. Werry that no acts of violence should be committed.

It was not apprehended, indeed, that any such measures would be resorted to by the pasha; but it was doubted whether he would be able to restrain the mob; and people expected, with extreme anxiety, the arrival of news from Constantinople, to learn what effects had been produced in the capital, and to judge of the nature of the instructions the pasha might receive from the Porte.

Courage is not the distinguishing virtue of the Levantine merchants, as I have already hinted; and there were really grounds for serious appre-

hensions. In encouraging the hope that plunder and murder might be escaped, they blessed their stars, that at least the Janissaries no longer existed. I passed the greater part of the night in serious conclave with my friends, who all met at Mr. S——'s. In the course of the night, they despatched a courier to Constantinople.

When I rose the next morning, the town was in a sadly disordered state. It was rather late, and the families who were still out at Bournabat, came flocking over in caravans at a time. There were some laughable and some rather tragical scenes at this hasty decampment. They got the news at the village early in the morning, (a Sunday morning.) One gentleman, in his anxiety for his bales, and probably for his own skin, fairly ran away, and left his wife and children behind him. A stately dame, the queen of the "Rue des Roses," broke her arm, by falling from her ass, the quadruped being incapable of sustaining so great a weight, and speed so unusual. There was such struggling and quarrelling for asses and boats as was never seen. The poor Greeks of the village, who were ignorant of the cause of alarm, on seeing it so great and so general, apprehended some dreadful catastrophe. When the Greeks learned how the Turks had been beaten at Navarino, they could scarcely conceal their

joy. In the streets of Smyrna, groups of them met and felicitated each other. I could scarcely be surprised at this feeling, knowing the weight of their obligations to their masters; but I was surprised that they were not fearful of displaying their exultation in so open a manner.

On going to the quay, I found that all the English and French ships of war had changed their anchorage, and were drawn close in shore, so as to command the Turkish town, and to cover the residences of the French and English consuls. All the boats of the different ships were held ready to pull on shore in case of alarm. These were to be well manned with sailors and marines, who, with a few guns and swivels, might have easily maintained the quays on which most of the Frank houses are situated, if indeed they could not have made themselves masters of the whole of Frank town.

I did not partake in all the alarm of my friends; and, indeed, having nothing at stake, I could at any time have gone on board ship; but I was glad to see such effective measures taken for the general defence.

I hardly know which were most frightened, the Franks or the Turks; for the latter, on seeing the formidable line of the ships of war, imagined they were going to bombard the Turkish quarter.

A very strong Turkish guard was put in motion at daybreak; and under the command of Hadji-Bey, the head of the police, it continued to circulate through the town, day and night.

This extraordinary vigilance was continued unrelaxed for more than two months; and it used to puzzle me how my friend Hadji could suffice to so much fatigue. He seemed endowed with ubiquity, so rapidly was he seen in different places. I was accustomed to meet him at all hours of the day, and of the night too. I suppose he used to sleep on his legs, like the storks; or to snatch, here and there, that short, hurried repose, which we are accustomed to call dog-sleep.

In walking that evening through the long Frank street, things certainly wore a warlike appearance. At the wooden shed, the Turkish guard-house, situate at that part of the street called by the Franks the "Three Corners," was collected a dense mass of Turks, with long topaiks, pistols, and yataghans; and the guard, composed of wild-looking, strapping mountaineers, which then followed Hadji Bey, must have been at least two hundred strong. They marched two by two, and I passed their lengthened line, in the narrowest part of the street, without being in any way insulted.

The pasha had summoned a number of men,

on whom he could depend, from the neighbourhood, so that it seemed to me an attack from the *canaille* of the town (who besides had fears of their own) was scarcely to be expected.

That night there was another general meeting of our particular friends at our house. At the beginning, the party was sad, and occupied entirely by considerations of sure loss of money, and possible danger of person.

It was generally agreed, that the Turks would not now venture to attack us openly; but then they might have recourse, as they had on a former occasion, to the terrible instrument of fire:—terrible, indeed, where every house is built of wood; they might set the Frank town on fire, suddenly, and at different places; and who knew but we might be all burnt in our beds? It was probably to avert the evil and the dreadful element, that we drank so much wine, for I remember that we all took rather more than was usual; and by the time we parted were in a happy state of mind to defy Turks, fire, or any other kind of enemies.

The following morning applications were made at the Turkish custom-house for permission to ship the goods from the magazines. Some obstacles were started on the part of the Turks, and even when, by order of the pasha, the necessary

papers, declaring *pro formâ*, the goods as for Constantinople, were delivered, an injunction came forth against the Turkish, or any other porters, carrying the said goods. This difficulty was however removed on the consul's application to Hassan, and the English merchants' magazines were rapidly emptied of the most valuable portion of their contents. The goods thus embarked, remained on board ship for two, three, or four months, at a tremendous expense to the merchants, or rather, generally, to the houses in England, of which they are the agents. The wives and children of most of the English and French merchants were embarked also, but they returned to the town after fifteen days.

In due time we received letters from Constantinople, informing us that though the sultan at first heard the destruction of his fleet with a paroxysm of rage, and had even (it was said) at first levelled his violent and sanguinary threats at the English, French, and Russians, within his territories, yet no body had been molested, and the capital continued perfectly tranquil.

From the Turks at Smyrna it would have been difficult to imagine that any thing extraordinary had happened; they were just as listless as before, and in appearance cared as little about the battle of Navarino, as if the conflict had taken place in

the moon. In the absence of real causes of alarm, we were, however, regaled with imaginary ones, of various, and frequently of the most contradictory character. The bug-bear that was most intensely cherished, was a nocturnal conflagration, and some mischievous fellow, to amuse himself, wrote a warning and alarming letter to the consuls. We had besides the mysterious horrors of a gun-powder plot—but this was much later in the season, and when alarm was ridiculous.

The French admiral De Rigny arrived from Navarino at Smyrna, on November 2, and had an interview with the pasha.

Our noble and generous Captain Hamilton came shortly after. One of the Russian frigates which had been in the battle, came to Smyrna and remained many days. She was a very fine ship, her rigging, &c. were in good order, but I must add, that there was much dirtiness and confusion on board. Her officers came on shore, but not so freely or so frequently as those of the English and French ships. Much has been said of the affection testified by the Greeks to their northern co-religionists: that they went off to the frigate in boats, and dipping their fingers in the water by the side, devoutly made the sign of

the cross. I saw nothing of the sort. They might indeed have felt an additional sympathy for the brethren of their own church; and as a Russian man-of-war had not been seen at Smyrna for some years, mere curiosity might have attracted them to her. But they looked on each of the allied flags as their avengers, and said, that at last the Turks had been punished for their unprovoked barbarities exercised on them.

About this time, a curious troop of Russian pilgrims from the shores of the Black Sea, arrived at Smyrna, on their way to Palestine. This wild looking set of men, with bushy beards, clad in sheep skins, and wearing enormous boots, who in filth and savageness of appearance might have vied with the Turkish santons, or vagabond dervishes themselves, were in no way molested, and were permitted to continue their holy journey.

At the very height of the alarm and confusion, a number of French sailors wounded at the battle of Navarino in destroying the Turks, were landed at Smyrna, and cured in the hospital of their own nation, on Turkish territory.

Except an occasional interchange of visits, and a formal dinner occasionally betwen the captains, the English and French naval officers were not

accustomed to associate much with each other, but there were more approaches to familiarity after the battle of Navarino.*

I heard many curious anecdotes at the time about that battle; and perhaps the following, out of the number, may yet be new to my readers.

When the octogenarian Captain Bathurst, of the Genoa, who was mortally wounded in the engagement, felt his end approach, he sent for his purser or his steward, and positively bargained for the price of a butt of rum, to preserve his own body in. "I should like," said the veteran, "to have my old bones carried to my native land; but, steward, I am but a poor man, and I leave a family behind me. You must let me have the stuff as cheap as possible."

After the battle, there was an excessive display of enthusiasm among the French and Russians. "One may see," said an old English gunner,

* The officers of the American squadron, were most intimate and friendly with the English officers and the residents on shore. I knew many gentlemanly men among them, and was particularly indebted to the kindness and hospitality of Captain Kernie of the sloop of war, Warren, and of his Officers. There was no intimacy between the Americans and French. Community of language is, and ever will be, a powerful tie; and there is, moreover, to a vast extent, a community of feeling and thought between our Trans-Atlantic brethren and ourselves.

"that these Mounseers have not been much accustomed to naval victories; and this bit of a business may do all very well for them."

A Russian ship had been gallantly cleared from the Egyptian fire-ships that were well nigh blowing her into the air, by a French frigate. The Russian captain sent an officer on board the Frenchman the following morning, and as the boat was making for her destination, he cried out to the officer from the quarter-deck, in a renewal of enthusiasm, "*Embrassez-moi le brave capitaine!*"

"What's that our friend says?" enquired an honest British tar of one of the learned. "What does he say?" replied the linguist; "why, he says as how the lieutenant is to give a kiss to the French captain—that smart looking fellow with the big, black whiskers, close astern."

A little fellow, a midshipman in one of our ships, was so badly wounded as to necessitate the amputation of a leg. He coolly remarked to a friend, a few days after the operation, that the Turks had spoiled his riding and dancing for life.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Hadji Bey maintained excellent order in Smyrna. This dignified personage, who was always as grave as an owl, was yet a consummate dandy in dress:

sometimes he wore the Asiatic apparel affected by Turkish gentlemen of these parts, and sometimes his squat figure was adorned with the Mameluke, and at others, with the Albanian costume. It was rare to meet him two succeeding days in the same dress. His horse trappings were always as fine as glass and tinsel could make them. He generally rode, and by night, whenever I met him, I heard him humming some monotonous Turkish ditty. He habitually carried in his hand a short massy axe, with a hammer on one side of it: this gave him an executionary appearance, and the English were accustomed to parody his name into that of Hatchet Bey. When on foot he showed to less advantage, for though tremendously broad-shouldered and stout, his stature rather fell short of than exceeded five feet.

I must have seen him some hundreds of times, but I never once saw a smile disturb the solemnity of his countenance. He was said occasionally to screw the rayahs most unmercifully. From the Franks he used only now and then to *buy* a little rum, or sugar, or coffee, or such a trifle as a piece of cloth, for which of course he was not permitted to pay. At times, however, Hadji could be really courteous. I was riding out one morning with Madame S., her sister, and two

gentlemen. We had scarcely turned our horses' heads into a narrow lane, which runs from Frank Street into the "Rue des Roses," when we saw Hadji entering the other end of the lane, with his troop behind him. We were immediately for returning to Frank Street, to let them pass, but he made a sign to us to advance. He ranged his men in one line along the walls, and we rode on. The mountaineers gazed, open mouthed, at the novel exhibition of two ladies mounted on horse-back, in the English fashion, and the interest they felt might have been augmented by the circumstance that these ladies were both fine women.*

The following circumstance, which happened a few nights after we received the news of the battle of Navarino, may convey an idea of the peaceful demeanour of the Turks at Smyrna. One night, at a late hour, as my friend C—— was retiring to rest, a number of Turks from the opposite guard-house, established themselves under his gateway, and were wiling away the hours of their watch by strumming a sort of guitar and singing in chorus. Not admiring the

* The Smyrniotes, men and women, are addicted to donkey-riding. The saddle, a broad, loose, thick pack, is the same for both sexes, but the ladies do not always ride astride. There is a peculiar knack required to manage these asses, and to keep one's seat on a saddle that generally rocks like a cradle.

serenade, C——'s servant, a young Irishman, without saying any thing to his master, went down to the door to put a stop to it. Dan, to his numerous valuable qualifications, added that of being a smart lad in the different tongues that prevail in the Babel of Smyrna. "What in the name of Satan are you doing here?" said Dan to the vocalists; "keeping the gentlemen from sleeping? Be off to some other place." And, strange to say, off the Turks went.

In the course of a few weeks the spirit of alarm somewhat wore itself out; but when Mr. Stratford Canning, Count Guilleminot, and Monsieur De Ribeaupierre, found themselves obliged by the obstinacy of the sultan in resisting the treaty of the 6th of July, to quit their posts at Constantinople; and when the two first of these ambassadors came to Vourlà, in the gulf of Smyrna, there was a fresh burst of alarm.

The exporters of figs and raisins had got it into their heads that the ambassadors were going to take them away with them. "Take you away, indeed!" said a blunt English officer; "Mr. Canning would as soon think of taking away Smyrna castle; if ever it should be necessary to remove you from this paradise, I am sure we shall be obliged to take pitchforks to you!"

What the ambassadors did, was to order their

respective consuls to strike their flags; they might remain if they chose, but as private individuals. A representation was drawn up by the merchants, and they implored that the consuls might be left to the exercise of their functions as before, and stated a wish, a hope, that Smyrna should be considered a neutral port; an arrangement to which the pasha had expressed his ready adhesion.* They affected to perceive no anomaly or inconsistency in consuls remaining in a country necessarily abandoned by their ambassadors. Messieurs Stratford Canning and Guilleminot probably did, as they found it expedient to reject the proposal. The consuls were allowed yet a fortnight, at the end of which their flags were no longer to be unfurled.

The merchants were informed that the Netherland ambassador at Constantinople, and the Netherland consul at Smyrna, would pay all the attention they could to the interests of such French and English subjects as deemed proper to remain in the country; and at the same time, that the Porte had refused to recognize any foreign protection as extended to French and English subjects, but that it would take them under its own immediate protection.* The mer-

* The English merchants, after the suspension of the consul's functions, elected two of their own body to sign the ship's

chants were warned that circumstances might arise out of the existing disputes, to convert the interruption of amicable intercourse between their countries and the Ottoman government into a state of hostility.

On the appointed day, (a melancholy day for Smyrna,) our consul, old Mr. Werry, who, with the exception of the short hostile interruption of 1806-7, had seen his flag fly for more than thirty years, was obliged to strike it. The veteran, however, left his high flag-mast erect, with the hope of being soon permitted again to attach his banner to it. Monsieur de Castagne, the French consul, immediately departed for France; but Mr. Werry remained.

papers, and transact any business that might arise. The pasha readily consented to receive, and treat with them on all matters. This being but a voluntary and temporary arrangement among themselves, the deputies (of whom my lamented friend, Mr. J. S—— was one,) did not think themselves authorized to include our subjects of Malta and the Ionian Islands, who, in consequence, had recourse to the Dutch *Cancelleria*. Some little bickering and confusion resulted from the rejection of the Netherland protection, to which (though he distinctly stated at the time that the Turkish government would not recognize it) they had been recommended by Mr. Stratford Canning; representations were made at Downing Street; and in the summer of 1828, a note was received at Smyrna, from Lord Aberdeen, expressing surprise that the advice of the ambassador had not been followed.

Not one of the merchants, either English or French, thought it necessary to leave the country. A letter from Count Guilleminot to the French residents, expressing regret that he should be obliged to quit his post, but at the same time his hopes that amicable relations would ere long be renewed with the Porte, and an assurance, moreover, that the consul should be left to protect them at Smyrna, had appeared in a seemingly official manner in the Smyrna paper, "Le Spectateur Oriental."

The French vehemently asserted, that the change in Count Guilleminot's arrangements had been effected by Mr. Stratford Canning, whom, in consequence, they honoured with much abuse. All this was in the month of January 1828.

Early in that month, before the suspension of the consul's functions, an event of great importance in the eyes of Smyrna took place. This was nothing less than the seizure of their oracle, the "Spectateur Oriental," and the arrest of Monsieur Blacque, its editor.

In October 1827 the printing of this paper had been prohibited for a month by the French ambassador; a punishment that might have been provoked by some injudicious strictures on the mission of Major H. Cradock to Mehemet-Ali, pasha of Egypt, or by the insertion of a letter

from a French vagabond and madman, reflecting most insultingly on the character of Count Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman who had visited Smyrna. Indeed, either would have merited more than the lenient measure of temporary suppression. The penalty, however, did not moderate the tone of the Turkish partisan, who, after the battle of Navarino, continued weekly to edify the minds of Christian Smyrna, and of such Turks as had his lucubrations translated to them, by the most violent abuse of French, Russian, and English politics. For a long time England had the greatest share of his sapient animadversions; for his philosophy had found out that England, for her own private interests, had concocted the treaty of the 6th of July, to which his poor country, France, had been drawn a blinded dupe. Abuse of England, as something so usual from the tongue and the pen of a Frenchman, might have been tolerated, but it implied a humiliation on the part of France; the susceptible *amour propre* of the great nation was touched, and the consul-general taking on himself the responsibility, applied to the captain of a French frigate in the bay for a file of marines. With these Monsieur de Castagne's agent repaired to the printing office of the paper, seized the press and type, and thence went to the house of the editor,

whom they arrested *au nom du roi*, and conveyed on board the frigate.*

As soon as this dire event was known, great agitation prevailed in the Frank circle generally: *la liberté personelle, la liberté de la presse!* (the liberty of the press in Turkey!) were invoked; and prophecies rained from every mouth of the severe penalties that awaited the consul at the "*Chambres des Deputés*," and the tribunals of France. I confess, I could not consider the offence of Monsieur de Castagne in so heinous a light; and I smiled at the idea of the liberty of the press being accorded to one man alone, in a country and on subjects where, and on which, free discussion, *pro* and *con*, could not be indulged in, where indeed there was nobody to reply, or to check the torrent of insult and dogma: where such replies, moreover, which must revert to Turkish vice and folly, could scarcely be published with safety! Individual monopoly is surely in direct opposition to what we understand by the liberty of the press; in

* The French establishments in the Levant are governed by certain royal *ordonnances*, which emanated in the time of Louis XIV. They have never been changed, and are still the written law for such factories. By them a consul is fully authorized to send home to France (in chains if the offence be grave) any refractory subject who might endanger the tranquillity of the factory, or otherwise misbehave himself.

the true enjoyment of which we may attack an opponent, who may defend himself, whilst we may defend ourselves with equal arms when attacked, and have recourse to a judge and jury when the attack passes proper bounds. These opinions gained me no credit among the political heads of Smyrna, and I was taxed with illiberality. On my part I was hurt, that the patriotism of my countrymen should give way to their partiality to the Turks, and to what they falsely considered their interests; and this, to such a degree, as to cause them to lament the restrictions laid on a man, one of whose principal objects seemed to be, to calumniate and insult their country.

The existence of a political paper, in the dominions of the grand signior, to contain exclusively the opinions of a man of a certain nation, to awaken jealousies and heart-burnings among the different classes of Europeans established there, is a mischievous absurdity which ought not to be permitted. If Smyrna must have a paper, let it be what it ought,—a register of the arrival and departure of ships, and a chronicle of the rates of exchange, and of the prices of figs, opium, and cotton bales. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Europe can furnish them with politics enough in all conscience; and if they must

have a vent for their mind politic, they may afford us occasional local news. Monsieur Blacque was liberated the day after his arrest; but his ill-used tools, the press and types, were detained, and he was said to have pledged his word to edite no more politics.

An associate of Monsieur B.'s was despatched to Paris, where he laid a petition before the "Chambres," which refused to take notice of it, and passed at once *à l'ordre du jour*.

Whatever may have been the pledge given, the Spectateur Oriental (another set of old types being found at Smyrna) soon rose, phœnix-like, from its ashes, under the altered title of "Le Courrier de Smyrne," and ostensibly under another *redacteur*, but in fact conducted by Monsieur B. as before. The check received had in no degree impressed on the journalist's mind the necessity of moderation. The tone of the paper was more ultra-Turkish than ever; England continued to be occasionally aimed at, but it was on Russia that the full weight of its scorn and vituperation fell. In this mode, "Le Courrier de Smyrne" was continuing when I left the Levant, but a change of feeling with regard to it had taken place, as I had long desired it should, among the English residents, who began to be disgusted with its intemperance and animosity to England.

I have already perhaps dwelt longer on this subject than it may deserve; but before I leave it, I must, in justice to a distinguished countryman, detain the reader yet a few minutes. One of the favourite objects of abuse, in the "Courrier de Smyrne," was Sir Richard Church, Generalissimo of the Greeks. There was one letter particularly, inserted about the month of June 1828, which reflected, in an unmeasured manner, on the want of military and political talent, and on the total ineptitude of General Church, who was qualified as a *militaire des salons de Naples*—a fop, and a devotee to the luxuries of the table, who had seen nothing of war but in cruel hunts after the Neapolitan banditti. Now I happen to know something of the person thus calumniated, having lived for years in the country where he was honoured with the highest commands, where he was universally esteemed, from King Ferdinand of Naples, through all classes, even to the poorest individuals, and where many of his countrymen, and many distinguished personages of somewhat higher rank, character, and talent than this libeller, bore testimony to his merits.

General Church, about twelve years ago, commanded an extensive province of the kingdom of Naples, i. e. La terra d'Otranto. This province, before his arrival, was infested by robbers;

these his activity and prudence soon put down. It was moreover distracted by political parties, which were every day disturbing the general tranquillity—these he checked and conciliated; and when he left his command, he bore with him the good opinion and grateful blessings of the whole wide district. I travelled through that country at the time: there was not a robber to be heard of. But what I heard, and particularly from the provincial nobility, and all the respectable classes, many of whom acknowledged the greatest obligations to the general, was the praise of my countryman.

At Lecce, the capital of the province, was a body of troops, composed entirely of foreigners, and called "*il reggimento estero.*" This regiment was under the immediate orders of General Church, and by its admirable discipline and *tenue*, did him great honour. Nor did General Church, in the discharge of an important part of his duty, the suppression of the banditti, have recourse to cruel expedients; but I could tell the saucy Frenchman, who *had* recourse to these "cruel expedients" and to a most barbarous extreme—this was General Manhes, the lieutenant of Murat, the scene of whose atrocities was Calabria, a country I have also visited, and from the mouths of whose inhabitants, the eye-wit-

nesses of the horrors narrated, I gathered accounts, different indeed from what I had heard of General Church, in another province of the same kingdom. Did the writer in the "Courrier de Smyrne" ever hear of these accounts of the exploits of his countryman? Frenchmen are not much given to the registering of such things in the self-flattering pages of their histories; but I may refer him to the "Storia d'Italia," by Carlo Botta, an able and impartial author, for the details in Calabria, and for many others which might check the over-weening vanity of his nation, and convey many salutary lessons.*

At the breaking out of the ill-conceived and ill-fated Neapolitan revolution, General Church commanded at the Sicilian capital, and his conduct there, to the last moment, was such as became a gentleman and a soldier, faithful to those he served. As to his present command in Greece, he is particularly fitted for it beyond his competitors by a considerable knowledge, not

* Carlo Botta, in his history of Italy, from the French revolution to 1814, has been the first writer to tell the plain truth of all parties; and as of each party there was much that was bad to narrate, he has conciliated neither, but has, in a greater or less degree, offended all. Perhaps, however, in fifty, in a hundred years hence, Italy may look to his splendid work as a register of her follies and misfortunes, and a monitor of her vices and errors.

only of the Greek but of the Albanian dialect, and by an elegance of manner, calculated to strike, and to improve the susceptible, though as yet barbarous men that form his forces. It was part of the blessings of the liberty of the press at Smyrna, that I could not, at the time, reply to the injurious attack on a man who is an ornament to his country; but I promised myself the pleasure of doing so, whenever I should have an opportunity.

I am well aware that this letter, like many others, was not to be attributed to Monsieur B., but his was the fault of giving publication to the foul calumnies. I had reason to suspect that the letter on General Church was written by a certain Monsieur B——d, a *Litterateur*, as he called himself, who had learned his politics on the pavé, and in the cafés of Paris. I have little inclination to make public what passed in the familiarity of private society, though by so doing I could establish, that this man's character was not such as to qualify him for a moral censor of that of other men. I will merely tell his own story, as he did not blush openly to tell it himself.

According to his own account, he had been more than once in prison for libels at Paris. Finding the institutions of his own country not

sufficiently liberal, he went to Egypt, where he proposed to the pasha, to establish a newspaper in French, to be called "L'Echo des Pyramides." As such an establishment would neither promote the growth nor the sale of his cottons and corn, Mehemet-Ali would hear nothing about it, and requested Monsieur le Redacteur to invoke the echo of his pyramids at some place more remote than Cairo or Alexandria.

Driven from the land of Egypt, he went to that general *refugium peccatorium*, Smyrna. He here became acquainted with Monsieur Blacque, and very conveniently lent his name to the "Courrier de Smyrne." I was informed, that he afterwards behaved ill to Monsieur Blacque; and I found on my return from Constantinople, in the autumn of last year, that he had no longer any thing to do with the paper. The brother editors did not even speak to each other. The hemisphere of Smyrna was too confined for two such luminaries.*

A short time after my leaving Chesmé in October 1827, the Greek Scio expedition, com-

* I beg leave to state, that I by no means intend to confound the private character of Monsieur Blacque with that of the adventurer, his countryman. Monsieur B. enjoyed the reputation of a respectable man at Smyrna, and I always found him a mild and gentlemanly one in society, when detached from his journal.

posed of regulars and irregulars, and a band of Samiotes, all under the command of Colonel Fabvier, landed on the island, and sat down before the castle, into which the Turks retired.* Fabvier had a tolerable supply of artillery, but instead of pressing operations, of breaching the old castle walls, and of leading the Greeks to an assault while their blood was warm, he lost day after day, and at last commanded a mine to be dug by men who little understood the delicate operation, and that, through a soil which abounded in hard rock.

In this way, precious time was consumed; the troops in the mean while oppressed the poor islanders, and devoured their provisions. The Greek government and the society of individuals, who had furnished funds for the expedition, on the brilliant assurance of Fabvier, who was to do wonders, became impatient, dissatisfied, and unwilling to make further disbursements. The commander of the Greeks belying all promises, permitted Turkish reinforcements to reach the castle, until they were numerically superior to his beleaguering forces. He left the

* About one hundred and fifty men, chiefly Albanians, and under the command of an Albanian chief, and a Turkish dignitary, (the collector of the mastic,) threw themselves into a strong stone building at the edge of the town; they surrendered to the Greeks after some smart fighting.

natural mamelon, the "tourlotti," described in my visit to Scio, so ill supported, that it was carried by a sudden *sortie* of the Turks.* At length the pasha, tired perhaps by three or four months' confinement, ordered a general *sortie*. The Greeks, unprepared for defence, without any proper military disposition, were at once driven from the lines. Fabvier ran with his followers on board ship; he was slightly wounded some time before in the leg, but a gallant young Philhellene a Hanoverian, by birth, was killed in the Greek cause at Scio.

The unfortunate Greeks of the island were

* We must smile at the stupidity of the Turks. When they carried the Mamelon they spiked the Greek guns with the ends of their bayonets—with triangular pieces of steel, that were extracted in a moment. The Greeks drove the Turks from the Mamelon in very good style; the regulars charged the Turkish tacticoes; they crossed bayonets with them, and speedily threw them from the advantageous position they had gained. Of the two hundred tacticoes that issued from the castle, but a small portion re-entered its walls. It was on this affair, and not at the final retreat of Fabvier from Scio, (as I have incorrectly stated in my first edition,) that the gallant Hanoverian was killed, after having slain seven Turks! Of the gallantry of that young man I have heard much from my friend Colonel F——n, and others who knew him well. As far as feeble pages like these may do it, I could wish to rescue his name from oblivion—it was Lutchens. I am indebted for the information contained in this note to an Englishman, (Mr. H. J. B.) who was with the ill-conceived expedition at Scio.

left to their fate, and for ought Fabvier knew, it might be as dreadful as that which befell them in 1822.

To the honour of the pasha, he, however, sacredly kept the promise he had made, and no slaughter took place. Some French men-of-war repaired to Scio, and took off several hundreds of fugitives, whom they conveyed to places of safety,—to Syra, Tino, &c.

I scarcely know how Fabvier has acquired the reputation he enjoys, particularly in France; this disgraceful expedition on Scio, was scarcely a greater failure, than all the rest of his enterprises in the Greek service, nor can I remember at the moment, a single affair in which he has not been unsuccessful.* It is worse than idle to throw all the blame on his men, for it is the first duty of a military commander to form

* I have heard a good deal of this same Theban, Fabvier, from persons who have been actively engaged in the Greek cause, but I will only mention one story, I learned from my friend Colonel F——, a British officer, who was present *en amateur*, or rather as a friend of General Church, at the unfortunate affair of Athens, in the spring of 1827.

When the numerous Turkish cavalry charged the Greeks across the plain, Fabvier, who was in the Acropolis with plenty of artillery and ammunition, and who might have done much injury to the Turks, let them pass under him without firing a single gun. He afterwards surrendered the Acropolis, with *provisions for a month*, under pretext that his garrison had consumed every thing, and had starvation before them.

a just estimate of the capabilities of his troops, in reference to a certain object, ere he conduct them to that object.

By the month of January, the minds of the people of Smyrna, at least of our most intimate circle, were considerably tranquillized, and as business was completely at a stand, and we were reinforced by my friend E——, and by some other cheerful souls who had retired from Constantinople with the ambassadors, we had considerable festivity and gaiety. One *dejeunér champetre* following another, in rapid succession, nor were the ladies at all afraid of partaking in them. There are many beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, admirably adapted to enjoyments of this sort, and the mild and balmy weather we had in the months of January and February was truly delightful. I recall with peculiar satisfaction one of these parties at Jackalbournou, a tongue of land near the Sangiac castle, and close by a preserve of fish and oysters; another at the opposite side of the bay, on the mountains behind Cordelieu, at a spot called (absurdly enough) the tomb of Tantalus, and another on a green hill, shaded by magnificent trees, in the plain of Boodjà. It used to strike me as curious, when riding into town (a numerous cavalcade, all of us generally sufficiently

elevated with the good things of this world) to meet Hadji Bey and his wild-looking guards, who would make way for us, and let us pass unmolested; and I can still enjoy a smile at the recollection of the hearty laugh with which we hailed a paragraph in the Frankfort Gazette, reporting as an authentic communication from the country, that all the Franks and Christians at Smyrna, had been barbarously murdered by the Turks. This paragraph was read for the edification of the company, one evening on our return from the gayest of all our parties. I must remark, however, that our particular circle engrossed all the sociability and merriment of Smyrna; it did not extend to the rest of the Franks, and we were very unsuccessful in the way of balls. We could only raise one during the carnival, and that was composed exclusively of the English portion of the society; the remainder particularly protested that these were not dancing times, and affected to discover a sort of indelicacy in rejoicing in the midst of calamities, though the pasha had expressed that nothing would give him more pleasure than to see them resume their wonted amusements; and though this same delicacy of sentiment had not prevented the same persons from frequenting balls at a season of infinitely greater calamity, when the Greeks were massacred in the streets, and at the

very gate of the Casino.* But it is true, that on this occasion they might apprehend the possibility of their being compelled to feel for themselves..

I have just mentioned that we had delightful mild weather at this time; we, however, experienced some fifteen days of intense cold, and I saw ice, even in the town, more than an inch thick. So rigid a season was not recollected by the oldest settlers. On one of the very coldest days, (and cold is felt severely in those slight habitations,) I and my friend W——, by heaping piles of wood on the hearth, set our kind host's chimney and wooden house on fire. There was a tremendous wind at the time, and we might have been the involuntary incendiaries of half the wooden barracks of Smyrna; fortunately, however, the accident happened in the morning, and there were plenty of servants and people about, who subdued the flames just as they were catching our neighbour's kiosk.

This extraordinary cold brought down an immense number of wild turkeys and wild swans. These birds, besides being beautiful and majestic to the eye, were delicious eating; and so abun-

* My friend B—— has often described to me what were his feelings, when one night in 1822, on his way to a ball at the Casino, with a lady under his arm, he passed the bodies of some murdered Greeks. The lady was a Smyrniote, and not at all affected as he was. The ball was as gay as usual.

dant were they, that we had one or the other on the table nearly every day. I am not certain as to the price, but I think I was told that four large swans were sold for a Spanish dollar. The fine snow-white plumage of these beautiful birds ought to be worth that sum.

I have been in few places where the vulgar proverb of "God sending materials, and the devil sending cooks," is so much exemplified as at Smyrna; for with an abundant supply of partridges, woodcocks, snipes, wild boar, and other game, a tolerable fish-market, and pretty good beef and mutton, I hardly ever ate a dinner that was not spoiled in the dressing.

In spite, however, of our frequent gaiety, and of the hospitality I experienced, I grew very tired of Smyrna. I could procure no books, and my greatest resource consisted in long, and nearly always solitary rides, in the neighbouring country. In one of these perambulations, I was, indeed, well nigh "adorning a tale instead of telling one." I met a bairac, or levy of Turkish mountaineers, on their march towards Scio, at a narrow road, between some rocks and a stream, near the village of Hadjilar. I had frequently had similar rencounters, and never experienced any injury more serious than a few abusive terms. I this time dismounted, as usual, to show my respect to the green banner, and drew my

horse out of their way, as close under the rocks as I could. The troop, which might be about three hundred strong, passed me quietly enough, merely calling me Ghiaour, and a few other names. I stood some time looking after the naked-legged savages, and listening to the beat of their monotonous, cracked, little drums; and I had just put my foot in the stirrup to mount, when four fellows, stragglers of the body that had passed, came round the rocks, and one of them lifting his topaik, struck me a violent blow in the side with its butt-end. I fell before my horse's head, and the unprovoked barbarian was about to repeat his blow, when one of his comrades caught his arm. They went on their way laughing at my prostrate condition. It is hard for an Englishman to stomach a blow without, at least, an attempt to return it; but I was obliged to swallow this. I had no weapon but a slight whip, and the blow had almost deprived me of breath, and rendered me incapable of moving for several minutes. A Greek peasant passing, helped me to my saddle, and thinking that exercise might bear off the pain, I rode on to the village I had proposed visiting. The blow, however, was not so easily to be disposed of, it troubled me for several days, and I still feel it occasionally after extraordinary exercise, or sitting long in the same position.

CHAPTER XII.

Journey from Smyrna to Pergamus—Mode of Travelling—Menimenn—The Hermus—Storks—Ramazann, or Turkish Fast—Night past in a Turkish Coffee-house at Menimenn-Guzel-Hissar—Tragical Story—Turkish Guards—Plain of the Caicus—Turkish Dandy of Constantinople—Passage of the Caicus—Pergamus—The Agha—An Italian Quack-doctor—The celebrated Pergamene Vase—The Tumuli, &c.—Gay Nights of the Ramazann—Scene at the Agha's—Carasman-Oglu—Greek Society of Pergamus—The Storks on the Ruins of Agios Theologos, &c.

THOROUGHLY tired of Smyrna, and of "waiting until things should be settled," (the political atmosphere of Turkey meanwhile becoming every day more troubled,) and despairing of finding any companion who would, and could, stir ten miles from the town, I determined to set off on another tour in Asia Minor, alone; which I should have done before, had I not been overruled by the kind advice and apprehensions of my friends.

I had some difficulty again in procuring a *teskerè*, for want of an ostensible motive for my journeys, for the pasha could hardly consider the

gratification of curiosity as such. By the kindness of my friend Mr. S. and of the Dutch consul, I did, however, at last obtain a passport for myself and a young Smyrniote Frank, whom I hired to accompany me, in the double capacity of guide and drogoman.

I left Smyrna for Pergamus (now Bergma) at about twelve o'clock, on a lovely morning in the middle of March 1828. I began to breathe freely, and fairly shook off an indisposition that had been lingering on me, as soon as I turned my back on that place in which I had been compelled to remain for so long a time.

A pleasant sail of an hour, across the bay, in a caïk, or common boat of the place, brought me to the scala, or wharf of Menimenn, a miserable spot, with nothing but a mud-built stable, a dirty custom-house, and a dirtier coffee-house. Here I joined a caravan that performs the journey weekly to and from Pergamus,* and continued my route in company with five Turks, and two timid Asiatic Greeks.

I agreed to pay for the two horses, for myself

* Caravans stop at this scala, whence passengers and goods are conveyed to Smyrna by water. This is done to avoid the deep inlet of the bay, which runs in towards Bournabat. The journey by land would be one of several hours; by, sea, it is generally performed in little more than an hour.

and drogoman, what the conductor of the caravan demanded. I forget what the sum was, but it was very small. Nothing, however, not even the offer to double the sum, would induce the fellow to let me put my English saddle on one of the horses. He said it was a heathenish invention, expressly calculated to give horses their death with colds; that it would wound the horse's back. In short, he would not hear it mentioned, and I was obliged to mount on the common Tatar saddle, as broad as a cradle, with two loops of ropes for stirrups.

In about two hours, keeping inland, a little to the right, we reached Menimenn, having passed, on our way, one solitary house, and two considerable Turkish cemeteries. Menimenn is now rather a large, scattered village than a town; many of its loosely spread houses are uninhabited; its numerous windmills, which, as is common in Turkey, form picturesque objects on the ridge of a hill, seem falling to decay, one after another, keeping pace with the decrease of the population; several of the mosques are abandoned, and the Greek church is in ruins. It was formerly described by travellers as a well populated and prosperous town; and it owes its present degradation to the system of oppression that has long been gnawing the vitals of this fair

empire; and of late, more directly, (like so many towns where Greeks and Turks are mixed,) to the inconsiderate, savage fury of the latter against the former, which resulted from the revolution and first successes of the rayahs in the Morea. In this place, many of the Greeks were murdered in 1821-2, and many ran away and sought refuge in the islands of the Archipelago, abandoning every thing to their destroyers. The slothful, luxurious Turks, soon exhausted their ill-acquired prizes, and then found none to labour for them, and to attract fresh supplies of wealth to the town. The grounds and fertile gardens of the more industrious and intelligent Greeks, which were wont almost exclusively to supply the extensive market of Smyrna, are suffered to remain uncultivated, or are but scantily cultivated by the remnant of the Greeks.

Two vast cemeteries, apparently altogether disproportionate to the present size of the town, contain numerous ancient marble fragments, some of great beauty, converted into Turkish tomb-stones, which gleam mournfully on the traveller's eye, from amidst the cypresses, that here, as well as in every place where the tree will flourish, mark the "last, long home" of the Moslemins. One of these cemeteries was latterly much haunted by a *ghoule*, or ghost; and a Turk

in our caravan swore to have seen it by moonlight, seated on a new-made grave at the extremity of the cypress-grove, making infernal grimaces. "All my flesh trembled," said the fellow, "like the curds of *caimak;** I sweated cold, and my tongue was tied!"

Both Greeks and Turks are fervent believers in supernatural apparitions, and abound with the most frightful tales. There was a Greek at the village of Boodjà, who could have furnished half a dozen of our romance writers of the old, and now almost extinct school, with an inexhaustible capital in this line of business.

On leaving Menimenn, a range of fair orchards, then all in bloom, and embalming the air, contributed to relieve the melancholy occasioned by the decay I had witnessed.

I rode an hour, and then crossed the Hermus† (here, near its mouth, a broad and stately river, flowing rapidly within a regular and deep bed) in a very rudely-fashioned, triangular ferry-boat, which was awkwardly worked by Turks, who

* A Turkish preparation of milk.

† The Hermus at the ferry is about as broad as the Thames at Kew, or the Volturno at Capua. The waters at that season rose to within a foot of the level of the plain, which however seemed to have been much inundated during the winter. In several places, both before and after crossing the Hermus, our horses sank in the swampy ground to their knees.

clamourously insisted on my paying twenty times the usual fare. After the passage of the Hermus, whose waters, by the bye, are in colour more like mud than the gold the ancients compared them to, we continued along a plain having mountains to our right, and the fine scenery of Smyrna's gulf, with its capes, mountains, and islands, to our left. I saw, as we advanced, three villages, situated at the feet of the mountains to our right; one of them, which seemed to have been the most considerable, was totally deserted. The Greeks who formed its population had been murdered, or had taken to flight in 1822. The plain, and indeed all the country from the scala of Menimenn, was swampy in many places, and cultivated in few. A lonely Turkish coffee-house, some camel-drivers and shepherds, here and there a scanty patch of tilled land, and three more burying-grounds, were almost the only signs of man I met with during the rest of the day.

The storks, those most oriental, most scriptural of birds, were numerous and familiar beyond what I could have imagined; they rarely moved at our approach, as they were picking with their long bills at the worms in the sod by the road side; and when they did, it was not by flight, but by stalking, in the most stately manner, a few yards off, where they would stand and gaze

unapprehensively at us, bend their heads on their backs, or entwine their lengthy necks with each other in amorous fondness.

The tender regard entertained by the Turks for most of the animal creation, (one of the strange anomalies in their characters—a striking contrast to their brutal disregard of human blood and life,) is sufficiently known, as well as the fact, that to the stork they have a peculiar and reverential affection. Few things will displease a Turk more than to molest one of these birds. They call him friend and brother—the friend and brother of the Moslemin race; and when they could yet aspire at conquest, they sentimentally affirmed that he would accompany them wherever they should carry their victorious arms, despite of the variety of climate, of heat or of cold.

The sagacious birds are well aware of this predilection; they build their large nests on the mosques, on the minarets, on Turkish houses; and to them, in their migratory existence, they return year after year; but the "*dolce nido*" is never erected on a Christian roof! I have observed in many towns, but particularly in Pergamus, where they were incredibly numerous; that in the Turkish quarter they strut about most familiarly, mixing with the people in the streets, affecting the open squares in the Turkish khans,

and other places of the greatest resort; but they pass not the boundary of that quarter; they never enter the parts of the town inhabited by the Greeks or Armenians.

The turtle-doves, which swarm in this part of Turkey, are almost equal favourites, and equally familiar; but their familiarity is of course less striking than that of the gigantic bird, the stork.

As we journeyed on, and day declined, my companions, the Turks, became very impatient; their eyes were every minute cast towards the sun, as if they would hasten his downward course, and they frequently enquired the hour of me. It was their grand fast of a whole lunar month, or their ramazann; during which they are not merely forbidden to eat, but even to drink a drop of water, and, what is perhaps more painful than all, to inhale one breath of their favourite tobacco. At length, the welcome sound of the gun that announces sun-set to the faithful, at this season of privation, boomed along the valley we were travelling in, from some distant village; and the dear, dormant chibooks were out, mounted, and lit in a moment. The two Greeks who had refrained from smoking, for fear perhaps of exciting their envy, or giving them offence, now, with a long expressive sigh, brought forth their pipes also, and joined the

rest. The Turks replenished their pipes several times before they thought of eating, though they could not have taken any nourishment since the preceding night, or at latest, that morning before sun-rise. They said neither their salath-asrr, (afternoon prayer,) nor their salath-maghrib, (evening prayer;) and I have observed in general, that most Turks when travelling omit the devotionary exercises altogether. This indeed is permitted by the Koran to a certain extent, particularly when labouring under hardships, or exposed to danger, to wayfaring Moslemins, and to soldiers during a campaign; but they are enjoined to keep a strict account of all the namazz, or prayers omitted, and to discharge the score when returned to their homes, or to peaceful situations. The really devout Turks, however, do not think themselves excused by easy journies in their own country, and will stop at the appointed times wherever they may be, in the village or town, in the plain, or on the mountain side, and perform their ablution and devotions.* At those moments, particularly when the scene

* Where water is not to be procured, they may rub their faces and hands with sand, which in such cases is allowed by the Koran to be equivalent to an ablution. The piety of their ancestors has, however, furnished the country with innumerable fountains.

of their religious halt happens to be a solitary wilderness, the stranger cannot help being impressed by their appearance. The rareness of the occurrence is a proof (one among many) that religious feeling is on the decline with the Turks.

We came to a solitary coffee-house shortly after sun-set, where I learned, for the first time, a singular species of Turkish exaction—the Greeks were made to pay a toll of ten *paras* (now about a penny) each, to the cafidji, or keeper of the hovel; and this I saw repeated at every coffee-house we passed. These establishments are indispensable to the Turks in a country where villages are "few and far between;" and they consider it just to make the rayahs pay for supporting them. They themselves, and the Franks as well, never pay but when they take a cup of coffee, for which from four to six *paras* are charged.

After four hours' ride from Menimenn, in a level country, we struck into the mountains (to the N.E.) and lost sight of the sea. The roads became very rough, but a fair moonlight permitted me to pick my way. The mountains, which are those seen from Smyrna, stretching towards Phocea, at the extremity of the gulf, are of inconsiderable elevation; yet the scenery was

wild and striking, our road lying occasionally along ravines with falling waters, while over our head the thick underwood that grew on the mountains' sides, moaned as it was agitated by the night breeze. As we proceeded in silence, (all my party smoking,) I heard, in two places, the barking of dogs and the bleating of sheep, but the uncertain light of the moon did not permit me to discern any houses or villages, or to distinguish them from the white, chalky tracts which were frequent, as the mountains are extremely calcareous. I was indeed often deceived, and took these white patches for the village we were journeying to.

It was nine o'clock when we reached our place of repose, a wretched, isolated little coffee-house, near a village called Menimenn-Guzel-Hissar, which is reckoned a journey of eight hours from the scala of Menimenn. The Turks count by the regular pace of a camel, three miles an hour, which we had hardly surpassed on the whole. I dined with my companion on some provisions we had brought with us, (the *café*, as is usual, afforded nothing but coffee and tobacco,) and shared with him the bed of honour—an elevated and boarded corner, covered with a dirty straw mat. The whole room was probably twenty feet square; on its earthen floor

slept the cafidji and five other Turks, one of them a madman or a saint, (the words are synonymous to Turkish idea,) whose wild looks and gestures rendered me rather uncomfortable at first. The room was dimly lighted by oil burning in an iron cresset stuck in the wall; and in the middle of the room was a *brazier* or pan of charcoal, at which, I know not how many times during the night the Turks were boiling their tiny cups of coffee. This was my first thorough Turkish night; the fleas, the stenches, and the burning charcoal, were not conciliatory to sleep. I had passed, however, nights as bad in Christian Europe, in the *ventas* of Spain, and the *taverne* of Calabria; but I confess I heard with pleasure the sound of the *temsick* or morning gun.* The Turks, who were already cross legged at their pipes and coffee, soon after put aside both for the day, and went and saddled the horses that had been tethered in the open air. The wild looking fellows with whom I passed this night, treated me rather civilly than otherwise. I was here told a tragical story. A young Turk of the village, many months before, had carried off by force or seduction, the daughter of another Turk of superior condition. The fugitives were

* This gun is also regularly fired about half an hour before sun-rise during the Lent, or Ramazann.

long sought after in vain; they were supposed to have gone to the mountains, and to have joined the wandering pastoral tribes of the Yerooks or the Turcomans, and the affair was almost forgotten, when on the market-day (the day before I passed there) the Turk who had suffered the wrong was seen to rush through a crowd, on a man, whom none of the villagers had recognized as the adventurous lover, and to stab him to the heart with his yataghan. The assassin was instantly arrested, tied with ropes, and sent off, under an escort, to the town of Pergamus, where I afterwards made ineffectual enquiries as to what would be his punishment, and how the law weighed the aggravation he had received. But in Turkey generally, punishment is awarded rather according to a man's relative wealth or poverty, than in proportion to his crime: with this curious variation, however, from certain other demoralized countries, where justice is made a traffic of, and the greater the wealth the greater the impunity—that here, extent of riches are adverse to their possessor, by becoming objects of consideration to the Sultan himself, the head of the law, who is too apt to see naught but guilt, when sentence of condemnation lays at his feet,—a head, and whatever wealth the peccant subject may possess. There is no drib-

bling with muftis, and cadis, and mollahs—the lion must have his share, which means the whole.

On leaving the coffee-house at Menimenn-Guzel-Hissar, our road lay for about an hour across a fine valley,* which *fiumari* or mountain torrents, are permitted to devastate, though the ancient works (some of them of the period of the Roman empire) by which their streams were confined, and the ruins of their bridges, remain to reproach the present indolent occupants of the soil, or rather their blind government, which extending the work of oppression and depopulation, which it has done for ages, makes it not worth the cultivator's while to improve land, or to defend it from the invasion of the elements, when he has but to remove his hut or his tent, and he may pick and choose in vast extents of unoccupied country, not subject to the same casualties. The continuance of this system, which I have seen exemplified wherever I have been, will reduce the beautiful valleys and fertile plains of Asia Minor into a pestiferous wilder-

* In this valley the ancient city of Cumæ is supposed to have been situated. The supposition is somewhat supported by the quantity of broken stones and marbles I saw scattered in it. The larger of the streams, though it hardly merits the name of a river, may have been the Xanthus.

ness, with a few scanty oases.* At the extremity of this little valley the waters stagnate into a lake, which in the fitting season must furnish the malaria miasma in profusion. Two hours after leaving the coffee-house where we had slept, we came again to the sea: to a little inlet of the long, devious bay of Sanderli. We saw at a distance the pretty town of Sanderli, the ancient Attalia, with its small white fortress close on the water's edge. It is said to contain four hundred houses, but its population has been affected by the violence of the Turks against the Greeks, who carried on some trade there up to the fatal period of 1822. The scenery by this little sea inlet was very pleasing. There were some vineyards, and a few scattered cottages on the mountain sides to our right; to the left were two fishermen's huts on the beach, and a solitary little skiff was sailing into the creek. We soon lost sight of the sea; a little beyond which I

* In confirmation of my opinion, and to enable the reader to form an idea of the rapid decay of these vast provinces, (a decay that within the last half century seems to have been going on with accelerated speed,) I may refer him to Macdonald Kinneir's interesting Travels in the interior and upper part of Asia Minor; and to Captain Beaufort's admirable survey of Karamania, or the lower or southern coasts of Asia Minor. These gentlemen frequently mention places, retaining the appearance of no remote prosperity, which are now deserted ruins.

observed a few yards of ancient road, and we continued our journey through a most romantic country; in a broad valley bounded, to the left, with rugged mountains, over which the dark blue mass of Mitylene's loftiest peak was frequently visible, and to the right, with gently swelling bosomy hills, clothed with grass, or verdant and odoriferous shrubs to their very tops; and we cantered for the greater part of the way over a level sward—a carpet of green velvet, enamelled with innumerable flowers, among which the beautiful wild tulip was conspicuous. There was the finest land for the support of a dense population, scenes sufficient for a hundred parks, myrtle and laurel groves for a hundred temples—and yet, merciful God! what did we find?—solitude and desolation!—as if the fertile soil were accursed, and the lovely heavens above charged with pestilence.

We met two very long strings of camels; we passed cemeteries and cemeteries, but no villages. Each cemetery contained numerous fragments of Grecian columns, capitals, friezes, &c. The size of the cemeteries give evidence of the existence of a Turkish population at no very remote period, of which hardly a trace is now to be seen, and the mutilated monuments of art refer, with a penetrating voice, to the far gone

days, when these regions shone foremost in civilization, when their plains and valleys were cultivated and populous, the cities frequent, and adorned with temples, statues, and other works, that the genius of after ages has perhaps not been able to approach. Except three miserable coffee-houses, situated each by the side of a fountain, and a small Turkish hamlet, called Kizkeiu, on the mountain side to the right, we scarcely saw a hut during a ride of five hours, after which time we merged into the open part of the plain of the river Caicus, on which the city of Pergamus stands. At one of the coffee-houses, where there was a Turkish guard, they demanded the ten *paras* from us. I would willingly have given them the trifle to avoid words, but my guide and drogoman, an active and spirited young man for a Levantine Christian, proud of his caste and privileges, was highly incensed at their presumption. "What do you take us for?" cried he; "do you think we are rayahs to pay your taxes?" The Turks waived the question with him, and levied double toll on our companions the poor Greeks. It will be well to observe here, that these coffee-houses or sheds, besides the uses expressed by their name, serve as stations for the military guards along the roads, and they are seldom found unprovided

with at least two or three idle fellows, who pass the day in an alternation of smoking and sleeping, and rarely extend their observation beyond the length of their pipe-sticks, leaving the care of the security of the roads to such Turks as may be obliged to travel them. This system did very well for the Osmanlis, in the total absence of highway robbers, but since the bold Samians have extended their excursions far into the heart of the country, threading the valleys, and crossing the mountains of the Cayster, the Hermus, and the Caicus, parties have frequently been surprised, robbed, and murdered within a gun-shot of these stations. Besides affording no protection to the rayahs, they are heavy grievances; as, withdrawn from the eye of authority, they erect themselves into the despots of the lonely districts. Near one of the coffee-houses we passed, a poor Greek, who probably to avoid exaction or insult, had endeavoured to pass unperceived behind the guard, had been shot at and severely wounded a few days before.

A short time after our departure from Guzel-Hissar, we had been joined on the road by a solitary traveller, who was also bound for Pergamus. He was a dashing young Turk—a Stambooli dandy, who, with the pride of the capital, affected to despise the rude dress and

ruder manners and idiom of his Asiatic brethren. He had left Stambool for Smyrna in pursuit of a recreant creditor, who, he there learned, had gone to Pergamus. He had performed the long journey from the capital, or rather from the Asiatic suburb of Scutari, on a beautiful, delicate, little grey horse, which he still rode. The neck of this palfrey was girt with a sort of wreath of different coloured ribbands, (the blue glass beads and heads of garlic could not be forgotten on such a favourite,) and one of the first applications of his recovered debt, would be, to purchase a span-new saddle, and inlaid bit and bridle. Praise the charms of a child, and you reach at once the heart of its mother; and if you praïse his horse, you are almost equally sure of reaching that of a Turk. His kindness went so far, that he gave his steed to me to try it, and mounted the humble Rozinante of the katerji that I bestrode. His favourite certainly merited praise. It was so perfectly "in the hand," that one might have ridden him at a canter round a dining table; and at its fleetest gallop I could bring him to a dead stop at a moment. To attain these much-desired qualities, however, the Turks ruin their horses' mouths with tremendous and cruel bits; and by being thrown back on their haunches, the hind legs are generally weak-

ened. All the falls I met with in Turkey, and I had several, were occasioned by the horse's hind legs failing him. When I returned his steed, the Stambooli remounted, and showed me several clever feats. They ended rather unfortunately, for he galloped into a morass, where the horse sank to his saddle girth, and in extricating himself, sprained his shoulder. The poor dandy's concern was very great; he rubbed him down, walked him gently over the fields to cool him, and seeing him limp, he determined to lag behind and give him rest. He tethered his favourite by his side, and laid himself down to sleep under a tree, where we left him.

The next day my friend found me out at Pergamus, and paid me a visit, bringing with him a few ancient copper coins he had picked up, as a present. He was *soigneusement paré:* he had put on another turban, from which, in conformity to the practice of Moslemin *petits-maitres,* (see the admirable portrait of Aly, in Anastasius,) dangled, caressing his cheek, and flattering his nostrils, a flower: it was a bright carnation, a flower the Turks are much attached to. Among other pleasant things, he told me I was wrong to lose my time in those barbarous regions; but if I were to go on to Stambool—to the most rich, the most beautiful, the—in-every-thing-

superlative Stambool, there I should find things to repay my labour!

This contempt for Asia and its inhabitants I afterwards found to be general among the proud Constantinopolitan Turks; but of the two classes of Osmanlis I have reason to prefer those of Asia Minor: they are generally a more simple, mild, and religious people, and the religion which inculcates some divine precepts, and in a marked manner those of charity and hospitality, is not to be despised. An excess of its feeling may lead occasionally to dangerous fanaticism, but an emancipation from its restraints leaves the barbarian to the habitual enjoyment of the passions of brute nature.*

I return to my journey. As we continued

* Colonel Leake, whose opinions I always consider as of great weight, differs from me in considering the European Turks milder and more tractable than the Asiatics. He imagines that a traveller will be subjected to much less ill treatment among the former than among the latter; and this, because the Turks of Europe are "tempered by their proximity to civilized nations, and the excess of the Christian population." Yet, from these very causes, I should derive a directly contrary consequence. The collision of opposite sects and races increases the hatred of each: and it is on the outworks or frontier lines that rival nations most heartily detest each other. I might instance our own borders, in old times, and at the present day, the borders of Portugal and Spain, of the Roman and the Neapolitan States, &c.

our route across the open plain of the Caicus, and approached that river, I saw a few scattered farm-houses, some horses, some small cattle, and some sheep grazing, and here and there a shepherd's cabin. About the seventh hour from Guzel-Hissar we crossed the Caicus, a river scarcely less celebrated in ancient writing than the Hermus, by a wooden bridge, supported on rude but strong stone piles, and destitute of balustrades or any thing to prevent your falling into the water, as Turkish bridges mostly are. The Turks call the Caicus the copper river, from the colour of its waters: it was here about half the breadth of the Hermus, where I crossed it below Menimenn, and ran in a deep bed, the level of the water being then from ten to twelve feet beneath the superficies of the plain. Numerous willow-trees to the right overhung the stream, which bounded and eddied near the bridge as if some ruins were in its way;—probably these might be the piles of an ancient bridge, which the thickness of the water concealed. From the ridge of mountains that faced the bridge we crossed, a bold perpendicular cliff detached itself, a little to the left; and the ruins of a fortress, which must at one time have been impregnable, were discernible on its flattened summit.

I now discovered the city of Pergamus, with its minarets and cypresses, situated on the lower slopes and at the feet of the lofty ridge of its Acropolis, which is crowned by the rugged and fast-falling walls of a deserted, barbarous castle, the loathsome usurper of the site of a Greek temple, which, to judge from a few mutilated remains, must have been magnificent. Getting, with some difficulty, before an interminable, double line of camels that obstructed the way, and leaving to my right three sepulchral barrows or tumuli, (which are even more common in the plains of the Caicus and of the Hermus than in the Troad itself, where their existence has been hallowed by Homer,) I entered Pergamus, the once splendid capital of a flourishing kingdom, by a street with hovels on each side, and a black pool of mud in the centre, and dismounted at a vast, ruinous khann.

My arrival excited some interest. A crowd of Turks gathered round me, and one or two expressed surprise that an Englishman (for my guide had in vain attempted to make them believe I was an Austrian—the class of Christians they have of late years considered their best friends) should be thus travelling over their country, and going among them, when his nation had burnt the Sultan's ships, and was or would be at war

with them. I was treated with some choice abuse of the battle of Navarino, but no personal ill-will was testified to me; and when they saw me go forthwith to the agha or governor's *konack*, their minds were satisfied as to my appearance.

On entering the square before the *konack*, I saw a tatar or courier arrive on a smoking horse. Three fine steeds, ready saddled, stood by the gate. We ascended to the governor's residence by a flight of wooden steps, not much better than a ladder. In the corridor, or lobby, we found a troop of gaudily dressed servants and attendants, most of them with silver-mounted pistols and yataghans stuck in their girdle: they were all-sitting cross-legged, cleaning chibooks or narghilés, and seemed scarcely to honour us with their notice. At last one of them, without rising, asked, in a sulky tone, what we wanted there. We replied, to see the governor; and holding up my letter, I walked on, and entered a sort of hall. We were crossing this hall to an open door opposite, where we saw some other servants, when an insolent black slave (those black Turks are always so insolent!) stayed our progress by grasping our coat-tails. He pointed to our boots, and ordered us to pull them off, ere we entered the abode of his master. This, for me, with a

pair of tight English boots, and my feet swollen by dangling eight hours over the sides of a tatar saddle, was no easy business. My drogoman's boots, however, sitting loosely upon him, he pulled them off, and advancing to the door, announced me to a slave, who went into an inner room, and presently came forth and beckoned me and my companion to enter a kiosk, where the aghà was seated on a sofa with some half dozen Turks with him. I carried the dust of my boots into his gracious presence, made my eastern reverence, and was told to take a seat on the sofa. The agha glanced his eye over the letter, then over me—then bade me welcome. He asked me a few rather silly questions; but he, as well as his company, were civil and polite in their way, or, according to the quaint description of Chishull on a similar visit, "they behaved themselves gentilely, that is, according to the genius of this haughty people, with an agreeable mixture of haughtiness and reservedness."

After a short interview we took our leave, the aghà assuring me of his protection, and referring me to his seraff, or banker, on whom I had an order for a small sum. We found this worthy Armenian a true representative of his caste—a fat, sleeky, submissive clown, seated in a dirty, pantry-like room, situated between a

kitchen and a water-closet, at a low money-table, or desk, and surrounded with scrolls of paper, and heaps of *paras*. Not liking the idea of passing several days in the miserable khan I alighted at, I availed myself of a clause in my letter, and asked the seraff if he could not find me a more comfortable lodging. He replied, that he certainly could; that *he* would lodge me. We thought he was going to admit us into his own house—into the impenetrable recesses of an Armenian dwelling—but we were mistaken. He went, and spoke to the agha, and then returning with a slave, who was to be our conductor, he hospitably sent us off to the house of one of the Greek primates. Though guests forced upon him, the Greek received us very well. His house was one of the best of the town, and he gave up its best room for my use; a room with an elevated flooring, railed in, and carpeted, divans, covered with blue cloth, round three of its sides, and windows of a curious half-gothic shape, prettily ornamented at the top with pieces of coloured glass inserted in the casement.

I had scarcely performed my ablutions, and taken comfortable possession of my apartment, when a man in a Frank dress entered, and announced himself as "Signor Angelo della Casa,

Italiano, Professore di Medicina, Antiquario, &c. &c per servirmi." The strange, wild appearance of this quack, his loquacity, his gross ignorance, his swaggering, and even his roguery, amused me for awhile, but he staid too long. I grew tired of him, I was dying of hunger, having fasted like a Turk the whole day, and was devising some polite mode of sending the fellow about his business, when the young man who accompanied me, entered, preceding a regiment of domestics, each bearing a dish in his hand. The agha, who could not offer me the usual hospitality at the time I called on him, as the sun (the slowly moving sun of Ramazann,) was still high above the horizon, had sent me a supper from his own kitchen. This was a great honour; but, as great honours will, it cost me rather dear. One man might have conveniently carried the whole on a small tray, but the rogues of servants had divided the repast ad infinitum, and I was bound in etiquette to give each of them a present. If Signor Angelo had felt little inclination to move before, he felt still less now that the savoury odours of the agha's *pilaff*, and *kibaubs*, and *dolmas* saluted his nose. He sat still while the low tray, at my knees, was laying. I was obliged to ask him to partake. He commenced operations with vigour, tucking up his sleeves,

and helping himself with his fingers; and in this cleanly fashion before I had eaten my rice, he had performed the round of all the dishes, praising their quality with his mouth full, and protesting that the governor had treated me like a "*personaggio distinto*," as I was. I hardly knew whether to laugh, or to be angry at his filthy familiarity.

My guide took the latter course, and seeing him thrust a second time his dirty hand into some creams, taxed him with an intent to turn my stomach. "*O! scusate mio caro amico, milordo mi scuserà, sua eccellenza conosce le usanze del paese!*" said the fellow, without blushing; and he bade us observe, which was correct enough, that there was only one spoon and a fork in the company.

Our good-natured host furnished us with two mattresses, with clean sheets, and warm cotton-stuffed coverlets. We spread these on the carpets, and soon enjoyed a delicious sleep.

The next morning I was awakened, not by the lark, but by the incessant cooing of innumerable turtle-doves, and the curious clacking noise made by the storks with their long bills. My levée was an odd scene:—I was hardly dressed when a host of Greeks and Turks, men, women, and children, rushed in, to offer me old coins and other antiquities for sale. Pergamus and its

vicinity is a rich mine for these objects. I was beset every morning by the venders. I purchased a few beautiful medals, and the heads of some little statues in terra-cotta, of peculiar grace; in one of which I found precisely the same style of *coeffure* or head-dress, as now prevails among my fair friends, the Frank ladies of Smyrna.*

The ancient remains of Pergamus have been ably detailed by Doctor Dallaway, and as part of his description, with additional remarks, has been lately brought before the public, by Mr. Arundell, in his visit to the seven churches, I may pass slightly over them. Stupendous walls rear their heads like giants, above the pigmy wooden houses of its present inhabitants, and strike the traveller's eye from far, but these, though colossal and solidly built, are neglected and falling to ruins—a circumstance not so deeply to be regretted, as they are certainly all of the lower empire, and of a period when the art of the architect had sunk to the mere craft of the bricklayer. Not only the ruins of immense walls called the church of Agios Theologos, but all the other ruins within the modern town, seem to me to have been Greek churches, or dependencies of churches,

* See Plate.

and of a much more recent date than is generally imagined. The marble cornices let into the flat and otherwise unornamented walls, the shape of the windows and their number, are not of the period they are referred to, but they are to be found *tale-quale* in some parts of Italy, in ecclesiastic edifices of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. We may mourn over the desecration of the edifices of the Christian faith, in a place once "so rich in gospel light," and so crowded with Christian temples. Mr. Arundell saw one of the churches "a workshop for coarse pottery:" such it still is. Another I saw converted into a cow-stall; and the poor Greeks with these stately structures of their ancestors before their eyes, some of which could be easily repaired and returned to their original and holy uses, are confined to a little church under the Acropolis, low, narrow, dark, and itself ruinous.

On ascending the lofty Acropolis, I found the easy "circuitous road, and a great part of the ancient broad pavement," and the embattled walls with frequent towers; but the perforated shafts of the columns which served as cannon, and were fixed in a row; the four magnificent Corinthian columns with capitals and angles of the cornice and pediment, "all in the highest ornament," thrown in a heap, no longer exist, as

they are described by Dallaway. Of the perforated shafts I saw not one; but I saw other shafts imbedded horizontally in the walls of the barbarous fortress, as they have been for centuries. Under the latest of the castles which is on the very summit of the Acropolis, I saw one inverted Corinthian capital of magnificent dimensions, but the work of the chisel was almost thoroughly obliterated by the sledge and pick-axe: another Corinthian capital I found in a still worse situation—it was thrown into a pit close by, and was at that moment being converted into lime!* I copied a morsel of a frieze (the ornaments, a *caput bovis*, and an eagle with an intermediate festoon of laurels, beautifully sculptured) which is bedded in the inner front of the castle, on the right of the gateway. These were the only objects of ancient art, retaining something of their original forms, that my diligent examination of the Acropolis could discover; and perhaps in a very few years, the traveller who may pass this way will find no trace even of these. Parts of the ancient fortifications, and heaps of stone and broken marbles remain, but

* The structure to which these large capitals belonged, stood on the apex of the Acropolis, and "once rose a temple, unrivalled in sublimity of situation, being visible from the vast plain, and from the Ægean sea."—DALLAWAY.

these disappear as the Turks want materials for their buildings.

I was filled with melancholy reflections as I looked down from the walls of the upper castle. Before me was a suite of ruins—the city of Lysimachus had disappeared; it had been in part destroyed by Roman conquest: but the perhaps equally magnificent Roman city, had disappeared too—the rich provincial city of the Greek empire had fallen after it; the walls erected by the Christians to defend them against the Sarassins and Turks, were all prostrate, and even the walls of the barbarous Donjon, which reigned the lord of all those stately edifices, the survivor of so many superiors, were themselves crumbling fast to the common ruin!

The scenery from the Acropolis is grand but sad. The fine plain before Pergamus, which (to use an expression of Professor Carlyle, when describing this part of Asia) "seems ready to start into fertility at a touch," is sparingly cultivated, except on the edges of the town; and we may well add, as he did with a sigh, "but alas! that touch is wanting!" On looking from the castle, I could trace the ravages made by the unrestrained flood-courses of the Caicus and its tributary streams, which have cut the plain into broad, bare, sandy veins.

I spent two days in visiting the Acropolis, the Naumachia, aqueducts and other ruins spread round its bases, and abounding in a narrow valley on the north-east, which is traversed by a romantic mountain torrent, (the Selinus,) and leads to a romantic and solitary Turkish cemetery with rustling pine-trees instead of cypresses.

I suppose baths are rather scarce at Pergamus, for I called at the one which contains the celebrated marble vase, three times before I could gain admittance; it was always full of Turkish women. When I did see the sealed treasure, I found it scarcely entitled to its celebrity. The size is extraordinary for a marble sculptured vase, but its form, never elegant, (and elegance of *contour* is one of the first things looked to in an ancient vase,) is reduced to deformity by the fractures it has sustained: its *orla*, or brim, is broken away in an unsightly manner—its pedestal is gone. But what is of more importance still, the figures in *relievo* are sadly defaced, and were never sculptured at a good period of the art; or, by a good master of that period. The subject of the composition is a bacchanalian procession, or race on horseback, in which fifteen figures are engaged; some carrying flaming torches, and one seems to hold a mask in his right hand.

In the form of the horses there is no beauty; in their action, and in the *pose* of the riders, there is little grace and little variety, except in the case of one man, who is falling from his seat. The heads of both horses and men have been carefully effaced by the orthodox Moslemins, who hold such imitations of God's works in abhorrence, and who (dreadful to think!) would have treated the divine forms of the Apollo di Belvedere, the Venus di Medici, and the Antinous, just in the same manner, had they fallen into their hands.

What has contributed to enhance the value of this mutilated vase, contributed perhaps even more than the too flattering judgment of a traveller, (Monsieur Choiseul de Gouffier,) who had certainly good pretensions to taste, in the fine arts, may be the singular circumstance that the Turkish proprietors who have inherited it from their ancestors after the long course of three centuries, have pertinaceously refused to sell it to any one, resisting (if we are to believe them) the tempting offer of immense sums. Any regard for the vase, as an object of art and antiquity, was scarcely to be supposed in a Turk, but even he might be susceptible of affection and reverence, for an object that had been so long a time in his family; and this would be a fine and

amiable feeling. On enquiry, however, from the man himself, I found he had as little sentimentality as taste, and it was thus in sense, though not in words, (for his account, and my drogoman's version occupied me an hour,) that he explained the matter, and the worldly motives which induced him to prefer a lump of stone to the more brilliant, and far more useful *mahmoodiers* he had been offered for it. The story is at least curious and characteristic.

"The tradition in my family states, that our ancestor, to whom we are indebted for this vase, found five others with it; each contained a quantity of coins in gold and silver, amounting together to an immense sum. According to our laws, all hidden treasures thus found in the earth, belong of right to the sultan, and consequently my ancestor, like an honest man and a good Osmanli, remitted into the hands of government an exact account of all that he had so discovered. Instructions came from Stambool, that he was to deliver up five of the vases, and keep the sixth for himself. On this he gave up the five vases with their rich contents; and as in the donation of the sixth vase, no mention had been made of the coins, he took also those of the sixth and added them to the rest. The sultan, who intended he should keep the treasure with the vase, was

so pleased at this, that he gave my ancestor a small estate, and the office, to be transmitted moreover to his successors, of collecting the government tithe on the grain grown in a neighbouring district. Now if I were to make away with this vase, it would be destroying a bond by which I hold my little estate and privileges."

To this curious story and reasoning, I intimated, merely to see what effect it would produce on him, that if some European government, or some great Frank, were anxious to have the vase, and willing to pay a large sum for it, they, or he, might obtain the sultan's consent to its alienation, and that its removal should in no way affect him or his successors. The old Turk shook his head doubtingly—"He did not care for the vase; a common one of stone or clay would suit his bath just as well, nay better, but ——" In short, he seemed to consider the vase as a talisman, as a magic ring or lamp, on whose possession his existence as a landholder and tax-gatherer depended, and representation and argument would fail against Turkish obstinacy.

Though so much has been said of this vase in Europe, the attempt I hinted to procure it is not likely to be made, or I should say, and that I do with confidence, that the vase is neither worth the sum that would now be expected, nor the

trouble it would require to obtain a *firman* from the Porte. Some few years back, however, an attempt was made to get it to England, an English traveller having authorized my friend Mr. Borrell, the antiquary of Smyrna, to offer as high as twenty thousand Turkish piastres for it, (about six hundred pounds, at the value of the piastre at the time.) The traveller had only heard and read of it, and Mr. Borrell himself had never seen it, or he would have smiled at the idea. The vase now stands propped up by stones, in the djeamé-khan, or outer room of the Turkish bath, which is dark and dirty. A few sponges and soiled towels were thrown into its capacious bosom, but it has formerly been used to hold water or some other liquid, and a large perforation, like the hole in a beer barrel, has been made in the lower part of it. The sides are very thick. The marble is coarse grey, and streaked, where you can see it under its coat of dirt.

An excuse may be necessary for dwelling so long on this subject, but the Pergamene vase has for many years engaged the attention of conoscenti and amateurs, and I have no where seen a fair account of it. Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix passed through Pergamus a few days after I left, and, as I heard, formed the same opinion of its value that I entertain.

The keeper (not the proprietor, who lives in the town) exacted twelve piastres from me to admit me into the bath, to a sight of the vase; and I was obliged to give six piastres more to the attendants. They permitted me to make a hasty sketch of it.* Over the door of the bath is a small *relievo* in stone—a sheep curiously done; and there are two or three other ancient fragments of little value in the court.

As I was leaving the place, a posse of noisy turbulent Turkish women arrived, to indulge in the luxury of the bath. They beset me in such a manner, all talking together, and asking God knows what questions, that I was obliged to rush through them in a most ungallant manner. They were all muffled up like ghosts; there was no telling whether they were young or old, handsome or ugly; but their boisterous manners, their ragged yellow boots, and dirty *yasmacks*, showed that they were of the town *canaille* of Pergamus—gentry to be avoided by all means, as they are malicious and delight in mischief. The poor Turkish women in the country I have found, on the contrary, extremely civil in general.

I was going into a yard of a khan in the town, where I saw several fragments of ancient capitals

* See Plate.

and friezes, when three Turks put themselves before me and the objects I wished to examine. They would not let me see them unless I gave them some backshish, (a present.) This was extreme insolence—the khans are open to every body, and these fellows did not even belong to the place. My drogoman charged them with this, and threatened to go and complain to the agha. The ruffians desisted and walked away, muttering something not worth repeating, about Ghiaours. I saw the fragments that did not merit the trouble; but on issuing from the khan, a large stone, thrown by some invisible hand, grazed the rim of my cap, and another struck my companion on the back.

In my excursions in the neighbouring country, the Turks generally watched my proceedings with a curious eye, imagining, as they always do, in their utter inability to conceive the real motives which induce us to incur so much trouble and expense, for the sake of visiting a few old bricks and marbles, that we are in search of hidden treasures, which we can discover by magical art. The poor Greeks, who are perhaps almost as ignorant, and quite as superstitious as their masters, are also of opinion, that every barrow in their plain, and every mass of ruins, covers incalculable wealth, which they are prevented from

seizing, not more by the jealousy and rapacity of the Turks, than by the presence of myriads of dark and malignant spirits, who vigilantly guard the subterranean treasures, by night and by day. One of these fellows I engaged as my guide to some massy ruins of an inexplicable building, (but I think it a church and monastery,*) situated round the edge, and down the sides of a dark gulley, through which a brawling stream discharges itself from a long passage under ground, and to a warm source of mineral waters,† converted into baths, both to the west of the town; the former half a mile, and the latter two miles distant, in the pleasant plain, near the feet of the mountains, on the right of the Caicus. On our way back to Pergamus, as we passed in the dusk of the evening, the dark gulley, and the massy ruins just mentioned, he told me an event which happened, not indeed in his time, but in that of his father; and there were many Greeks living in Pergamus who could attest the fact.

* This building, situated in a dull hollow, has been absurdly called the Palace of Attalus, which was on an elevated spot, and compared, in point of prospect, with the imperial palace of Byzantium.

† These waters are highly medicinal, and the baths though small are well built with brick in the Italian style. At the time of my visit they were converted into a sort of tan-yard, and three surly Turks were soaking filthy goat-skins in the marble lined basin.

A party of *palikari*, bold and enterprising, determined to open the largest tumulus in the plain, which has always been called, by the Turks, *Malteppé*, or hill of treasures. After mature consideration, they fixed on which side of the base of the cone they should begin operations, and went one night, (chosen for its peculiar darkness, that the Turks might not see them,) with proper implements and covered lights, to make their fortunes. They removed the bushes and the grass that covered the masonry; they began with impious hands to break away the stones and bricks, when of a sudden, the roar of a tremendous voice was heard—the mount shook as with an earthquake; a huge serpent issued from the hole they had made, and pursued them across the plain. One of the adventurers was so terrified at the horrors he saw and heard, that he never more recovered his senses.

Superstitions like these may guard the repose of those who have lain so many centuries under the accumulated barrows. But were these barrows—all these barrows, tombs? From their frequency, not only in the Troad, but throughout the Thracian Chersonesus, throughout the valleys of Asia Minor, and elsewhere, Dr. Clarke and other travellers have been induced to doubt, and I may add my doubts to theirs.

The traditions of the people, both Turks and Greeks, (if that is of any weight,) refer most of them to a warlike origin of comparatively moderate date, and very few to sepulchres. We have, however, the testimony of history for this mode of disposing of the remains of the illustrious dead in Lydia; and that country might have derived her modes from, or given them to, her neighbours—Phrygia, Mysia, Caria, Ionia, Æolis, and Doris, in each of which these mounds are frequent. Near Pergamus there are three tumuli of considerable elevation, besides many conical hillocks, evidently raised by the hand of man. The largest of the tumuli is at the S.W. about three quarters of a mile from the town, and not more than a musket-shot to the left of the road to Smyrna. Its base has been girt by walls, which are still to be traced nearly all round. The mount, at the time I was there, was covered with the richest grass, and its summit offered me a fine view of the town of Pergamus, which backed by its grand and abrupt Acropolis, and mixed up with cypresses and numerous poplar-tress, is an agreeable picture at a distance. The next tumulus, a few hundred yards to the left, or to the south, is irregular and bare, with no appearance of building about it. The third, nearer to the town, is a beautiful green hill like the first, but also without any ruins.

During my stay at Pergamus, I observed that the Turkish quarter of the town was very dull in the day-time; half the shops were shut up; few but the poorer Turks were abroad, or if you met an effendi he seemed gloomy and unsociable. No sooner, however, had the evening gun fired, than the scene became gay and animated. The bazaars were lighted up, the cook-shops thrown open, the coffee-houses crowded, pipes lit, and something like good-humour revived. Strapping fellows were seen stalking from the kibabjis with their smoking dinner; from better houses issued savoury odours of roasted, and fry: every where you saw signs that the Moslemins were indemnifying themselves for the fast of the day with the feast of the night. At a later hour, after their repast, the coffee-houses and the bazaars were well filled: some groups gathered round an itinerant tale-teller, on benches in the open air, all smoking their chibooks, or indulging in the rarer delight of a narghilé.* The restraint of the day gave a charm to the liberty of the night, and on such occasions even the Turks can be cheerful.

I went one night to the aghà's. Here reigned the same spirit. Two horses richly caparisoned stood at the outer gate; by the sides of the gate

* Narghilé, a water-pipe.

branches of pine-trees were burning as an illumination, in iron gratings that were fastened on poles about six feet high. In the lobby, the slaves and attendants were smoking; the interior of the konack was lighted by numerous lamps; visiters came and went, and the governor was never left a moment without some half dozen of notables, smoking by his side. The visiters were all in their best robes and turbans. The contrasting and bright colours affected in the oriental costume, the variety of rapidly changing faces, the gay light shed by the lamps, the stir and bustle, were well calculated to strike a stranger.

I was treated with coffee, a chibook and sweetmeats; and as I sat smoking, in the midst of these Osmanlis, each as brilliant as a tulip, I could not help thinking that my European dress, and its colours of sober grey and black, must look rather beggarly. What, however, interested me as much as any thing at the agha's, was the sight of a young man, a descendant and a branch of the great Carasman Oglu family; of that illustrious race, that held so long the whole of these wide regions of Asia Minor as their property, or their government, and who had maintained, to an astonishing degree, (for Turkey,) peace, justice, and happiness; who had improved the coun-

try and the condition of the people, and to whose comparative refinement of manners, and noble hospitality, all travellers at the time bore witness.* This lopped branch seemed about five or six-and-twenty years old, rather delicate in person, and superior in manner, if his name did not prejudice me in his favour. I learned afterwards, that Pergamus was his habitual residence; that he was wealthy, (for that country,) mild, and affable; but indolent, like the rest of the Turkish proprietors, and devoted to nothing but his chibook and his *harem*, which was said to be well furnished. It could hardly be otherwise; deprived of all political influence, of power, or occupation of any sort, where his race had almost reigned; with nothing to engage activity, or awaken his intellectual faculties, he had taken refuge from the tedium of life, in sensuality. This is the general course followed by Turks, whose fortunes permit, and we see its general effect (I speak of the rich) in the decay of the brilliant qualities that distinguished their ances-

* The reader will remember the admirable picture of the Asiatic lord, in Anastasius. Mr. Hope, in the course of his travels, was personally acquainted with the Carasman-Oglus, I believe, through the introduction of the late Mr. Robert Wilkinson, (a great friend of the family,) a merchant of Smyrna, and father of my friends Messrs. W——, to whose kindness I have several times referred.

tors—in a prostration of spirit, in a grovelling and beastly devotion to the mere pleasures of the senses.

When the present sultan Mahmood's jealousy, seconded by the views of the astucious favourite of the time, Halet-effendi, (a Turk, who at Paris had contracted many of the levelling ideas of the French revolution—ideas false and pernicious in themselves, and not likely to be improved in their passage through his mind,) when Mahmood began the destruction of the *Ayans*, or hereditary lords of the empire, he was obliged to respect the high and powerful blood of the Carasman-Oglus. He waited for years before he would even venture to curtail their authority; but when the head of the race expired, and the young and inexperienced members were left, he succeeded in reducing the noble house to that general level above which *his* Imperial head alone is to rise. He drew some of them to the capital,* and burdened and chained them with honours, that their wise and spirited fathers had

* I saw another member of the family at Constantinople. He had been ruining himself in building ships of war for the grand signior. None of the family however (any more, I believe, than their neighbours and rivals the Tchappan Oglus) had suffered death. This was something; for in the progress of the sultan's abrogation of the feudal authority, the heads of Ayans were an object of great traffic on the roads.

always disdained and refused. Others were left in the provinces at Magnesia, at Pergamus; but the influence they had been taught to consider as a birthright, was transferred to a pasha, to mootsellims, and aghas, the direct servants of the Porte.

Mahmood has had the pleasure of seeing the political power of the Carasman-Oglus annihilated; but it might be a drawback on his satisfaction to know, that since that event, the condition of the country and inhabitants has deteriorated, as well as the revenue they afforded to his government.

After my visit to the agha of Pergamus I went to a coffee-house near the bazaars, where I staid till rather a late hour, amused with the scene. When I went home, I still left a crowd. And here it will be well to remark, that thepenitence and fasting of the Ramazann, except to the poorest, and perhaps to some men in office at the capital, is no very serious mortification to the Turks. They contrive to sleep through the greatest part of the day; the evening gun releases them from all restraint, and they sit up all night feasting and enjoying themselves.

At my quarters at the primate's, I had an opportunity of seeing something of the Greeks. Every evening, my landlord, in his quality of

primate, held a little court, composed of some of the most respectable Greeks of the town. I occupied his best room, and could hardly pretend to exclude his visiters from their usual divans; on the contrary, their society afforded me great pleasure, and I opposed my host's proposals of removing them to the lower apartment, which he, in delicacy, made every time they came. The costume, the habits, and manners of these people are essentially oriental, and I might perhaps say, Turkish; but yet the lively Greek character was in them, and its frequent bursts contrasted most singularly with their outward semblance of apathy and indifference. They sat cross-legged on the low sofa which went round three sides of the room—every one in his soleless morocco leather *mestler*,* having left his *papooshes* at the threshold of the apartment; and every man furnished with a long chibook and a *tutun-kessesi*, or tobacco bag. But instead of the wordless silence I have remarked in Turkish congregations of the sort, we had histories and anecdotes, questions about Europe, whimsical discussions, and if not any vast deal of wit, plenty of laughter occasionally. It is matter of astonishment to see how these people bear up

* The *mestler* is the slight, *soleless* boot, which is thrust into the papoosh or slipper when they go abroad.

against the tremendous and rapidly-succeeding blows of misfortune, and how they "dwell in the midst of alarms," with easy minds and unbroken spirits. The effect of the *kismeth*, or doctrine of fatalism and predestination on the Turks, does not (at least, at present) seem to be able to sustain a comparison, as a supporter in the miseries and reverses of mortal life, with this happy elasticity of mind of the Greeks. Without this temperament, without this elasticity, their existence would have been utterly unbearable these last six years. In rather a numerous society, there was not an individual but had sustained some dreadful calamity since the period of the revolution. More than one had seen their children murdered before their eyes; their wives, their daughters, carried away to worse than death; some had seen their houses burned to the ground, and the last *para* of their property destroyed or seized; some had been beaten and imprisoned, and two exiled for years far in the interior of Asia—yet they spoke with calmness and equanimity of these recent wrongs and sorrows, and passed the evening with a lightness and joviality that could hardly be surpassed in happier countries, where property and life are secure and sacred. A few black olives, and some *colooracki*, or small biscuits, were the re-

freshments served up on a low tray, and occasional sips of *raki*, aided the gaiety of the party. I never saw a papas, or Greek priest in the company: a striking difference from the society of small towns in Catholic countries, where you are almost certain to find one or more of the hierarchy.

But the Greeks, with all their superstition, do not entertain that blind reverence for the "cloth" which I have observed to prevail among the ignorant classes of the rival church. They separate the man from the faith he professes and teaches. This may be in part attributable to the different institutions of the two churches: the Catholic priest, bound by a vow of celibacy, stands apart from the community—he does not form one of it—but the Greek papas* marries, and has children born unto him like the rest, and his wife and his family identify him with his lay brethren. In general, the parochial priests are ignorant, and sincere in the devotion they profess; they

* The poor Greek priests marry, but those who aspire to rank in the church never do, as no ecclesiastical dignity is conferred on a married priest. The number of the aspirants is however small, and used to be confined in a great measure to the Greeks of the Fanar. The *Economòs* of the patriarch at Constantinople (and his was rather the charge of a steward and administrator) was the only man of rank in the Greek church that I have known, who was married.

are inoffensive, not so intolerant as they have been represented, simple in their lives, and unambitious. The simplicity of the lives of the priests of the Greek communion, indeed, as contrasted with those of the Latin clergy, has always been remarked. Gibbon, who had no affection for either class, says, in speaking of them as they were in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—"The lives of the Latin clergy were more corrupt, and the Eastern bishops might pass for the successors of the apostles, if they were compared with the prelates who wielded by turns the crozier, the sceptre, and the sword."

Among the dignitaries, there are a few men who might do honour, by their learning, to any church, but of them I shall speak hereafter. The fact, the important fact I have already stated, of their extreme willingness to promote the dissemination of the Scriptures in the vulgar idiom, and of any other book not inconsistent with the general Christian creed, will go far to ensure this body the affection of Protestants.

Pergamus had its full share of the horrors committed by the Turks in 1821-2. Considerably in the interior of the country, and with no communication with their brethren who occasionally visited the coasts, the Greeks here had hoped to escape. But the Osmanlis, who flocked by

hordes to the destruction of Haivali, not contented with the deeds they had committed in that devoted town, on their return to their homes massacred the inoffensive Greeks of Pergamus. A thousand are said to have fallen in this city alone. A more recent calamity had befallen the Greeks: a few months before my visit, a fire, breaking out in a Turkish bake-house, where the two quarters of the town join, had consumed about fifty of their best houses. But it must not be supposed that wretchedness is confined to the Greeks: the ruinous system of government has oppressed and continues to oppress the whole country; in Pergamus, as elsewhere, I saw evidences of extreme distress among the Turkish population. One morning, in crossing the square before the agha's konack, I saw a number of Turkish peasants in the extremity of affliction—the meridji, or tax-gatherer, had seized their horses and asses, and implements of agriculture, to pay the arrears of their imposts. The Greeks and other rayahs, though harder taxed than the Moslemins, having more industry and resources than they, suffer less when left to themselves; and, with the exception of the Jews, they seem better dressed, better lodged and nourished than the generality of their proud oppressors.

Pergamus is situated somewhat more than sixty miles to the north of Smyrna. Its population, decreased as it has been, still amounts to between fourteen and fifteen thousand, of which there are above three thousand Greeks. There are not more than three hundred Armenians, and not so many Jews. A dirty little Italian quack (my friend Signor Angelo) was head practitioner of medicine in the city which gave birth to Galen, and of which Æsculapius was the tutelar divinity. I was pleased to see, that as well as at Smyrna, there were several little schools open for the instruction of children in reading and writing; but I could scarcely avoid a melancholy smile on observing that in one of them, a collection of about fifty volumes in modern Greek, printed at Venice, was honoured with the title of "The Library;"—a shrunken representative indeed of the ancient collection of two hundred thousand volumes, which, inferior only to the Alexandrian library, was formed here by the munificent monarchs of Pergamus.

Led away by the connexions that exist in my own mind, and by the numerous recollections (many of them agreeable and romantic) of my residence at Pergamus, where I staid the best part of a week, living entirely with the people of the country, and in their way, I have pro-

bably detained the reader longer than he could have wished. Yet before I take him on my journey, I must offer an attempt at the description of a scene that fills my mind with delight.

Towards sun-set I walked in an open gallery which ran along the back of the primate's house; thence, looking over the roofs and upper apartments of curious dwellings, I saw before me, at a very few yards distance, the lofty, massy, castle-like walls of the old Greek church of Agios Theologos, whose rough ridges, covered with their nests, (larger than our bushel measure,) and whose angles, buttresses, and every "coin of vantage," used to be incessantly frequented by troops of stately storks. They were always divided into pairs, sometimes only the long elastic neck of one of them would be seen towering from the "procreant cradle," while the consort would stand by on one of his long slim legs, and watch with the assiduity of affection. Sometimes one of them caressing his mate, ere he left her, would spread his broad, snow-white wings, fly away to the town or the fields, and thence return with a large twig or other materials for the nest, or a supply of provisions for his occupied partner. Other couples would be grouped on the edges of the stupendous ruin, entwining their pliant necks and mixing their long bills; or in pretty coquetry,

one would bend her neck over her back, and bury her bill in the luxuriant plumage, like a pretty girl, shunning her lover's kiss but to invite it; and her consort would make his long bill clack, with a peculiar sharp and monotonous sound, and then in gentle force raise the recreant head, and embrace it with quivering delight. I have often counted as many as fifty couple of storks at a time upon the ruins. Mixed with these large white birds, or issuing from their nests, in the crannies of the walls below those of the storks, or flitting athwart the twilight sky, were thousands of little blue turtle-doves, forming an amorous choir, which never ceased its cooing by day or by night. These sounds, and I must add, the vernal voices of cuckoos, almost equally numerous, used to compose me to sleep, and to them I awoke in the morning. Looking beyond the walls, to the left of the ruins, I could discover the vast, melancholy plain, traversed by the river Caicus, and bounded by majestic mountains; and near at hand, rushing along between tall poplar trees, and traversed by a rude Turkish bridge, was the mountain stream of the Cetius, at that season a rich rivulet.

These poetical birds, the stork and the dove, certainly characterize "the land of the east, and the clime of the sun;" but from my experience,

I should exclude the nightingale, which Lord Byron included in his magnificent imitation of Goëthe's sonnet on Italy.* I never heard the nightingale in any part of Turkey I visited, except at Kiathané, near Constantinople, and at some of the villages on the Bosphorus. In the neighbourhood of Smyrna it is so rare, that I remember being told by a young Frank lady, that she had never heard mention of such a bird.

* Every body will remember this—the beautiful opening of the Bride of Abydos, "Know ye the land," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Pergamus—Soma—Turkish School—Turkish Jews—Scenery—Fair at Kirkagatch—Greek College—Ayakeui—Female Captive—Magnesia—Turkish Khans—Camels—Turkish Tale-Tellers—Mosques—Turkish College—Medical Pretenders—Grotesque Exhibitions—Coursing in Turkey—Turkish Mansion—Population of Magnesia—Religious Enthusiasm—Mosques of Magnesia.

I LEFT the ancient city of Pergamus on the 29th of March, at four in the morning, for the town of Kirkagatch, (the centre of a rich cotton district,) Magnesia and Sardes. On issuing from the town by a Turkish cemetery, we struck across the plain of the Caicus, in a direction nearly due east, towards some conical mountains, part of the Sardene chain that separates this valley from that of the Hermus. We were soon perplexed in a long succession of dangerous bogs and swamps, caused by the inundations of the river and streams, which, as I have before mentioned, are permitted to devastate this fertile and beautiful country. Two hours after our departure from Pergamus, we again crossed the

Caicus by a half ruined wooden bridge. A few paces above this bridge a stream running from the north, and at its junction looking as considerable as the Caicus itself, falls into that river. I am inclined to believe this stream to be the Celius, which, according to Col. Leake's map of Asia Minor, rises under Mount Pindasus, at no great distance. After passing the Caicus, my guide pointed out a large village to the right, on the lower declivity of the mountain, where, he told me, pieces of old building, marbles, and coins were frequently dug up by the peasants. This was probably the site of the ancient Apollonia, which was situated on an eminence to the east of Pergamus.

As we left the river behind us, the country gradually improved. At first we found rich pastures; then pastures mixed with corn-land, and fields dedicated to the cultivation of the cotton-plant. Some villages were seen at a distance, showing themselves through groves of elegant poplars; and when we arrived at Soma, we found the immediate neighbourhood of that town really magnificent. (I was five hours riding from Pergamus to Soma; the distance may be about eighteen miles.) This little town is beautifully situated on the acclivity of a hill: the mountains which rise close behind, are ren-

dered very picturesque by their rugged outline, bold precipices, and dark woods of pine; and the plain which spreads before, traversed in a graceful, winding line by the river Caicus, was then gay with the verdure of spring, and cultivated to a degree, very rare in this country. Soma contains about six thousand inhabitants, of which nearly one half are Greeks.

During my stay at Pergamus, I heard a strange account of a village in the neighbourhood of Soma, called Trachalla, and for this I directed my steps while the horses were refreshing. I happened to pass through one of the streets just at the moment of the eruption of a Turkish school, the riotous little members of which followed me far up the hill, shouting and laughing with all their might. I entered a deep winding defile (at the bottom of which a brawling stream coursed along, turning some mills) that ascends from the back of the town up the mountains. In a quarter of an hour I came in sight of Trachalla, pitched like an eagle's nest on the rocky peak of a steep mountain: so steep and lofty, indeed, that though it seemed close to me, it took me half an hour's laborious climb to reach the village. The occupants of this airy tenement, though Mussulmans, have all a strongly marked Jewish countenance, totally different

from the Turks, and which cannot be mistaken. They have been established there a great length of time—they keep apart from both Turks and Greeks with great care—they have no fellowship with any of their neighbours—they intermarry among themselves, and never give a bride from their village, or receive one from elsewhere—they attend the mosque on Friday, and fulfil all the religious duties prescribed to them by the Mahometan law; but the Saturday they hold as a holiday on which they will "do no manner of work." This strange, unsocial, exclusive race, is undoubtedly descended from some of the scattered children of Israel, many thousands of whom were forcibly converted to Mahometanism during the early conquests of the Turks, when the Koran held a close alliance with the scimitar, (the blade of the one inculcating the doctrine of the other,) when the conquered and captive had to choose between Islamism and death, and long ere the present intolerance or indifference prevalent through the Ottoman empire was known: and it is singular to remark, to what a degree and through what an extent of time these extraordinary beings have preserved their original character and attachment to their ancient usages. At first, perhaps, the keeping holy the Saturday, was a sort

of compromise between their old religious faith and their new, but *now* they are observed to be as thorough Mussulmans as any of their neighbours; and their varying from the Turks in that respect, and their custom of intermarrying only among themselves, should scarcely seem to be attributable to any lingering affection for the Mosaic institutions. They are a fine set of people—a striking family likeness prevailed in all those I saw. (I remarked one young girl of extraordinary beauty and grace, with the real Hebrew eye—that eye different from all others of the east or the west, the north or the south; and which, he who has once well studied it, can never mistake afterwards.) They have the reputation of being a harsh race, bold, but cruel, and not over scrupulous in honesty. My conductor advised me to stay as short a time as possible, and seemed very glad when we regained the khan at Soma. Here a Turkish guard demanded my *teskerè* or passport, and this was the first and only time it was asked for, from my leaving Smyrna to my return. By mistake, I produced an old *teskerè* I had in my pocket-book, given me the preceding autumn by the agha of Chesmé, for a journey to the ruins of Erythræ; but it was all one—the sight of the Turkish character and signet was enough: not a man among them could read.

I left Soma at noon. The country for some distance continued to be beautiful, but as the plain widened it became less interesting: the hills to the left were low and naked: the plain seemed waste and destitute of verdure; but it is this plain that produces the great quantity of fine cotton (the valuable staple commodity of the district) which is bought up at Kirkagatch* for the market of Smyrna. The mountains on our right, however, were not destitute of grandeur. We kept close to their base, following their curve, and passing at intervals some picturesque clumps of pine-trees, until we reached Kirkagatch, which is situated in a corner, at the very foot of the mountain; a lofty, bare, grey precipice of which serves it as an epaulement. Kirkagatch is between twelve and thirteen miles to the east of Soma, but owing to the badness of our horses, and the inconvenience of our Turkish saddles, which we had unfortunately preferred this day to the broad *palanca* or Tatar's saddle, we were more than four hours in riding that distance.

* Besides its cotton, the district of Kirkagatch is famous for its honey, which is packed up in drums like figs, and exported in great quantity. The Kirkagatch honey is of the consistence of butter, and in colour rather white; it is not extraordinary that it should taste of the cotton plant, which so abounds in these plains.

I should not omit to mention that the Suridji (the man that goes with hired or post-horses, and acts at the same time as guide) who conducted us this day from Pergamus, of which place he was a native, had just a few days before arrived from Egypt, where he had been carried after the battle of Navarino. We had hardly mounted our horses in the morning, when he told us he had been in that tremendous fight—a circumstance which I did not think calculated to increase his good will to Franks—to an Englishman. I was however much mistaken; for he went on to tell us, that after the ship of the line on board of which he served had been blown to pieces, he was picked up when on the point of drowning, (and several of his comrades with him,) by an English boat—that the English were kind to him—that they fed him well, gave him cloathes, (part of which he still wore, and the articles of honest Jack's wardrobe, contrasted oddly enough with the rest of his oriental attire,) that he saw them and the French as well, treat the wounded Turks and Egyptians, abandoned by their own countrymen, with merciful attention. He concluded by expressing an ardent gratitude, by saying, that the Franks were good people, and that he should always love them. He certainly seemed to lose no opportunity of describing the terrific conflict, and praising the

magnanimity of the enemy; and I reflected with pleasure that this poor creature, in the course of his journeys and his ordinary communications with his countrymen, may operate an extensive and important good. He may show them that the Christian people are not really the implacable enemies to Mussulmans that they have been described to be; (for the vulgar notion of Christians is scarcely more favourable than our nursery portrait of the turbaned and malignant Turk;) that they profess and practice the virtues most recommended by their holy prophet, and thus he may awaken a responsive feeling in some bosoms, and convince even the harsh and fanatic, that men capable of such deeds do not quite merit to be considered and treated as dogs, when adverse fate subjects them to the Mussulmans. There are many Turks who have similar tales to tell—may they all be animated with as good feelings as this poor fellow, and serve as missionaries of mercy wherever they go!

On entering the town of Kirkagatch I found it crowded and busy, a grand fair being held that day. Long strings of camels, relieved of their loads, were recumbent in the streets we passed; and in the yard of the khan we alighted at, large bales of beautifully white cotton were displayed, and parties of Armenian brokers were engaged bargaining and chaffering with the Turkish and

Greek cultivators. The stately storks, and the pretty turtle doves at the same time, were strutting and flitting about the court, fearless and familiar even in a crowd. I was followed through the streets to the khan, by a man in the Frank costume, who addressing me in a broad Neapolitan dialect, bade me welcome to Kirkagatch, told me he was a "Professore di Medicina," and offered his services. He had very much the air of some of my old acquaintances the mountebanks that frequent the molo at Naples; and my recent intercourse with the Italian quack at Pergamus, had disinclined me to any further communication with their caste. His civility however was not to be repulsed—he followed me when I went out to look at the town, acted as my *cicerone*, returned and supped with me at the khan; and (what perhaps may appear incredible) in the course of four or five hours he was with me, never made an attempt to cheat me, with coins or any thing else.

Kirkagatch is a considerable place, but inferior in population to Pergamus. The Greeks formed one half of the population, and among them were many wealthy, respectable families engaged in the cotton trade. Since the revolution, they have suffered like their brethren in other parts of Asia Minor, and many of them are fled. The primate whom I visited had a good house and a

very interesting family. Two young men, his eldest sons, had been at the Greek college at Haivali: they spoke French tolerably, Italian very well, and seemed to have some notions of literature. I was surprised and amused on turning over their books, to find a translation in modern Greek of terse John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress! I have since, however, had opportunity of seeing among the Greeks, many other copies of the same work and the same edition, which proceeds from an English missionary press at Malta, conducted by a Mr. Wilson. Among the mean, ruinous looking houses of the Turks at Kirkagatch, there was one belonging to the Carasman-Oglu family that deserved the name of a palace—(at Soma they have another mansion,) the khan we were lodged at also belonged to them, besides which, a mosque, a hospital, and several public fountains, attested their wealth and their munificence. I shall again have occasion to speak of this great but fallen family, splendid traces and honourable testimonials of which I met with wherever I went. I saw no ancient remains about the town of Kirkagatch, except some fractured columns in the Turkish cemeteries; but I was told there were several ruins in the plain, and that medals were frequently found. This indeed is very probable: the rich neighbourhood anciently teemed with

population, (a narrow circle having enclosed four splendid cities,) and I regretted that my time did not permit me to run over the whole plain of the Caicus, which, like the plain of the Hermus, has never been properly examined. I visited the Greek church in the town:—it is rich, and ornamented in much better taste than is usually found; it contains some paintings similar in style, and not much inferior to the works of Pietro Perugino. There was a Holy Family in particular, which I could almost have taken for a *morceau* of the divine Raphael's master, of whose merits, by the bye, I do not entertain quite so elevated an opinion as George Primrose's cousin. The credulous Greeks have recourse to a miraculous interference, to account for the escape of this church from spoliation and destruction during the last troubles.

I left Kirkagatch the next morning at five o'clock, for Magnesia, with rather a numerous company of Turkish travellers. The katerdji, or carrier, that had been accustomed to go to and from Magnesia on certain days, had disappeared the week before, and as no other robbers had infested the roads for years, it was concluded those bold depredators, the Greek Samiotes, had extended their excursions so far, which was deemed to render it necessary that travellers should proceed in large bodies, and well armed.

We passed through a small village almost immediately after leaving the town. After a ride of little more than an hour, along the base of these mountains, our caravan struck across them, by a rude and precipitous path, in a direction about S. E., and in an hour and a half more reached a pretty little town called Ayakeui. There also I met a quack doctor, the son of an Italian barber at Smyrna, who served me as *cicerone*. This town, pleasantly situated on a spur of Mount Sardene, and on the edge of the great Magnesian plain, contains some tolerably good houses, and has altogether an air of comfort and neatness rarely met with in Turkey. A vast palace of the Carasman-Oglus, deserted and hastening to decay, stands at one end of the town, and a large and tasteful kiosk, with gardens, belonging to the same family, crowns a neighbouring eminence. The country about Ayakeui, for some distance, is well cultivated and productive in corn. After an hour's rest we journeyed on, and soon reached the level of the extensive plain of the Hermus, which I had crossed in my journey from Smyrna to Pergamus, below Menimenn. Beyond the district of Ayakeui cultivation ceases; it is succeeded by tracts of pasture, wide and luxuriant, but most scantily supplied with flocks and herds. The description of the plain of the Caicus, in my

preceding chapter, may be applied almost without varying to this, its neighbour;—strips of cultivation, extensive pastures, Turkish cemeteries, where there are now no signs of a living being, unhealthy swamps, and wide gravelly veins, traced by the river and its tributary streams, are the marking features of both. We rode across the melancholy flat until eleven o'clock, when we halted by a marble fountain; near which is a large open kiosk, destined for the shelter, the repose, and devotions of travellers; both erected by the Carasman-Oglus. The suridjis taking the bits from the horses' mouths, and slipping shackles over their fore-feet, left them to graze on the rich grass, while we discussed our frugal meal and smoked our pipes, reposing in the hospitable shade of the building.

At noon we were again on the road, or rather on our journey, for we rode across a fair carpet of verdure, on which a path was seldom visible. In two hours we reached another fountain and sheltering kiosk, also erected by the munificent Carasman-Oglus, and here we found a party of Turks—the first travellers—the first human beings we had seen since leaving Ayakeui. Being also directed for Magnesia, they went on with us. As we proceeded, I perceived that one of the party was a female, and apparently not a Turkish

female—her dress and *chaussure* were in the fashion peculiar to the Greek girls; but a Turkish *mechrem*, tied by a fillet round her head, concealed her face, her neck, her shoulders, as effectively as if a sack had been drawn over her. This circumstance naturally interested me, and I attempted to get a closer view of her person, but whenever I approached, a morose Turk, who rode by her side, drove on her horse, whose rough paces evidently gave her pain. I tried again and again, but all that I could see was a small delicate pair of hands holding the rude reins. At last, however, at the ford of a stream, while the Turks, her companions, were busied in passing their loaded mules through the water, she turned her head towards me, withdrew the vile *mechrem*, and displayed parts of a young and handsome face, and a pair of large black eyes full of tears, whose sad supplicating glances thrilled me to the soul. I saw her but for a moment—she was instantly obliged to wrap herself up; but I could not for a long while get that lovely, melancholy face out of my mind, and feeling as I did at the moment, (as every man capable of generous sentiment must have felt,) I shall scarcely be accused of Quixotism, if I say, that I would readily have exchanged a bullet or a sabre-thrust with the bearded ruffian, whose

property she seemed to be, for the liberation of the helpless captive. Nothing could I do, yet I could not detach my eyes from the interesting object. My companion more prudent, warned me several times that the Turks would be offended. They were so, and, loading me with abuse, they quickened their pace and left our caravan.

The city of Magnesia, on the lower slopes and at the foot of the sublime Mount Sipylus, had already been visible across the flat, uninterrupted plain for hours. Even on descending the ridge of hills by Ayakeui, it flattered us with its vicinity—yet hour after hour we journeyed on, and at last I began to suspect it was positively retreating before us. All travellers have felt this in crossing the vast plain.

At length, however, at about four o'clock, there was appearance that we should catch the fugitive. We crossed the broad Hermus on a wooden bridge, and then the mosques and minarets, the castles, the *serais*, and painted houses, separated themselves in distinct forms from the broad hazy mass of town we had so long seen. We rode for above a mile across some fine meadow ground, enriched by the annual overflowing of the Hermus; and then came to a still wider branch* of

* The two were only branches of one river. The Hermus before Magnesia runs in two arms, as the Rhone does before

that river, which we passed by another wooden bridge, that was at least one hundred and fifty paces in length. After the Hermus we crossed a small tributary stream. A long, flat, well paved causeway, elevated in most places about six feet above the level of the plain, was the road we traversed from the banks of the Hermus to the immediate entrance of the town. The length of this causeway may be half a mile—it is necessarily well preserved, for in the season of the floods the whole extent of plain it crosses is buried under water, and there is no other direct communication between Smyrna, Magnesia, and Constantinople. In certain seasons even the causeway is submerged, and lives have frequently been lost by missing it or sliding from its narrow pavement.

I passed near the ruins of the Serai-alteu, or palace of the Turkish Sultans, when this town was the capital of their rapidly growing empire, and in the train of a long caravan of camels, and numerous flocks of sheep and lambs, (the latter showing that Ramazann was soon to give way to

Avignon; the arms of the Hermus being only more widely separated. Travellers in calling them two rivers have been deceived by the Turks, who not only give different names to diverging branches, but even to the different parts of the same continuous stream. In the plain of Caicus I heard the river called in several ways, and the same of the Hermus.

the festivities of the Bairam,) I entered Magnesia, and dismounted at the vast Carasman-Oglu-Khan, near the bazaars. Here again my stirrup was held by a professor of the healing art, a Catholic Greek, the son of an apothecary of Smyrna, and a schoolfellow of my drogoman.

Turkish khans, or caravanserais, have been often described; they are generally miserable structures, half brick and mud, and half wood, but this at Magnesia is a remarkable and magnificent one, marked with that superiority which distinguishes every thing belonging to the noble family whose name it bears. It is a quadrangular edifice, solidly built in white stone, round a square and regular area, which contains in its centre a copious fountain, a marble basin of pure water, and a kiosk. Its architecture is much like that observed in Italian monasteries, with the exception of small domes, coated with lead, that cover each of the apartments, and form in succession a pleasing eastern roof to the whole. The traveller's rooms, just like the cells of monks, open on spacious corridors that run parallel with the area, and being supported by columns wide apart, afford a view of the whole of that space. Issuing from the upper angles of the square were stables of immense extent. Many of the rooms on the ground floor were appropriated as maga-

zines for merchandize; one was occupied by an Armenian watch-mender, an artist highly respected; two by *cafidjis*, who furnished the establishment with coffee and pipes; and one by a *berber*, where I was more than once amused at seeing the dexterity and quickness with which the wielder of the razor would shave the heads of some half dozen of rough *devidjis*.* My apartment was on the upper corridor. Its interior hardly corresponded with the superiority of the edifice, but it was the best in the khan. Imagine a bare room about thirty feet square, one half of it with an elevated flooring in wood, a low window with broken panes of glass, a fire-place, long unconscious of a fire, in one corner, and a large vase of water in the other, and you have my lodging, room, and furniture. On my taking possession, a black slave swept the elevated floor, and spread a large straw mat—my sofa, chair, and bed. I had not encumbered myself with a mattrass, (an indispensable article for a traveller in these countries,) and on this mat I slept two nights, as I had slept one on a similar hard bed at Kirkagatch. Hard beds are said to be healthy; but like many other salutary things, they are not very pleasant, particularly after fatigue. My drogoman contrived to borrow two low wicker

* *Berber*, the Turkish for barber. *Diridji*, a camel driver.

stools from a neighbour: these were a great luxury. The khans furnish no meals, except for quadrupeds; but as soon as the Ramazann sun had set, my oracle repaired to the bazaars, and soon returned with some smoking *kibabs* and other edibles. A Greek procured us a jar of superior *crassi*.

After dinner I went to walk in the corridor, and saw in the square of the khan, a large caravan of camels that had just arrived, and were bending their obedient, patient knees to resign their burdens, some of them uttering a curious, plaintive sound, as they were relieved. In the middle of the square, the open kiosk by the fountain's side, was occupied by Turks, from whose crowded group a loud laugh burst at intervals. My drogoman, with more local knowledge and better eyes, saw there, one of the professional Turkish story-tellers, whose talents are in great request during the long, gay nights of the Ramazann. We lit our chibooks and repaired to the circle, which admitted us, civilly enough, to partake in their amusement; a gigantic *devidji*, who was sitting before me, removing himself that I might see better, and an old Turk, with a venerable beard, making room for me on the low broad bench which ran round the kiosk.

This was altogether one of the most striking eastern scenes my travels presented. The tale-teller, an odd-looking little fellow, with a sugar-loaf hat, bound with a dirty yellow handkerchief, a dirty yellow beneesh, that in his sedentary, crouching attitude, covered him entirely, and gave him the appearance of an extraordinarily large toad-stool, sat cross-legged in the midst. Around this centre of attraction, thickly wedged, and in the same posture, were camel-drivers, mountaineers, denizens of Magnesia, Asiatic Turks of all descriptions, with various costumes, and each with the inseparable girdle containing yataghans and mounted pistols. The expression of the Turk's countenance, even in moments of relaxation and enjoyment, is fixed and sedate, which gave the greater effect to the general "broad grin" that the narrative would occasionally elicit. The kiosk we all sat in, was eastern in its architecture, and in the painted ornaments of its pending trelliced roof; by its side, the marble fountain, whose waters gently splashed, and the broad sheet of water in its marble basin, shone in the moonlight; beyond, were the white cloisters of the caravanserai, and over their grey domes, a pure blue sky, studded with stars. Near at hand a tall arrowy minaret rose in light, and a gilt crescent at its diminished point, glist-

ened in the rays of the moon, of which it is the type so cherished by Osmanlis. Though still in the month of March, the night was mild and balmy. My mind recurred involuntarily to the unrestrained imaginings of early life, when the land of the east, seen through the medium of the Arabian Nights, was the region of enchantment and effulgent brightness; rich beauteous, gorgeous, and immeasurably distant,—far too remote ever to be trodden by my northern feet.

Why should I have to destroy, in part, so romantic a picture?

The tales of the man in yellow, were sensual, filthy, and grossly profligate, all turning on one subject, and expressed with consummate depravity; and the grosser the details, the more complacent the chuckle, the louder the laugh of the audience. When he had finished for the night, his exertions were rewarded by a general contribution of those infinitely small Turkish coins, the value of each of which is about the fifth part of a farthing. The rogue had one thing in his practice in common with the fair Scheherazade, the recounter of the "thousand and one nights," he always left his story suspended at a most interesting part, or artfully interwove it with another, in order to secure for the next night, the return of his hearers. The stakes were different: *he* did this to con-

tinue a receipt of *paras*, *she* to lengthen her life. My orientalism was further interrupted at the breaking up of the company, by seeing two mountaineers, recruits for the army, ill-use, without any provocation, some Greek lads, who had been quietly seated on the steps of the kiosk. One of them, they pushed into the fountain, I had been admiring so much. When I returned to my room, I found another "Professore di Medicina," (these quacks beset me every where, as the figs had done at Smyrna,) waiting to pay his compliments. This, however, was a man of some note; no less a personage than the Milanese doctor, formally Neapolitan consul of Scio, where I had heard facts of him, a tithe of which in his own country would have sent him to the gallows. Finding his character at Smyrna too well known, and that competitors in his line of business were numerous, and creditors troublesome, he had retired to reap laurels, in the shape of sequins, to this inland town—to poison the Turks of Magnesia, instead of those of Ismir. To me he was profuse of his services and his flattery. I wanted not the one, and I despised the other; but as he was living in the same khan, in the room but one next to mine, I could not get rid of him.

I staid at Magnesia five days, examining the town and its neighbourhood, and I may presume,

perhaps, to beg the reader's attention a quarter of an hour, to a short sketch of the most interesting objects and scenes I observed there.

Besides eighteen *messjids*,* some with one minaret, and some with no minaret at all, Magnesia contains two stately imperial mosques, which might bear comparison with many of the privileged foundations of Stambool. The mosques of Smyrna are, like every thing in that town, rather paltry. I had not before seen a respectable building of the sort, and was much struck with these at Magnesia. Nor is the style of building, though remote from the models we cherish, and our ideas of art, by any means destitute of charms. Bold walls, pierced with many small windows, and terminating generally in a semicircle; a portico, with ancient columns, and a group of cupolas, that detach, or mass curiously, as you change your position, may afford pleasure, particularly when flanked, as here, by magnificent trees—the plane and the cypress. And then there is the light, towering minaret, (which I would rank among the most beautiful, the most poetic of art's creations,) so slender, it seems it should vibrate in the breeze; so lofty, it carries our eye along its tapering point, heavenward. Our pretty, slender steeples in England are heavy

* The common mosques are thus called.

and vulgar compared with the Turkish minarets. In the square before each of the imperial mosques at Magnesia, I observed a beautiful marble fountain, composed of the material of some ancient, and probably more beautiful work of art. On two sides of the square were cloisters and cells for the abode of the religious and the poor, but they seemed deserted. I visited a Medressè, or Turkish college, attached to the larger of the two. It is built much like a monastery, or my khan, just described; but, of course, infinitely less than the latter. I saw one large hall, in an angle of the building, furnished with elegant embroidered sofas, (much the worse for wear,) a marble kiblé, and a sort of pulpit made of wood. There was some prettily stained glass in the windows; and a fine Egyptian matting covered the floor. This appartment was used for examinations, and other important ceremonies. The rooms occupied by the professors, were dark and dirty.

I was ushered into these hallowed recesses of the church and law, by two young Turks; but before I finished my examination, I was surrounded by the whole college; by about fifty scions of the Osmanli family, in all the pride of turbans and yellow boots. They were noisy and frolicsome, but extremely civil, and, what pleased

* Imperial mosques have never less than two of these minarets; some have four; and one or two at Constantinople, six.

me as much, very inquisitive. They asked me about England—whether all the people there lived in *beliks**—about Franguestan in general. My translated replies, and my patience (their civility merited it) in showing them every thing I wore, and every thing I had in my pockets, gained their affections; and one of them, a handsome youth, with a budding moustache, said it was really a pity I was not a moslemin.

I saw the books over which these youths, (vivacious, and possessed of natural talent,) were wasting years of their lives. They were chiefly the Koran and its interminable commentaries, the Haddies and the Muezzman;† the only work on profane science, that I observed, was a small Turkish geography. Most of these manuscripts were prettily written, and some few of them ingeniously illuminated. On enquiring what were the hours generally devoted to study, I learned that my young friends ran little risk of falling martyrs to over application.

When they had showed me every thing about the Medressè, they would have taken me into the

* Belik. Turkish for a great ship, or indeed for any ship belonging to the government. In its most extended sense, *belik* may signify any species of government property. *Ghemli* is the common Turkish word for ship; a merchant vessel is called *bazaargan-ghemlisi.*

† The Haddies are a collection of Mahomet's proverbs, and the Muezzman the united works of sundry Turkish Saints.

mosque; but it was one of the canonical hours, and many Turks were there. They took me instead into the room of an old Chodgea, or preceptor, who had the hospitality to regret that the Ramazann prevented his offering a chibook and coffee. After a long visit, I took my leave, full of gratitude and astonishment at the kindness I had received.

One morning, as I was wandering through the streets of the town, my steps were arrested by a loud droning noise that issued from a low dark house. This was a school. The door was open, and I entered. At the head of the room sat an old Emir, with a long wand or stick in his hand, and round its sides, all squatted on their heels, were some twenty or thirty little urchins, with ragged books, or pieces of paper in their hands. They were all reading aloud—all at once, producing with their twanging voices a most singular *brouillamini*—a chorus, monotonous, loud, and indistinct, not much unlike a pond of bull-frogs in the neighbouring marshes. It must have been utterly impossible for the Chodgea to distinguish in the confusion of voices, who read well, or who read amiss; all he could do, was to keep up the quantum of noise, which he did by solemnly tapping each relapsing chorister by a blow on the head with his long stick; and it was laughable beyond measure, to hear the little

rogues reply to this application, by pitching in, far above the general key, and conning their lessons with one eye on the book, and the other on the Dominie's green turban.

All my observations were not of this pleasing, ludicrous nature. On crossing a square, I saw a green flag displayed, and got rudely hustled from one side to the other, called every opprobrious name in the Turkish vocabulary, and threatened with the flourishing of arms by a bairak of savages, who were just arrived, on their way from the interior to the Dardanelles and the coast of Troy. A short time after, I saw one of these fellows in the bazaar, quarrelling with a vender of chibooks, a Turk. The mountaineer waxed furious in an instant; he nearly cut off the head of the poor *chibookji*, who, sitting on his heels on the board in the front of his shop, seemed to have no idea that the discussion was to come to such an end. On my part, I could not have conceived that a blow from a yataghan, that seemed dealt without any extraordinary exertion, could have produced such a ghastly wound: it had literally half-severed the poor fellow's head from his body, and seemed to have cut through the clavicula. The ruffian was seized and bound instantly by the Turks in the bazaar; but during my stay, I did not hear of the execution he merited.

The same evening I witnessed another rather tragical scene, but in this a *zebeck* was the sufferer.* As one of these barbarians was squatting down to smoke his pipe, a crazy pistol in his girdle went off, and lodged its ball in his hip. He was brought limping, by some of his comrades, to the shop of the Smyrniote doctor, where I happened to be at the time. The "professore" of medicine and surgery coolly made him pull off his short cotton drawers, the only clothing to the nether man I ever saw these fellows wear, and began groping and probing in such a manner as to make the Turk howl with pain. Finding that he could not extract the ball, he told the man to have patience, to go and lie quiet all night; he would make him up a salve to anoint the wound, and in the morning he would take out the ball. The salve was made up from some gallipots in the window, containing God knows what, but (and here the patience and forbearance of the violent Turks astonished me) he would not deliver it unless he was first paid three piastres (about a shilling.) The wounded man had no money, and his companions had only a few *paras*. They promised they would pay to-morrow, when they were to receive money from

* Zebeck signifies mountaineer, but the word was applied generally to the Asiatic levies.

their *Bimbashi*.* The doctor would not give them credit for an hour. The suffering wretch saw the medicine, that he at least thought would ease his pains, in the grasp of the mercenary, unsympathizing Ghiaour—if he and his companions, barbarians as they were, had cut the doctor's throat and taken it, I should hardly have been surprised. They did no such thing—they confined themselves to humble entreaty, and when the wounded man saw the Christian inflexible, he absolutely took his yataghan, and gave it into his hands as security for payment. I could not help asking the Signor Professor, whether he did not apprehend the violence of the Turks for such hard dealing. "O no," said he, "I am the *Hekimbashi* (chief doctor) of the town; I serve the governor; and besides, the Turks can't do without us—they are always respectful to doctors—a doctor may do what he likes! If I were not to act in this manner, I should have my shop emptied in a day, and not get a *para* for my medicines." Later in the evening, as I was smoking my *chibook* at the khan, with the old Milanese doctor by my side, the Smyrniote made

* Bimbashi, literally the head of a thousand; but the title is given to the commander or colonel of any regiment, however far it may be from "a thousand strong."

his appearance on a sudden. The wounded Turk, suffering extremely, had sent his comrades to tell him, that if he would go and extract the ball, he should have twenty piastres in the morning. Diffident, for once, of his own ability, he consulted the more consummate talent of the Milanese, and at last proposed that the latter should perform the simple operation, and that they should divide the spoils. "*Venti piastre*," said the Milanese, "*è troppo poco.*"—"But if they offer twenty, they may give thirty, forty, on hard squeezing," said the Smyrniote. "*E un operazioncino di ottanta piastre, per lo meno*," said the Milanese reflecting. The Smyrniote rejoined, that perhaps they might extract as much as fifty piastres, and that, by speaking to the Mutzellim, he could ensure payment from the bimbashi. The two learned brothers went away together. I soon saw the Milanese return to the khan. Even he had not withdrawn the ball—he had made incisions; I think he said he had introduced a seton; on the morrow he was to extract the lead, and they were to receive, on delivery of the same, the sum of fifty piastres. "*Venticinque piastre ciascheduno—venti cinque piastre—non è tanto male*," said he, rubbing his hands. I was amused, delighted, to hear next morning that the impatient Turk, by rolling and

tumbling about in the night, had thrown the ball near the orifice of the wound, that one of his companions had drawn it out with a pair of *mashà*,* and that they refused to give an *asper* to the Ghiaours, sticking to the letter of the bond, that they were only to pay on receipt of the ball from their hands. Had they extracted it?—No. The Milanese consolo-medico was highly incensed: he called the Turks faithless dogs, and blamed his own obliging temper and good-nature for letting him be led away by a green-horn, (the Smyrniote,) "*chi conosceva la chirurgia, come il suo bastone—e chi non sapeva dove la lingua latina, stava di casa!*"

I should mention, as an important occurrence, that this evening, in addition to the tale-teller in the kiosk, we had in a room in the khan a phantasmagoric representation—(something between the French "ombres chinoises" and our Punch and Judy,)—the only approach to the Drama I ever saw in Turkey. This was, if possible, more disgusting than the stories—it was suddenly interrupted. A number of *chiaoushes* made their appearance, and ordered the ingenious artist, in the name of the governor, to pack up his apparatus and decamp. At such an imperative inti-

* Small iron tongs the Turks use to light their pipes.

mation, the dramatis personæ were at once flung into the bag, and the admiring spectators separated.

Either out of a delicate regard for the morals of the faithful, or, what was more probable, from an apprehension of riots, should these *attroupemens* be permitted at a time of excitement like the present, and when so many of the wild mountaineers were in the town, the following morning the Mutzellim despatched the public crier* to the bazaars and the corners of the streets, to give solemn notice that thenceforth both public tale-telling and puppet-shows were prohibited.

I saw a good deal of the *bairaks*, or irregular levies,—more than was agreeable: they were the wildest and most insolent Turks I had yet come in contact with. Some of them were finely limbed and athletic; but these qualities were by no means general; on the contrary, many of them were ugly, ill-made scarecrows. Their dress was strikingly savage: a huge conical hat without rims, worn a little on one side, with a thick turban, (red stripes on a yellow ground,) equipped their heads. They wore a loose short

* This office exists in all Turkish towns, and is one of considerable importance.

jacket without any collar, (for a Turk must expose his neck,) and scanty drawers of a most indecorous cut; their legs, from considerably above their knees to the papooshes, were bare. They had all thick girdles, made of the same common shawl material, and mostly of the same pattern as their turbans. In these girdles were stuck, just in front, producing an unsightly protuberance, sheathed yataghans, and one, two, three, or four pistols, as their opulence might be. I saw two *bairaks* march: one half of the men or more were without muskets; the whole were wretchedly equipped, with arms of their own procuring; and as each man consults his own taste and the strength of his finances, or produces some heir-loom that has been in his family for ages, the variety in this important department will be readily conceived. Some have tremendously long guns, some short guns, and many, as I have said, no guns at all. Bayonets are unknown to them; the fire-arms, bad in quality, are rarely kept in good repair, which, added to the badness of the powder, throws the chances against gun or pistol ever going off at the first attempt. As the *bairaks* were leaving Magnesia, I saw a fellow pull the trigger of his pistol three times, and it did not go off at last; and I have seen elsewhere many such instances.

The military spirit of Asia Minor, at the time I am speaking of, was evidently at a low ebb. These fellows, such as they were, had not been raised without difficulty; they were no longer men to rush at the raising of a green standard, and to follow it where the representative of the prophet list, without misgiving or calculations for their own subsistence, or that of their wives and children they were to leave behind.* The notorious Hatti-sheriff, which the sultan, perhaps for his own safety, never intended to have the effect that Russia foresaw in it, had, in fact, been a dead letter, inasmuch as it did nothing in telling the Moslemins (who are always and habitually armed) to arm, and it could not make them enrol and march. To do the latter, another and more worldly method was resorted to; the empire was divided into kasars or districts,† and each district was to furnish a certain number

* The Koran recommends early marriage. All the Turks marry young; it is difficult (unless you descend to children, as was chiefly done for the *tacticoes*) to find a recruit for the army, who is not hampered with a wife and family. This may make them the better soldiers for the defence of their own homes, and their immediate neighbourhood; but it must unfit them for long and distant campaigns.

† The calculation made at Constantinople, *on paper*, stood thus:—2,400 Kasars in the whole Empire, (European and Asiatic Turkey,) each to furnish 300 men, and 600 in case of extremities.

of men, enlisting them with an advance of hard cash, and assurance for the support of their families. The bounty-money had varied; but I heard that in many cases it had been as high as two hundred piastres per man, the half of which, as a ratio, must have been severely felt by the impoverished country. With the exception of the Hazzaps, the Seymens, the Musselandins,* in the service of different pashas, and the retainers of the Ayans or feudatory chiefs, who enjoy, like our ancient knights, certain territories on condition of military service when called on, the mass of the irregular infantry who have taken the field since the beginning of the present war with Russia, have been raised in this manner.

The landholders and wealthier classes of Turks in the districts I visited, seemed generally discontented, I might almost say disaffected; and I was astonished at the freedom with which they expressed their opinions on the measures of the sultan. I had a long conversation with an effendi at Pergamus, and another with a Turkish gentleman at Magnesia, who agreed in stating that the country was already oppressed beyond bearing. "And what is all this for?" said one

* These three classes were formerly united under the name of Serratkulis, or frontier troops; but they have not existed for years, except as occasional enrolments of pashas.

of them, "for what are we obliged to keep increasing the burdens of the people, while they are becoming every day less and less able to bear even what they have hitherto borne? for what, but for the new expensive whims of the sultan, and for his obstinacy. Anadoli has been drained of money, and thinned of men, (a vast number of whom have died of want without ever seeing an enemy,) to reconquer Greece, which is nothing to us in Asia, as we never *did*, and never *shall*, derive any benefit from it; and now we are about to have a war with you Franks to finish our ruin!" All this boded ill of the success of the approaching conflict; but the attack aroused the indignant lion in the Turks, and the inconceivable mismanagement of the Russian campaign allowed them time to recover their spirits. The voice of despondency was, however, that of truth; for I everywhere found evidence that the distress of the country was not exaggerated.

During my stay in the Carasman-Oglu-khan at Magnesia, I witnessed the sale of a Greek female captive. It was the first time I ever saw a human being made an object of traffic, like a beast of burden; and I should in vain attempt to describe the effect the revolting exhibition had on me, attended as it was with circumstances of

peculiar interest. The auction had begun in a room of the khan, near the one I occupied, when the young man who accompanied me, informed me of the business that was transacting. I thought of the young woman who had so much interested me on my journey from Kirkagatch, and ran to the sale-room, fully expecting it was she. It was not. It was a little girl, much younger, who had been taken six years before, when a child, at the sacking of Scio. She might now be about thirteen or fourteen, the age of womanhood in these countries; and her possessor had chosen the moment favourable to an advantageous disposal. It was disgusting, it was horrible to see this helpless innocent, in the midst of a crowd of Turks, who were handling her and twisting her about as horse-jockeys are wont to do with a young colt. They were almost without an exception, old men, yet——. But I dare not describe the particulars of the scene, and haste to its conclusion. Her face was pretty, her form graceful, faultless; her owner declared her temper to be good, and that nothing but his poverty prevented him from keeping her for his own use; and after long haggling, she was knocked down to one of the party for three thousand piastres.* The grey-

* At the time this was written (March 1828) the Turkish

beard went away gloating at his weeping purchase; and the vender congratulated himself on having made a good sale. The old Milanese doctor, who had been conspicuous in all the transaction, and had carried his investigation even closer than the Turks, (whom he assured of the soundness and value of the object,) whispered in my ear, as the sale closed, an observation which made me shudder. A short time after, I saw the Turk leaving town, with the Greek girl mounted on a horse before him. He was the agha of some town or village in the neighbourhood.

In wandering through Magnesia, I met another man in the Frank dress, another doctor, an Italian, I was told, exiled from his own country in consequence of political party. The reader may suppose I had had enough of doctors; nor had my experience *always* tended to prove that those who lay claim to our sympathies as martyrs in the cause of liberty, must necessarily be honourable and deserving men. But the person who now addressed me with anxious pleasure, (a fine tall man, with an open, handsome countenance, and apparently about forty years of

piastre was worth about four-pence English; it has now (August 1829) fallen to three-pence.—Thus rapid is the financial decline of the Ottoman Empire.

age,) had certainly the manners and language of a gentleman, and, perhaps, I was more susceptible than usual, to qualities of which I had seen no specimens for some days. He told me was a Neapolitan, a native of Foggia, a considerable town in Apulia, which I had frequently visited with an Italian friend, the Prince D'I——. In the course of conversation, other causes of sympathy were elicited; the poor exile was delighted, and to prolong the interview, which took place literally in the "market-place," he kindly invited me to his *umile tugurio*. On our way, he enquired where I was lodged. "At the *khan!* what, without a bed or a blanket! my dear sir, why did you not come direct to my home?" said this warm-hearted Italian, forgetting that at my arrival at Magnesia I had not the honour to know there was such a person in existence. Now, however, he insisted I should instantly take up my quarters with him. His manners pleased me: the prospect of changing a straw mat for a bed, and of ridding myself of the Milanese, was not to be despised. I sent my young man to the khan for my portmanteau and cloak, and walked home with my new friend. The Neapolitan doctor occupied a little wooden tenement at the edge of the town. He was not alone. He introduced me to a countryman, an

old comrade, the partner in his misfortunes and exile, formerly an officer in the "Regina," a Neapolitan regiment of cavalry, who was equally delighted to see me, and to hear that I had made several long residences at Naples.

We spent a delightful evening, talking of the beautiful portion of Italy, the distant land of their birth, and where I also had passed many happy days, and had several dear friends. In the society of Naples, it turned out, that I had been intimately acquainted with the colonel of the cavalry officer, and had often met an uncle of the doctor's, a respectable old provincial gentleman. I had left Naples only eleven months before the date of our interview; they had received no letter, had seen no person thence for more than three years. All my news was to them of fresh date: my conversation was a treasure, and I certainly never remember to have talked so much at a sitting as this night, with these poor Italians, in a hut on the banks of the Hermus.

Signor Raffaele Basilice, a surgeon in the army, and Signor —— Pierar, the cavalry officer, had fled from their country after the overthrow of the short-lived Neapolitan constitution, by the defeat of General Guglielmo Pepe at Rieti. They repaired to Spain, where their services

were readily accepted by the Constitutionalists, and where they rarely received pay, and were subjected to many miseries. The constitution of Spain, though it survived its offspring of Naples, was not endowed with longevity; at its death the Neapolitans became again fugitives, and this time they fled to the coast of Barbary. They passed some months at Tunis, living on the fruits of what practice the doctor could obtain among the Moors. Disgusted with that vile nest, of which the doctor gave an amusing account, they had come on to Smyrna, and finding the practice of that place engrossed by a swarm of *soi-disant* doctors, they had lately removed to the less frequented city of Magnesia: to bury themselves in a truly Asiatic solitude, where the sight of any European must be a great rarity. Basilice, as a surgeon and doctor, could at least live, in any part of the east; and he supported, and had supported ever since they left Spain, his more destitute companion. They lived together like brothers, or rather, as brothers *should* live, having every thing in common. Their affection, their devotion to each other, was touching in the extreme. With very limited means, they had contrived to keep up the exteriors of gentility, for they were both well dressed, and cleanly in their linen and persons; a remark that may ap-

pear trifling to the reader in England, but which was important enough to strike me, in the midst of tarnished finery and dirty gauze shirts.

Misfortune, besides "acquainting man with strange bedfellows," sometimes acquaints him with strange arts: it had taught Basilice and Pierar to cook a good dinner. We had some dishes dressed in a Christian-like fashion, some tolerable wine, and then our chibooks. The poor fellows made me up a good clean bed, which was a luxury indeed, after sleeping three nights on a dirty mat. The next morning, after an excellent breakfast of coffee and cream, and fresh caimac, they had the kindness to prepare for me, I proposed to depart on my journey; but they pressed me so earnestly to stay with them two, three, or four days, that I agreed to pass that day and night at Magnesia.

The whole morning I spent with the doctor in visiting his patients. I had thus an opportunity of seeing in succession the interior of the houses of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; some strange domiciles, and some stranger people. I observed some very pretty Jewesses (they made no scruple to unmuffle their faces within doors) dressed in a quaint and truly eastern costume, which has probably suffered little change since the days of good king Solomon. As we were

passing by the door of a Turkish hovel, a poor woman rushed out with a sick child, and wildly thrust it into the doctor's hands. He examined the poor creature, who seemed in a very bad condition, gave some advice, and told the woman to send to his house for some medicines. The mother had kept her searching eye fixed on the doctor; and when he returned the infant, she said in a tone of intense anxiety—of a mother's affection for her offspring, "Hekim, will he die? O! tell me, Hekim, will he die?" Poor Basilice was obliged to refer her to Allah, for a decision beyond his science, but flattered her with hope; on which she blest him, and blest the mother who bore him.

My friend's practice in this way may be supposed not very profitable, but his heart was of tenderer stuff than that of the Smyrniote or Milanese; he could hardly refuse a little advice, and even some trifling drugs to a suffering fellow-creature. "And then," said he, "these poor creatures generally find some way of showing their gratitude, either by little presents of game, or fowls, or some other eatable; or by rendering occasionally personal services, which is much the same to us as money." He spoke rather favourably of the general character of the poor Turks, when not worked upon by fanaticism, and their

insane hatred of the Greeks. Of the wealthier and luxurious classes, and of the Turks in power, he spoke by no means so favourably. He ended his account by an observation I had often made myself. "The worst of a Turk is, you never can be sure of him one moment after the other: his changes from the most perfect tranquillity to excess of fury are so sudden. *E sempre un lione che dorme*, (he is always a sleeping lion,) and you know not when he may rouse himself."

I had already taken some long walks over parts of the steep Mount Sipylus, at whose feet Magnesia is situated, and which offers to the landscape painter, the lover of Alpine scenery, the geologist and botanist, a vast and almost untouched mine of treasures. But in the afternoon the Neapolitan exiles conducted me to a spot of matchless beauty. This is a narrow, ascending valley, to the west of Magnesia, which penetrates far into the bowels of the mysterious mountain, winding round cliffs of granite and basalt of sublime altitude. A clear, brawling stream, the sides of which are richly fringed with poplars and willows, runs through it from the mountain, whose lower ledges are covered with magnificent planes, oaks, and other trees: whilst higher up rises the dark pine, mixed with numerous and varied shrubs, among which the

arbutus-andrachne is most conspicuous. There are two picturesque villages nestled in this valley; there are several little mills, and high up, an airy Swiss-like bridge, close to which is a Turkish coffee-house, on a green platform, surrounded by rich plane trees—a spot to smoke a quiet chibook, and to think oneself in paradise.

The view from the castle hill, which is a lofty, rugged mass, thrown out by the Sipylus, is vast but not interesting. The plain traversed by the Hermus, with swamps and pastures and wilds, is much like that of Pergamus and the Caicus, but broader. The castle resembles that of Smyrna, being an extensive ruin, with masses of walls standing tolerably perfect here and there. The Turks have for centuries abandoned the place, which might easily be made a very strong hold, as artillery could hardly be dragged up the precipices, or over the cliffs of the Sipylus that commands it, nor would that stark mountain well allow guns to be placed in battery. A good portion of the materials of the castle have been, as usual, carried away by modern builders. Some Turks who were at work in a pit, converting marble into lime, were rather abusive: whether from the general belief that I was looking for treasures, or from a suspicion that I was going to take the castle, I know not.

My pocket-compass proved the accuracy of Chishull's statement of the magnetic qualities of these mountains. In several places in my ascent, I found the needle affected, seeing it tremble and vary from the pole; but on the summit of the castle hill to the west, on producing it, it pointed due east in the direction of a dark mass of rock, which on examination, offered nothing to distinguish it from the general appearance of the Sipylus; and rather lower down, behind the castle, in the deep narrow hollow which separates the castle hill from the Sipylus, on placing it on a flat stone, the needle wavered, and stood in succession at nearly every point of the compass, and this suddenly, as if by jerks, being any thing now rather than an emblem of constancy.* Chishull tried the experiment with a ship's compass at the top of the castle hill, "and there," he continues, "we had the satisfaction to see it point to different quarters, as we placed it upon different stones, and quickly after entirely to lose its

* "The mountains about Magnesia were anciently famous for the production of the load-stone: though indeed it is disparaged by Pliny, and accounted less attractive than that of other places. However, this (Magnesia) was probably the city from whence, as Lucretius says, that stone took the name of *magnet;* as from the whole country of Lydia, (*in which Magnesia is situated,*) the touch-stone likewise was called Lapis Lydius."—*Chishull's Travels in Turkey.*

whole virtue; two effects which are natural to the magnetic needle, when injured by the nearness of other bodies impregnated with the same quality."

Mr. Arundell, I see, mentions in his "Visit to the Seven Churches," that on ascending the castle hill of Magnesia, with a compass, he in most places remarked no sensible difference in the pointing of the needle; "but in one place, when placed on a large rock, about half way up the hill, it was visibly and considerably affected, though not in the degree mentioned by Chishull." As, however, Mr. Arundell was deterred by a day "unfavourable for a distant view," from reaching the top of the hill, and seems to have returned mid-way, this statement does not impugn the correctness of the older traveller. Even at the summit I found, at different places, that the needle was scarcely affected at all; the curious influence depending naturally on the position of rocks more or less impregnated by the mysterious fluid, and whether there be neutral substances between them and the compass. I detected, the day before my visit to the castle-hill, the varying of my pocket-compass, in a chasm of Mount Sipylus to the east of Magnesia, not far from a colossal statue which I shall presently describe, as it lays on my road to Sardes.

There, however, the needle was not affected to such a degree as on the hill of the Acropolis. It was returning from this excursion to the statue that I was well nigh suffering the death of Saint Stephen, at the hands of the Turks, without the provocation either of *saintship*, or offence on my part. I was riding quietly in at the east end of the town with my companion, about an hour after sunset, when on a sudden, a number of boys that had posted themselves on a bank by the road side, set up an hurrah, and pelted us with stones. I hoped to escape the stones, some of which seemed large, by bending over my horse's neck; but one struck the horse on the head, and made him rear in such a manner, that he was near falling over upon me. The next moment a heavy stone hit me on the hand, and produced a numbness which caused me to drop the bridle. The poor horse already frightened, and trembling under me, bolted along the road. It was the best thing he could do, for he brought me within the town in a moment, and then stopped quietly at his stable door before I could recover my reins. My guide scampered after me. He had been more fortunate than I, for no stone had struck him.

The perpetrators of this unprovoked assault were boys, as I have mentioned. I never saw an

instance of the sort but once in a man;* yet a stripling's stone may kill a giant, and it would be

* This was at Constantinople, in August, (1828,) and during my serious illness. I had packed up my light baggage for Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmora, and had descended with three friends and my servant, to the water-side, to embark for Prinkipo. To our great surprise, the Turks of the *cancelleria*, or police office, opposed my embarking for a place only twelve miles from Constantinople, as I was not furnished with a *teskeré*, or passport from the bey. Unfortunately the bey was over at Stambool, and Mr. S——, the English commissary, was at his country-house at Therapia. My kind friend, Mr. E. Z——, threw away a deal of argument and persuasion, and choice Turkish, on the obdurate men in office. I had crawled down from Pera with extreme difficulty: I was not in a state to re-ascend the hill;—my health required an immediate change of air—I was well known to the bey. But they were inflexible and supercilious, and the audience was ended by a fainting fit which overcame me, and which had been induced as much by mortification and anger, as by the heat of the crowded room, or the fatigue I had undergone. When I recovered, I found myself in the shady interior of a Greek baccal's shop, surrounded by tubs of salted fish and caviar. I was conveyed thence in a boat to Tophana, where Davide procured a pack-horse to carry me up the steep "infidel hill." I was slowly crossing the open square of Tophana, in the front of the Topji or artillery barracks, with my friends by my side, when a sturdy savage took up a large stone and threw it at me. The stone struck me under the heart, and had it not been for my old servant, I should have fallen. Wishing to avoid again offering so good a mark, I alighted. Several peaceful Turks, who saw the brutal deed, expressed their disapprobation, but no one followed the offender, who retired behind some houses at the edge of the square. A number of good-natured Turkish women crowded round me, giving a voluble course to their

poor consolation to know you were sent out of the world in a capricious freak of a young Osmanli's fun.

Of the fine red-stained glass described by Chishull, as existing in his time in two of the imperial mosques, I saw a great quantity in different houses of Greeks as well as Turks, and at Pergamus, as well as at Magnesia; but like Mr. Arundell, I could not ascertain the existence of any manufactory of the sort. In several windows I saw pieces of stained glass of bright and varied hues, worked up to capricious yet tasteful patterns; but I never saw any flower-work or religious inscriptions thus done, as Chishull found at this place.

At Magnesia I met another member of the great Carasman-Oglu family, leading the life of a private individual, but occupying a fine house, at the eastern side of the town, erected by the mag-

blame of the unprovoked barbarity, and to their compassion for the state in which they saw me. Indeed, than my appearance at the time, nothing could be further from exciting hostile feelings, for, from the disease and *remedies* I had suffered, I looked like a ghost, or one who was speedily to become such.

I abstained from inserting this instance of *manly* assault in my first edition, from an apprehension of tiring the reader with a too frequent recurrence to sufferings and annoyances merely personal.

nificent old Ayan, the host of Anastasius, which from its extraordinary elevation and vastness, merits the name of a palace. This is by far the best house I ever saw in Asia Minor: the best *private* house, perhaps, I ever saw in Turkey, even including the capital. Though chiefly built of wood, it is not destitute of grandeur: the walls are painted green and white, and some of the trellised windows are gilt, or otherwise gaily ornamented. The whole, in the Italian *palazzo* style, stands on the sides of a quadrangular *cortile* or open court, of spacious dimensions. In this court I found three beautiful horses ready saddled, and four fine strong greyhounds in leash, and carefully protected from the cool air of the morning, by body wrappers, as is practised by us. The lord of the mansion was going to enjoy the pleasure of coursing—a pastime by the bye, much resorted to by the Turks of Asia Minor. The flat valleys of the Hermus and Caicus, except where occasionally interrupted by swamps, are well adapted to the sport. The dogs I have seen in these districts are rather larger, and not so delicately formed as our beautiful English breed of greyhounds; they are rather rough-haired, have thicker ears and tails, and do not show by any means the high blood ours do. To judge from having seen them run two or three times, I

should say they were not so fleet as our dogs, but stronger and capable of more work. They are generally dark coloured, and frequently quite black, but I saw two at Casabar of a delicate cream colour. I offered the Turk they belonged to a high price for one of them, but he would not sell it. The best breeds of the Turkish greyhounds come from Angora, a place which seems always to have been celebrated for dogs, cats, and goats.

A well-dressed Turk, a sort of major-domo, or upper servant, very civilly conducted me through the mansion, omitting, of course, the only apartment I should have been curious to see—the harem.

A Turkish house, even of superior order, offers, as I have already explained, but little for description. There were many vast and stately rooms, much like that of the pasha of Scio, and with the same lack of furniture, containing nothing but ranges of low sofas, a mat, or a carpet, and some of them were even devoid of these. One hall, however, with an open gallery, was rather striking; the sofas were covered with fine blue cloth, prettily fringed; the carpet was magnificent in size, colour, and design, and apparently from the Persian looms, which far exceed those of Turkey. The roof, in tessellated

wood, was richly painted and gilded *en Arabesque*, and the walls or wainscots were adorned with fragments of landscapes, the works of a modern Greek pencil, in fresco; which, poor as they were, were more agreeable than the eternal black, puzzling scrawls of devout Arabic, generally the only pictorial decoration of Turkish apartments. Besides this hall, I was pleased with a long, wide, and open corridor or gallery, which could be wholly or partially closed by broad wooden blinds, all painted in a lively green colour. This delightful lounge (for it commanded a fine view) was also furnished here and there with low broad sofas; as a Turkish gentleman, if he be not on horseback, must be seated cross-legged, and at his ease. Indeed, a stranger, from never seeing these dignified persons on their legs, might be induced to doubt whether they were not cripples in those valuable members. A silence like that of the grave reigned throughout the mansion.

The stable is the proper portion of the premises whereby to judge of the magnificence of a great Turk. That of Carasman Oglu, was immense: it was long and lofty and well paved, and contained stalls, I should think, for a hundred horses; but these, save five, were all empty. The horses were, as customary, tethered

by the leg, having their head and neck at perfect liberty; and this appears to me a better mode than our own. They were handsome creatures, about fourteen hands high, which the horses of Asia Minor* rarely exceed; but I remarked the usual bad taste of the Turks in the favourite steed, which was pampered and fattened to a degree that besides being unsightly, must have rendered him unfit for any exercise, save a short *caracole*. But this is the Turk's taste in horses, as well as women; he admires a rotundity in both.

I was comfortable with my hosts, the poor Italian exiles, and my situation and connexion with the doctor gave me such good opportunities

* I have sometimes, but rarely, seen horses in Asia Minor, in which the Arabian cross was very apparent. I never saw a thorough blood-horse; but such, according to the able traveller, Macdonald Kinneir, are to be met with in a remote province "near Ooscat in the plains of Cappadocia, and they may be descended from the breed which was so much admired by the Romans."

The common horse of Anatolia, is however a fine creature, and though spirited, and always entire, is remarkably good tempered and free from vice. He is not to be called a *strong* horse. I never met with one that would go through such a day's work as I have often performed with an English or Calabrian poney.

I have mentioned in a preceding chapter, how they are injured by the bitting and *tours-de-force* of the Turks.

for observing the people and the country, that I could willingly have staid a week longer. Other considerations of some weight interfered. On the third day after meeting those kind men I hired three horses, and a Turkish *suridji*, and left Magnesia about three o'clock in the afternoon for Casabar, on my way to the ruins of Sardes. The doctor and his companion insisted on seeing me safely out of the town, and on my road; they accompanied me about two miles: and when we parted, with warm and mutual expressions of good will, they begged again, if ever I should return to Naples, that I would call on some relatives (among whom was a sister) and some particular friends, and tell them I had seen them, and how they were living among the Turks. Tears stood in the poor fellows' eyes as I shook hands with them for the last time, and rode on my solitary journey.*

I have said nothing of the population of Magnesia. All travellers have acknowledged the

* The cavalry officer, who with a good deal of real feeling, mixed a little of that pedantry and fondness for classical allusion, which distinguishes his countrymen, said, as I was packing my portmanteau, "*Voi partite Don Carlo, e mi lasciate in mezzo, ai barbari! Qui, come Ovidio, nel suo esiglio al Ponto!*" The parallel was an ambitious one. I did not ask whether he was a poet; but what Italian of any education is there, but, at some period or other of his life, has sacrificed to the muses?

difficulty, the impossibility, of ascertaining this important point correctly in Turkey, where no registers are kept; no census taken. An approximation I made from the calculation of the number of houses by the Smyrniote or Hekim-bashi, and by my more intelligent friend the Neapolitan, would make the whole population of the town amount to above thirty-three thousand, composed of twenty-thousand Turks, nine thousand Greeks, three thousand Armenians, and more than one thousand Jews. I cannot answer for the correctness of this, but from the extent of the town, the size of the crowded bazaars, the number of mosques and churches,* I should scarcely think it exaggerated, though it may differ from the account of a traveller who preceded me but by one year, and who leaving a blank for the number of Turkish houses, evidently underrates the rest, when he states that there are only eight hundred Greek, one hundred and fifty Armenian, and about one hundred

* There are twenty, or perhaps more mosques, two Armenian churches, one Greek, (a large and decent building,) and two Synagogues. On visiting the Greek church early on Sunday morning, I observed, as I had done at Smyrna and elsewhere, that the women are separate from the men, in galleries, and even concealed from their view by lattices, like those used in the conventual churches of the Catholics, to screen the nuns from the profane eye.

Jewish houses. Whatever may be the precise number, Magnesia in extent and population, is allowed to be one of the most considerable cities (after Smyrna) in this portion of Asia Minor. The Greek population suffered severely in 1821 and 1822.

It was the "pleasant residence of Magnesia" that, at the age of forty, one of the greatest of the Turkish sovereigns, Morad or Amurath the Second, the father of Mahomet, conqueror of Constantinople, when tired or disgusted with the fatigues and vanities of earthly power and ambition, chose for his retreat after his abdication in favour of his son. A philosophic abdication, and a philosophic retreat; though, according to Gibbon, debased by an alloy of superstition, as he retired to the society of dervishes, and "submitted to fast and pray, and turn round in endless rotation, with the fanatics who mistook the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the spirit."

The antithesis is good; the lord of nations become a dancing dervish!—but, with deference to Gibbon, it may be doubted whether the sultan ever partook in their giddy exercises otherwise than as a spectator, as many of his successors have done. Whatever was the life he led, it seems in no way to have affected his martial

spirit and talents, for when the youth of his son Mahomet was threatened by the Christian league, headed by the enthusiastic Ladislaus, the heroic Huniades, and the astucious Cardinal Julian, Amurath rushed from the Asiatic solitude of Magnesia to the field of Varna, and annihilated the invading hosts.* Nor had the monotony of

* This was the second expedition of Ladislaus, king of Poland and Hungary, against the Turks, whose European capital was not yet at Constantinople, but at Adrianople. In his first campaign, he attempted to penetrate into Thrace, by the upper part of the Balkan mountains; he reached Sophia, the capital of Bulgaria, but was deterred crossing the mountains by the approach of winter, and the aspect of their natural and artificial defences. The plan of the second campaign was different. Ladislaus was to march along the shores of the Black Sea; it was calculated that the precipitous ends of the Balkan, might be turned by the narrow sands intervening between their basis and the sea, and that generally space would be afforded to cover the flanks of his army, with the usual Scythian fortification of waggons. The straits of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus were to be defended against the Turks by Christian allies, and the Greek Emperor might support the operations by a vigorous *sortié* against Mahomet, from Constantinople.

On arriving at the sea-shore at Varna, with the rugged Hæmus or Balkan before him, the difficulties of his future route might have brought the impetuous Ladislaus to a stand; but his allies had failed him. The Genoese ships, commanded by the Pope's nephew, had betrayed the passage of the Dardanelles, and the Greek Emperor, instead of co-operating with a military force, was overawed or bribed by the Turks to abandon to them the narrow Bosphorus. Ladislaus then proposed to retreat. The activity of Amurath at the head of sixty thou-

retirement and the restrictions of private life, lost their charms by experience, as they are wont to do, on such characters as his; the business of victory over, he again renounced the throne, and hastened back to Magnesia; and if he was again recalled to assume the reins of government by an "unanimous divan," that trembled before the turbulent Janissaries, and if he at last died on the throne, it was reluctantly, and regretting his quiet home and devout circle of Anatolia; thus offering perhaps the only instance of a sovereign's having, "after the trial of empire and solitude, repeated his preference of a private life," and that, with unlimited freedom of choice—for the power, the life, and death of his son, were every moment in his hands.

One of the two grand mosques of Magnesia I have mentioned, was erected and endowed by Amurath, and the other by one of his wives or

sand men, rendered this impracticable; all that remained for the Christian Prince was to die like a hero. This he did, and his death may partially extenuate his imprudence, and the more weighty sin of perjury; for after his first brilliant expedition on Sophia, he had solemnly sworn, in the name of Jesus, to a ten years' truce with the Turks.

The conqueror of the field of Varna gave a proof of magnanimity, (rare in a Turk,) if it be true, that he ordered a column, with an inscription honourable to the young Hungarian monarch, to be erected on the spot where he had fallen fighting like a lion.

by his mother. He built besides two palaces, and laid out a spacious garden; and those material objects, together with the tombs of his wives and children, some of whom seem to have expired during his residence here, may have contributed to strengthen his attachment to Magnesia. I found the latter edifices in the same state as described by Chandler. "Their remains are some pieces of wall, with several large and stately cypress trees; and near them is a neat mausoleum with a dome, over the tombs of his wives and children, in number twenty-two, of different sizes, disposed in three rows, all plain and of stone."

CHAPTER XIV.

Journey from Magnesia to Sardes—Road to the Foot of Mount Sipylus—Colossal Statue of Cybele—Grand Eastern Termination of Mount Sipylus—Plain and Rivers near Casabar—Arrival and Lodging at Casabar—Curious Supper—A Slave—Fire at the Khan—Plain of the Hermus—Turks Coursing—Tumuli and Villages near the Road—March of a Tribe of Turcomans—Ruins of the ancient City of Sardes—Accosted by two Dervishes—The Temple of Cybele—The Acropolis—Alarming Incident—View from the Acropolis—Land Tortoise—Homeric Supper—Night spent in a Tent with the Turcomans.

On leaving Magnesia, my road lay in an easterly direction, along the foot of Mount Sipylus, from which rush numerous cold, chrystal streams, which give great beauty to the scene, and furnish a number of Turkish fountains, placed at regular distances, whilst their united waters, at that season, formed a pleasant and copious streamlet, that flowed in a stony bed to the left of the road. After a little more than an hour's ride, we came to a small Turkish coffee-house, or shed, situated on the high bank of the streamlet. Immediately above this coffee-house, is the gigantic figure cut

in the mountain's side, which I have alluded to in the preceding chapter: you see the stark cliff, marked with the impress of the human form, from a considerable distance, as you approach by the Magnesian road, or across the plain of the Hermus. Opposite to the coffee-house, Mount Sipylus is indented, though not deeply, and the statue is on the left side of the chasm, about two hundred feet from the level of the road. The rock is excavated into a niche, which encloses the statue that rises in bold relief from the rock; the figure is sedent in the attitude in which Cybele is generally represented; the Sipylus was in a particular manner sacred to this goddess; and the pine, her favourite tree, grows on the mountain, high above its head. The position, whence she seems to look, as from a lofty throne, over the vast plain, is admirably chosen as a seat of supremacy; and it seems to me certain, that this is the figure of Cybele, or Cybebe, although Chishull, the only traveller I am acquainted with who has observed it; with his mind full of the idea of Niobe, which equally attaches to the mountain, wished to realize the poetical fiction, and to see in it the proud, the impious, and cruelly punished mother.* I contrived to mea-

* Chandler, who was equally anxious to detect the figure, or the type of "Niobe turned to stone," did not discover this

sure the statue by climbing up the rock at the risk of breaking my own neck. It is about twenty-eight feet high; it distinctly retains the human form, but the face has been obliterated more by Turkish violence than by time, (for the rock is hard and seems capable of eternal endurance,) and there are no signs left of hands or of feet. The whole may be described in the brief terms applied by Doctor Chandler to the statue of Cybele at the island of Scio, as "hewn out of the mountain, rude, indistinct, and of the most remote antiquity."*

At a short distance beyond the statue of Cybele, the Sipylus terminates in an abrupt,

figure, although he passed under it, and taxed his fancy to find Niobe elsewhere. "The phantom," says he, "may be defined an effect of a certain portion of light and shade, on a part of Sipylus, perceivable at a particular point of view." This, it must be allowed, is vague enough, and he continues: "The traveller who shall visit Magnesia after this *information*, is requested to observe carefully a steep and remarkable cliff about a mile from the town; varying his distance, while the sun and shade, which come gradually on, pass over it:—I have reason to believe he will see Niobe." I must confess, that though somewhat of an adept in finding "whales" in clouds, and Turks and turbans in the fire, I could not, even with the ingenious doctor's *information* in my hand, shape the cliff described, into any resemblance of the human form; and I was favoured by alternate sun and shade, and varied my distance, point of view, and position, until my companion might have thought me practising the evolutions of the whirling Dervishes, all to no purpose.

* See description of Scio, Chapter VIII.

stupendous precipice, "composed of a naked massy stone, and rising perpendicularly almost a furlong high."* Near this spot there are some long, narrow holes in the rocks, at the mouth of which I heard the mountain streams, dashing and roaring within, in sublime discord; and at the mountain's foot, the gathering waters form a spacious limpid pool, with some pretty little weedy islets in the midst. I saw some ancient remains, probably of tombs, in the mountain's side, and under the transparent waters I could see masses of building composed of small, flat bricks. My imagination would have been delighted by a flight to the most remote ages, and to have supposed that here were the traces of Sipylus, the city of Tantalus, but my experience and the evidence of my senses, made me refer what I saw, to a much more recent period, perhaps to the time of the Roman Empire.†

From this very romantic termination of Mount Sipylus we struck across the plain E.S.E. in the direction of Durguthli, or Casabar. The plain was verdant and delightful, but few habitations, and rare signs of confined cultivation, were to be

* Chishull.

† This lake, or pool, is however, in all probability, the ancient Lake Sale; and here was the site of the ancient city of Sipylus that was swallowed up by an earthquake.

seen. We journeyed on in silence, and met not a soul until about six o'clock, when we came to another solitary coffee-house, where we dismounted. The evening Ramazann gun soon fired, and my suridji instantly lit his pipe, and procured us the refreshment of some coffee; but, before this, as the sun was setting, he performed his ablutions at a fountain adjoining the coffee-house, and using his saddle-cloth as a *prie-Dieu*, he offered up his devotions in the prescribed form. I was always much pleased with these practices, which, particularly in solitary places, are touching and picturesque; and I generally found that, among the lower Turks, those were the best that were regular in their devotions. I congratulated myself on having a good fellow with me, but this time I was mistaken. Soon after leaving the coffee-house we crossed a considerable river, at least such it was at that season, called Nymphi, which may have been the Crios mentioned by Pliny. It was now dark; the plain we were traversing was wilder than that we had passed, and there were frequent swamps, into one of which my drogoman contrived to ride, but the illuminated minarets disclosed the town of Casabar before us, and cheered us on our way.*

* During the Ramazann, it is customary, at the approach of

At seven o'clock we passed a broad channel, in part sandy and in part stony; the water was not deep in any part at the time, but its broad bare bed, afforded evidence of the correctness of Chishull's statement, that "in the winter season, it conveys no inconsiderable current into the Hermus." In another half hour we entered the town of Casabar, which we found gay and animated, with the bazaars and all the shops lit up as I have described Pergamus on a festive night of Ramazann. The khan our suridji conducted us to, was detestable. The Smyrniote doctor of Magnesia had given me a letter to a friend of his, an Armenian of the town, who would not fail to give, or to procure me a good supper and a good night's lodging. I despatched my companion with my billet; he soon returned in a great passion; "The thick-headed brute," said he, "read the letter, pulled his mustachoes, and told me we might find very good accommodation at another khan in the town." Thanking the Armenian for his hospitality, I again mounted and rode to the khan he had designated. It was worse than the one we had stopped at. The best room it afforded had two large gaping windows, without a pane of glass, or (the common substitute for glass) any

night, to suspend little lamps in the galleries of the minarets, or on the domes of the mosques. The effect is very pretty.

bladders or oiled paper, and the windows were furnished with shutters that belied their name, for they would not shut at all. The boards of the floor were burnt and dotted like a cribbage-board, by the falling cinders of the pipes of the indolent Turks, who had spread their mats in this caravanserai during the course of, heaven knows, how many years. It was with great difficulty that I procured a straw mat to cover a portion of the filthy room, and to serve as our bed. None of the low Turkish stools were disengaged, but my portmanteau, or valise, was easily convertible into a seat.

The important business of securing quarters, such as they were, being settled, the next thing was to procure something for supper; but here again my young man was unfortunate; the hour was rather late; all the kibabjis in the bazaars had already disposed of their savoury edibles to the hungry children of the prophet, and had not a morsel left for two equally hungry ghiaours. He could get nothing but some *khalva*, a detestable Turkish sweetmeat. We then tried the "unfaithful," but it was Lent with the Greeks; and they observe their fasts so scrupulously, that they had nothing at hand but some black olives and some *yaourt*.* And on bread, olives, and

* One of the very numerous Eastern preparations of milk. The Turks think so highly of yaourt, that they give it a celestial

yaourt, assisted with some drams of rakie, mixed with water, (for we could get no wine,) we made our meal as best we could, sitting cross-legged on the mat, with our provisions on pieces of paper, and in small clay cups, spread between our knees. I have hitherto neglected to mention, as a circumstance of very little interest to the reader, that several times in the course of this journey I was obliged to fast, or to put up with very short supplies.

In 1828, the Ramazann, which, in the course of the lunar procession, falls at every possible season of the year, coincided with the Greek Lent. From the Turks I could get nothing to eat or to drink from sunrise to sunset; and the Greeks could give me nothing but bread, caviare, olives, and grass. For so rigid is their observance of their long Lent, and of their ever-recurring fast-days, that they will not even eat fish, on which, with many other things forbidden to the Greeks, the most devout of Catholics do not hesitate to banquet.*

origin, affirming that the patriarch Abraham was taught how to make it by an angel, or, with a still prettier fiction, that a winged messenger from heaven presented a pot of it (the first seen on earth) to Hagar, as she was fainting in the wilderness. It is an agreeable species of sour curds, very refreshing after a journey.

* The Greeks are bound to observe a hundred and ninety-five days of rigid fast in the year. The food, consumed during

After supper, a slave of the khan, a Greek, and formerly a peasant of Scio, furnished our pipes, and brought us some good strong coffee without sugar. This fellow was young, well made, and robust; but his countenance was false and scowling to a degree that affected me unpleasantly. He was as dissimilar as possible to his easy, good-natured countryman, and wore the aspect of one meditating treachery and revenge; but slavery and ill usage, acting perhaps on a stubborn spirit, might have well worked the change. He begged me to use my influence among the charitable Franks of Smyrna, to raise a sum to purchase his liberation. A small sum he said, would be taken, for he had contrived to do little work, and to render himself as useless to his present masters as a man well could be. He proposed that I should buy his liberty myself, and that he would in gratitude follow me to the

more than half of the year, is heating and unwholesome; and though dispensations are granted to the sick, there are many who suffer severely in health from the privations of their diet.

There are ninety-one close feasts annually prescribed by the church, and each town or district has several feasts of its own that are religiously observed. It may be mentioned, however, as a proof of the improvement of the Greeks, that they begin somewhat to emancipate themselves from the yoke of this injudicious alternation of starvation and idleness. The more respectable classes, indeed, have for a long time paid little attention to fast or feast.

ends of the world. But charity for the Greeks was at the moment by no means vivacious at Smyrna, and I had never seen an unfortunate fellow-creature for whom I felt less interest than for this man. My companion asked him, why, at such a short distance in the interior, he did not attempt to escape to Smyrna, where he might easily get on board ship, and leave the country. He said he had made the attempt, had been arrested on the road, and returned to his masters, who had treated him with extreme severity.

The best plan after that of having recourse to European charity, seemed to him to be to turn Turk, as the renouncing of his Christian faith, if it did not procure him his immediate manumission, must ensure his liberation at the end of the seventh year of his captivity.*

When he had finished his trifling services, he sat himself down with a familiarity I could well have dispensed with, on the mat opposite me, and his large, black, scowling eye seemed to peruse my condition, dress, and the not very valuable articles of the arts of Christendom that

* The faithful are advised, if not ordered, in the Koran, to manumit their slaves after seven years' servitude; but this, like many other good precepts of the prophet, is more generally remarked "in the breach than in the observance;" but I believe it is considered as binding, if the slave be or become a muselman.

I had with me, with malignant envy. He was prying and inquisitive. When he learned that I was going to the ruins of Sardes, he said, "Aye! to look for treasures! you Franks can do as you choose."

If our supper had been bad, both the pipes and coffee were good; and it is surprising how these common eastern resources refresh and enliven solitary travellers. I was not, however, sufficiently fatigued to enable me to drop easily to sleep on my hard, greasy mat, which I shared with my drogoman.

On observing the marks produced by the cinders falling from the pipes, (marks with which, as I have already mentioned, the floor was covered,) I had been wondering how the khan could have so long escaped being burned down. The accident whose non-occurrence had surprised me, was well nigh taking place that very evening. At about eleven o'clock we were roused by the cry of "fire." A drowsy devidji, in the room next to ours, had fallen asleep while his *atesh* was red hot: the cinder had dropped on a congenial part of the floor, saturated with oil and grease. A hole was soon burned through the planks, and part of the fire dropping in the room below, had fortunately roused a katerdji, who gave the alarm. A rush was made at once

by the attendants and lodgers in the khan; for these Turks always sleep with their clothes on. The room-door, which was not secured within, was thrown open, and there we saw a strapping devidji fast asleep, although the boards were burning at no greater distance from him than the length of a short pipe-stick. There, as he lay snoring like an elephant, it really seemed a pity to disturb him. When at length aroused, he rubbed his eyes, cried out, "Allah," and snatching up the ragged mat, his bed, doubled it, and clapped it over the burning floor. This, with the contents of a few earthen water-jars, subdued the flames, which had only made a hole of about the circumference of the crown of one's hat, and had done no further mischief. The Turks went away to their respective rooms, muttering "Mashallah, yok! yok!" and the devidji laid himself down again to sleep as if nothing had happened.

I was on horseback the following morning at an early hour, glad to leave my uncomfortable khan. Outside of the town I passed some bare rocks, at the foot of some inconsiderable heights to the right of the road. On the ridge of one of these hills, at about half an hour's ride from the town of Casabar, is situated a considerable Turkish village, called Ishmaelja. After somewhat

more than an hour, we passed another village to the left, called Oorganlieu. The plain, naturally most luxuriant, was little cultivated; but I found the repetition of the same extensive, level champaigns covered with gay green sward, richly enamelled with beautiful little tulips, and other wild flowers of the most brilliant and varied dies that I have described in the plain of the Caicus. But here I found the stately asphodel, or day-lily, offering its broad, purely white bosom to the sun's rays, and scenting the air from afar, much more frequently than in the contiguous valley.

As we rode on, a party of Turkish horsemen, following greyhounds, struck across the plain. The sight was pleasing and animating: there were, apparently, some effendis among them, and their loose, ample, and gaudily-coloured robes flowing behind them, and the action and speed of the horses, and the glittering of their inlaid bridles and saddles, and embroidered saddle-cloths, produced a charming effect. I had not partaken of the pleasure of coursing for many a day, and the sight set my imagination on distant excursions to England and elsewhere.* My

* The last time I had coursed was in the south of Italy, in the vast Apulian plain that opens to the Adriatic sea, between the city of Barletta and Mount Garganus. One of our runs

spirits rose to such a degree, that I forgot I was bestriding a miserable hack, on a broad and loose Tatar-saddle. I urged my Rozinante to speed; and galloping over the wide and level carpet, experienced a portion of that pleasure which the Mameluke described to Chateaubriand, as awakening rapture whenever he found himself alone in the desert;—a pleasure I have never failed to revel in, every time that, well mounted, I have had to traverse a wild moor or an extensive solitary plain.

The exuberance of my spirits and my rapid motion were soon checked by the angry voice of my Turk, who bawled in the rear, "Slowly, slowly there: in the name of the Devil, do you mean to kill my horse?" I drew my reins. As we advanced I saw in the plain a number of round hillocks, the same observed by Chishull on this road, and which, as he adds, "from their number, figure, and situation, in so level a country, appear plainly to be artificial." From their disposition and closeness to each other, I was led to conclude that these tumuli were certainly ancient burying-places.

lay along the river Aufidus, and across the field of Cannæ, the scene of Hannibal's greatest victory over the Romans. The town of Cannæ has entirely disappeared; the plain around it is a solitary sheep-walk; but the peasantry still show the field of battle, and call it "Il campo di sangue."

After riding about four hours, we stopped at a lonely Turkish coffee-house on the road side, where, not without difficulty, I procured a piece of dry bread and a few eggs, which my drogoman was obliged to fry himself over some embers without the door, the Turks keeping at a distance, and affecting great care that their nostrils should not inhale the forbidden odours, which, according to the strict letter of the law, might deprive them of the merits of a whole day's Ramazann fast. I here gave some advice, which was all I had to give, (for unfortunately I had no drug with me except a little opium,) to a poor wretch, who was huddled over a pan of charcoal, within the coffee-house, suffering under the access of an intermitting fever, which he had caught the preceding summer.* Not far from the coffee-house was a detached and humble mosque, and by its side stood a blasted tree: on the roof of the house of Allah was one large

* The Turks in these parts, take every man with a hat for an Hekim, or doctor. Wherever I went, applications were made to me: it was in vain protesting I was no doctor. Sometimes I was surrounded by the halt and blind, as if I could work miracles, and was more than once dragged to the exhibition of loathsome sores and diseases. The name of Hekim is, however, an excellent *nom de guerre* to travel with: it insures one respect and hospitality. I have serious thoughts of qualifying myself, by the purchase of an English medicine chest, ere I repeat my wanderings in the East.

stork's nest, and another on the topmost branches of the naked tree: in each nest was a long-necked stork, that bent its head as if saluting me as I passed: their consorts were pacing the adjacent field, with grave and measured steps.

On leaving the coffee-house, we almost immediately waded through a clear but shallow stream that crossed our road. By this stream there rise some tall pleasant poplar trees; a short distance to the right of the road is a village called Achmet-lieu, consisting of sixty houses, of which one half are Turkish, the other Greek; and a smaller village, called Baricle, is situated about the same distance to the left of the road.

We had met but two or three solitary travellers since we had left Casabar; but shortly after crossing the stream we encountered a long caravan of Turcomans, who were changing their pastures and place of encampment. A numerous herd of small but fine cattle, driven and kept to the road by some young men on horseback, with long spears in their hands, formed the van of the pastoral march; then came several hardy-looking patriarchs with bronzed faces and flowing beards, mounted on good active horses; they were followed by their wives and families. Some of the women, whose faces were scarcely veiled at all, were elevated on the backs of camels, and others

rode astride on horseback; the elder of their children rode behind them, but the young ones were bestowed in panniers slung over the camels' or horses' backs. A string of camels, loaded with the dark, thick covering, and the frame-work of their tents, that folds up something like an umbrella, with their household utensils and other property, came after the women and children; and the rear of the march was brought up by a flock of sheep and goats, tended by some long-legged, active striplings. We met this primitive assemblage where the road was narrow, being confined by rude rocks to the right, and by a hollow, in which ran a stream, to our left; in passing, I several times jostled against them, but they were all good-natured and courteous; the men laid their hands to their breasts, and gave us the Turkish salutation to travellers, recommending us to Allah, and wishing that our journey might be happy; the women did not attempt to muffle up their faces, but returned my gaze with a stare of astonishment. They were not handsome, their cheek-bones were high, and their whole face hard-favoured; but they had large gazelle-like eyes, long lashes, and several of them could pretend to the cherished charm of the united eye-brow. They also greeted us as we passed, and the children behind them,

and the young ones, poking out their heads from the panniers like kangaroos from the pouch of their dam, hailed us with a chirping laugh.

The rough hill of the Acropolis of Sardes, with the inconsiderable and rapidly disappearing ruins on its ridge, was now before us, and we saw beyond it, looking to the east, the lofty and irregular summits of Mount Tmolus covered with deep snow. On the sixth hour of our journey, or about eleven o'clock, we reached the desolate city. This, in the time of its greatness and prosperity, was the very hour at which its streets and public places would be crowded—the πλήθουσα ἀγορὰ when the voice of public or of private affairs resounded through the busy town. We saw not a living creature. Such a contrast, though trite enough as a feature of composition or rhetoric, is still awfully impressive, when presenting itself, as it must, in spots like these. We passed a stream, so shallow that its water did not cover our horses' hoofs, and which I could not imagine at the moment, to have any thing to do with the golden and far-famed Pactolus.

The objects with which I began my survey of what remains of Sardes, were the walls of the vast chamber situated to the west of the Acropolis and a few paces to the left of the road which we had followed from Casabar. This

chamber, from a hasty measurement, I found to be about one hundred and sixty feet long, and forty-three wide; the walls, which have been so much celebrated for the durability of their bricks, are more than ten feet thick. Immense heaps of fallen stone and brick-work lay at their feet; over these I crawled, and entered the spacious chamber by a wide gap in the wall, which may have been an ancient door or window. There were several storks' nests built on the tops of the walls of the roofless building. These firm-set structures have been honoured by travellers with a variety of denominations. Chishull saw in them the house of the rich Crœsus, and says, that they seem not unworthy of the palace of the ancient kings of Lydia. Chandler took them to be the Gerusia, a retreat for decayed citizens; (a stately alm's-house;) and not to mention the hypotheses of others, Mr. Arundell asks, whether they might not have been the gymnasium. I too may be permitted to dissent or to doubt, where (as Byron says of the scattered ruins of Rome) all that can be proved is, "that these are walls." But the building, both in material and in style, struck me as being very similar to the Agios Theologos, and other ecclesiastical ruins at Pergamus; and I am much inclined to believe it far less ancient than it has

been generally imagined to be,—in short, that it was a Christian church erected about the same period as those in the neighbouring city. The two ruins that have been recognized as churches, near the humble mill of Sardes, seem to have been confined and mean buildings, composed chiefly of fragments subtracted from more ancient and better works: they may have risen in the middle ages, when art was utterly debased, and may have sufficed for a decreased and decreasing population; and Christian piety should feel flattered in hailing the loftier pile as the original metropolitan temple, one of the seven churches of Asia, visited and illuminated by the direct precepts of the apostles of the Lord.

A little to the south of this church or palace are the ruins of another extensive room, the walls of which rest on arched foundations, and are not so well built, and seem less ancient than the former edifice. The foundations of other walls are found at intervals, for a considerable distance.

As I was riding from this spot towards the triangular, detached hill of the Acropolis, I was arrested by a loud shouting behind me. I turned my head, and saw two men on horseback galloping after me. I was alone: the drogoman and Turk had gone to dispose of the horses, and to

look for a guide. I had no chance, on my jaded hack, of outriding my pursuers; I did what was better than attempting it; for, as with other barbarians, the Turks' courage and violence rise in proportion to the timidity displayed; — I turned round and faced them. On their coming up with me, I discovered them to be two dervishes, with high, felt, sugar-loaf hats, thick ragged beards, loose dishevelled hair, and torn dirty garments. I well knew the mischievous nature of these vagabonds, generally a dangerous compound of the qualities of knave and madman, and I wished at the moment for the brace of pistols I had resigned to my companion as a useless incumbrance. There was, however, no need of them, for the fellows, with their peculiar savage intonation of voice, which is much like a shriek, gave me the wayfaring benison, and in the name of Allah begged for ten paras apiece. I had none of that "absolute minimum of the infinitely little" in the way of money about me; I had no paras, but I would fain be quit of the ruffianly pretenders to sanctity, and I gave them a *rubieh*, or three piastre piece. At the sight of the tiny gold coin, their eyes glistened, they stroked their beards, blessed me vehemently, recommended me to Allah, wheeled round, and cantered off to the road that leads to Casabar.

On the slope of a hill at the southern end of the Acropolis, I found a small and half temporary hamlet, composed of some half dozen huts built of clay and loose stones, and of a few black tents. I here dismounted, and was presently surrounded by fresh assailants in the shape of large sheep dogs. The quadrupeds however, like the dervishes, looked fiercer than they were; I kept them at bay with my whip; and the women and children, who seemed the only persons then in the hamlet, instead of urging them on me, called them away, and pelted them with large stones. I was joined by my drogoman, who had been unable to find any human being of the masculine gender bigger than a ragged little boy, and he, shy and timid, declined going away from the habitations with us, lest (to translate his words literally) "we should cut his throat and eat him." This child's idea of Christian atrocity was not very flattering, but it made me laugh heartily, as did several other passages of his dialogue with my companion. An old dame, hearing the discussion, put her head out of the door of one of the hovels; she did not consider our appearance so ferocious, and bade the little urchin accompany us, and get a good *backshish* (present.) But no; he would not stir. The hopes of reward were thrown away—as he loved

Allah and the Prophet, and feared Saitan and Ghoules, he would not go with us. Such lights as he could have afforded as a guide, would probably have been of little service, so I consulted my books, and we went alone. We walked in an easterly direction, along green acclivities, immediately at the foot of the precipitous Acropolis, and soon reached the site of the ancient theatre, which contains but very slight architectural remains. On the green hills' side, and attached to it, I could just trace the ancient Stadium.* There are several other indications of buildings along these pleasant slopes, the roots of the Acropolis, but all faint and indistinct. At the easterly end of the Acropolis that faces the distant and lofty cone of Mount Tmolus, which is said to retain the deep snow that then covered it, nearly all the year through, we descended from the acclivities to the plain, and came immediately to a stream, running in an inclining bed N.E. towards the river Hermus.†

* Mr. Cockerell (see notes to Colonel Leake's Tour in Asia Minor) gives the dimensions of this very considerable theatre, and an architectural description of the temple and other remains.

† The stream to the east of the Acropolis, though, as I mention, so superior to that at the western extremity, has generally been called a branch of the Pactolus. We learn from Herodotus, that the "golden river" ran through the Agora of

The stream was then about twenty feet broad, and about four feet deep, and seemed to me to possess a much better right to the title of river, to the honours of the auriferous Pactolus, than the very shallow rivulet at the western extremity of Sardes, which has been particularly designated by that classical name. The bed of the river was very stony, and many of the stones and pebbles I picked up were of a dark-brown colour; the earthy deposits of the flood were not like what I should imagine to be the nature and the colour of sands containing the precious metal. In the evening, we told a Turk of the place that this river had formerly run with gold, and that a great king had gathered from it immense riches. He shook his beard with laughter, and told us, that though he had been acquainted with the chai* for many years, he had never seen it bring down any thing save stones and mud, which it did abundantly in the winter season. The waters

Sardes, but I could discover nothing to show whether the market-place was at the east or the west of the Acropolis. The course of inferior rivers in countries so subject to earthquakes as this has been, is very capricious: a new channel may have been formed, or the smaller may have become the larger one.

* *Chai* is the Turkish for water; and they are accustomed to call small rivers, and even some of their large ones, by this name, adding some prefix, as "brown," or "white," or "gold," or "copper," or "silver," as the colour of the stream may be.

of the Pactolus, whose source is not far off in the sides of Mount Tmolus, to the south, behind the hill of the Acropolis, are in some places turbid, but more generally clear and limpid, like a mountain stream. On the left bank, and under the brow of the steep hill, are the ruins of some edifices that appear to have been partially constructed of massy stones. In tracing the river for a short distance in its course towards the Hermus, I saw several other heaps of stone and masonry almost covered with the earth, and at one spot, these remains were washed by the stream, and appeared as if they had been part of an ancient quay, or of some work made to confine its overflowing.*

I next retrod my steps, tracing the Pactolus towards its source, and entered a deep narrow glen that separates the Acropolis of Sardes from the adjacent mountains. In a few minutes I left the river, and turned to the right, behind the Acropolis, which is completely insulated. A scramble over a very irregular path, and through thickets of myrtle and underwood, brought me in a few minutes to the opposite end of the Acropolis, and in sight of the columns of the celebrated temple of Cybele, situated on a plea-

* I saw no indications of this sort on the western and lesser branch of the Pactolus.

sant little green, or esplanade, about a furlong to the south of the impending hill. I repaired with eager haste to these columns, and sat myself down, in a melancholy mood, on the green sward opposite to them. Here, indeed, the work of Turkish destruction had advanced gradually, but alas! too rapidly. In 1700, Chishull had observed "six lofty Ionic columns, all entire, except that the capital of one was distorted by an earthquake," and many other remains were adjoining to them. In 1750, Peysonnel found standing three columns with their architraves, a part of the cella, and three detached columns. At the time of Chandler's visit in 1765, there were five columns erect, and even then, the amiable traveller, in tearing himself from the spot, made the melancholy observation, that "it is impossible to behold, without deep regret, this imperfect remnant of so beautiful and glorious an edifice."* In 1812, Mr. Cockerell found three

* Chandler remarks, with a proper feeling of their beauty, that, "the capitals are designed and carved with exquisite taste and skill." It is curious, however, that so correct an observer, should say that "the shafts are fluted;" in fact, "the flutings are not continued in any of the columns below the capitals," as is correctly observed by Mr. Cockerell, who would derive from that circumstance, a proof that this temple, like that of Apollo Didymeus, was never finished.

There is a copy of Dr. Chandler's travels (the quarto edition) in the library of the British Museum, enriched with manuscript

standing columns, the truncated portions of four others, and a part of the wall of the cella. At the beginning of April 1828, only two columns (one of them, with the distorted capital, as described by Chishull) and a piece of the shaft of another, with its beautiful, but broken capital, sunk in a hole in the earth, met my eye. Of the wall of the cella, I could scarcely see a trace. This was all that remained of the magnificent temple, which had received the homage of remote* and ingenious ages, as one of the most magnificent works of Greek art, and whose melancholy ruins had been honoured by the regret and reverential admiration of travellers from distant lands, and in a special manner, by my own enlightened countrymen.† I indulged a sad, but pleasing reverie, in recalling the feelings and imaginings of men, who pilgrims like myself, had visited this remote waste, and this long deserted shrine. I called them before me,—the

notes by Mr. Revett, an architect, and one of the companions of the doctor on his tour. These notes correct many trifling mistakes, but what is very odd, the one here alluded to is not corrected.

* Colonel Leake is of opinion that this temple is of a date anterior to the capture of Sardes by Cyrus, B.C. 548.

† "The capital appeared to me to surpass any specimen of the Ionic I had seen, in perfection of design and execution." "The temple was built of coarse, whitish marble."—Mr. Cockerell.

distant, the unknown, and the long since dead,—and associated them with the forlorn pillars, the sepulchral mementoes of prostrate beauty and glory! I heard all their speculations over again, and identified my own with theirs. The reader may smile at my enthusiasm, but I have long been accustomed to indulge in similar trains of thought, and have felt the interest of the view of St. Peter's, vast and wonderful as it is, of the Colyseum, and of the Capitol of Rome, crowded with great recollections, as they are, increased by associating with them the presence and the ideas of a Gibbon, a De Stael, and a Byron.

My mind, that had wandered to I know not what distance from this real and material world, was recalled by the appearance of a Turk, who darted from under the cliffs of the Acropolis, and came scouring over the plain, on a long-tailed horse. As he had a spear in his hand, and as he did not draw his reins until close by my side, I thought his intentions might be hostile. I did him wrong; he was a Turcoman, a member of the small migratory tribe, then encamped at Sart.* He had been speaking with my suridji, and had come curious to see the na-

* The Turkish name for Sardes. It is curious to observe how generally the names given by this people to places, are but corruptions of the ancient and classical denominations.

ture of my occupations. My pocket-compass, the use of which, as explained by my drogoman, made him stare with astonishment, and consider it as a wonderful piece of magic; my sketch-book and pencils, (wood that could write without ink,) the slight drawings of the ruins I had made, severally excited his wonder, without, however, ensuring much of his approbation. "You Franks," said he, "are a curious people, but, Mashallah! what is the use of all this?" The horseman struck one of the columns with his spear, and then pointing at the beautiful, but fallen capital, he exclaimed, with an agreeable smile, "The old Greeks were strong men, and built strong places;—but the Osmanlis are as strong as they, and can knock down what they put up." I could almost have felt it in my heart to knock him down, and to pound his thick scull between some of the fragments of the pillars. The punishment for his contumely would have been too severe, for the fellow, barbarian as he was, was inclined to be civil and even hospitable: he offered us some yaourt if we would pass by his tent, and then rode away to objects of whose *cui bono* he had a clearer idea, i. e. to his cattle.

Mr. Cockerell says, that the Turks had thrown down the columns for the sake of the gold they

expected to find in the joints; and Mr. Arundell asserts, that they had been destroyed "for the sake of the lead connecting the blocks." There is no necessity for making the Turks greater fools and barbarians than they really are; they have mutilated too many beautiful pillars, to entertain the idea that gold, (which, like all vulgar people, they suppose to exist in mysterious places,) is to be found in their interstices, and lead is too cheap to render a small quantity of it worth the expence and trouble required at their unskilful hands, to overthrow these columns. The fact is, they have been blown up by gunpowder, reduced to blocks, and sold at neighbouring towns to masons and cutters of tombstones; and as other materials are wanted, the two columns which yet remain will be blasted in the same manner; and the traveller who may follow my footsteps in a few years, or perhaps a few months, or even weeks, will find not a vestige of the Sardeian temple of Cybele.

There seems to me an inconsistency to describe this temple, as so often has been done, as situated on the bank of the Pactolus. The smaller or western branch of that river, flows at some distance at the edge of the sloping plain on which the temple stands, but in a narrow ditch-like bed, not visible from the ruins themselves.

From the temple, I visited the Acropolis, ascending at its almost perpendicular back, which was then towards me, and probably at precisely the same place by which, on the promise of a handsome reward, the soldier of Cyrus, (who was besieging it, after having defeated Crœsus in a great battle,) made the attempt and succeeded. As with my young Smyrniote, helping each other occasionally with hands and shoulders, I toiled up the steep and crumbling height, I thought that the Persian soldier must have well earned the reward, royal as it might be, particularly on reflecting that a foe might encounter him at the top of the precipice, and thrust him headlong down; a feat that a child's strength might have performed.

Indeed, without the disagreeable perspective of a repelling enemy, it was not without great difficulty, and some danger, that we gained the top, for the earth frequently broke away under our feet, and in our hands; and at the upper part, (a giddy height!) there was not a shrub, a twig, or any projection to hold by.

My companion, who in the course of our journey, had, or pretended to have, imbibed a certain degree of taste for antiquarian researches, did not honour this one with his approbation; he proposed returning, and taking a more practica-

ble path to the north, or in front of the Acropolis; but proud of the idea of practically elucidating a portion of ancient history, I would not listen to this; and he having too much spirit to leave me, we went on together, though when we reached the elevated and most difficult part, he looked very blank, and no doubt heartily wished himself back to the safer society of the figs and bales of Smyrna. At last, covered with dust and perspiration, we gained the summit, and this desired spot which we had almost despaired of reaching, and which was to end all our toils, was, indeed, well near terminating my Smyrniote's toils and apprehensions for ever. Though the sun, early in the season as it was, was scorching hot, cold blasts blew at intervals from the snowy mountains to the east. With proper circumspection, he had foreseen that these chilling gusts would be more sensibly felt at the exposed top of the hill, and had retained his mantle. The ridge he came to was scarcely broader than a camel's back, and at that point, the northern face of the hill declined to a deep hollow below, shelving rapidly, and breaking into precipices. Just at that moment, one of those gusts of wind the mantle was to defend him from, gathered in its folds and nearly blew him from the narrow ridge. He saved his life by throwing himself on

his face and grasping the ground with his hands. Having no cloak, I had passed the perilous ridge, and was in safety on a comparatively broad flat. The poor fellow's cry of "Santa Maria," chilled my blood; but on turning round, I saw him in safety, crawling towards me on his hands and knees; a posture I could hardly get him to leave, even when the danger was over. At last he rose; his face was ashy pale, and he crossed himself with catholic devotion.

As we walked on he discovered several places by which ascent would have been comparatively easy, and he could not help remarking, that we had been fools for our pains; but the soldier of Cyrus had not mounted by either of them, and had I attacked the Acropolis in front I should have been anxious for an elucidation of a kindred nature, and should probably have followed the path scaled by the enterprising officer and troops of Antiochus, who surprised the place by climbing up in the hollow on the side of the theatre, the identical hollow into which my drogoman so narrowly escaped being precipitated, and which must have been a path of equal, if not greater difficulty, than that by which we had ascended. I said nothing to him either of Cyrus or Antiochus, for he might have asked with the common expressive Turkish idiom, "whose dogs they

were," to suggest ideas so perilous to Christian necks.

On the long steep ridges of the Acropolis of Sardes, we found ample remains of the triple wall and fortification which had sustained so many sieges; and, besides these, fragments of less ancient walls, built of mixed materials and the spoils of antiquity. In many places the earth had crumbled away, and had fallen with the walls it sustained to the foot of the mountain. In other places, the walls rested in part on the still tenacious hill, and in part were undermined, and projected over the deep and dark hollows, that seemed awaiting their fall. Two portions of these fortifications are perilous to look at; one is a tower towards the south, and another, a mass of wall on the edge of the eastern precipice; both seem to tremble, and to be ready to slide down the lofty hill's side. From the violence of the winter rains, and from the spongy, crumbling nature of the hill, it is certain that in process of time the whole will fall—that the lofty will be humble—and that the ruins of the Acropolis must then be sought for at the foot of the mount. Yet on this narrow unstable base, once stood the royal palace of the Lydians, and on its site Alexander the Great contemplated the erection of a stately temple and altar to the

Olympian Jove.* It was as well (at least as as far as we are interested) that the project of the vast mind was not carried into execution; for had the temple miraculously escaped the earthquake, that in the time of Tiberius made a ruin of Sardes, its columns must have been long since prostrate, from the causes just alluded to.

The view from the rugged brow was vast and sublime; the broad plain of the Hermus, through which wound the stately and classical river, was at my feet: at the extremity of the plain, in a direction nearly due north, I could discern the tranquil bosom of the Gygean lake; the lofty tumuli; the sepulchres of Alyattes, and of Lydia's royal race; beyond which, the view was terminated by a ridge of mountains. To the west, was a chain of jagged rocky hills; to the east, were the high broad cones of Tmolus deeply covered with snow, whose white hues tinged by the reflected purple of the setting sun, shone like an accumulated mount of brilliant rose leaves. Behind the Acropolis, to the south, the long, deep valley of the Pactolus plunged within the blackening sides of the ma-

* After the battle of the Granicus, Alexander advanced and encamped on the banks of the Hermus, at about two miles from Sardes. He at once took unopposed possession of the city, and walked up to its Acropolis.

jestic mountains, and cast itself in shade, seemed strikingly solemn and mysterious; its famed stream was at intervals hidden by, and at others seen rushing through, dark trees and thick underwood, whilst at the more open parts of the valley, beneath where I stood, it was burnished with gold and crimson, by the farewell rays of the god of day. Of living beings, there were none visible, save a small herd of lowing cattle, driven by two mounted Turcomans, in the direction of the concealed village; but historical recollections and imagination could people the spot with Cimmerians, Lydians, Persians, Medes, Macedonians, Athenians, Romans, Greeks of a declining empire, and Turks of a rising one; races that have in turns flourished or played an active part on this theatre, and have in turns disappeared. By such aids, the ancient warrior with his helmet and breastplate of shining steel might be seen again to climb the castellated heights; the conqueror of the world to lay his victorious sword on the altars of Polytheism; and passing over the lapse of centuries, the fanatic Unitarian, the Moslemin Emir to lift up the voice of praise to Allah and to destiny, that had awarded him such fair conquests.

My drogoman was thoroughly tired, for he had brought no pipe with him. It was time to

go, as night was approaching. I looked again to the snowy summits of Tmolus; and regretted, bitterly regretted that circumstances should prevent me from crossing that ridge and extending my excursions. Far before me, and far to the right and to the left, were so many interesting tracts and ancient remains; whichever way I might go I could hardly fail of coming upon objects to repay my exertions; and on referring to my inseparable companion, Colonel Leake's tour, and to his map, in which by necessity the situations of many places are merely guessed at; I felt, with sensations of irritation and disappointment, that were time allowed me, I might flatter myself with the hope of being able to add my mite to our deficient geographical knowledge of these important parts of Asia Minor.

I felt at the time spirits and health too for the enterprise, but I was obliged to console myself with the thought that what could not be then, might be at a future period; and I still retain the hope of visiting those districts, which at the distance I am now, appear more interesting than ever.

On my descent from the Acropolis, I thought it fair to leave the choice of the road to my companion; he chose a good one, and we reached the plain without difficulty. A trifling incident

happened on the hill. As I was turning from the walls of the old fortress by a narrow path, I struck with my foot, inadvertently, and without the wish of trying a cruel experiment, a land-tortoise and sent it over the precipice.* My Smyrniote, whose own hair-breadth escape had prepared him to take an interest in the subject, watched the animal as it fell. "Per Dio!" cried he, "it is not killed; it moves; it is walking away! What a comfortable thing it is to have a natural case of armour over one: if I had fallen, what a different fate would have been mine!"

* These land-tortoises abound in Anatolia, to a degree I have never seen elsewhere. They are found much larger than any I have seen in Europe, and one I measured during the present journey, near Nymphi, was fifteen inches long, by eight broad. Their desquamated shell is so strong when they are full grown, as to bear an enormous weight, if laid on without concussion. They are very ugly reptiles. Defended from the rest of the brute creation, by the castles on their backs, they move at a snail-like pace, and in their favourite haunts, which are the banks of rivulets or any marshy ground, they may be taken by hundreds. Our sailors once took a large basket full in a few minutes at the Dardanelles, at a spot called "the White Stains," (where was the naval station of the Grock fleet during the war of Troy,) a little within the Sigæan promontory. In the Morea and in parts of Illyria, where the land-tortoises also abound, the inhabitants use them as articles of food; but the only use of them I ever heard of in Turkey, is that made of them by the Greeks, who boil them down to a soup, which is esteemed of great virtue to persons suffering under consumptions.

When we reached the hamlet, it was dark, and we found our suridji in a very bad humour, as he wished to return to Casabar, and did not like travelling by night. I had no intention of doing so, if I could procure any place of refuge where I was. This might be a difficult matter, where there was neither khan nor café; but on making enquiries, we were accosted by a man whom I recognised as my orator at the temple, and he unhesitatingly offered to lodge us. We followed our voluntary host to a strange habitation, a rude little cabin, pitched by the side of which was a conical tent. The interior of the cabin consisted of one undivided room, which we found occupied by a swarthy woman, who was cooking the family supper at a fire on the ground in the middle of the apartment, by three equally swarthy children, and by a rough little colt. I was amused at the thought of passing the night in such choice society, and on remarking the narrow dimensions of the room, and the absence of all furniture, save the black pilaff kettle that was steaming in the centre, two low wicker stools, a straw mat rolled up, and some sheepskins, I wondered how we should all be disposed of. We were very hungry, and thought fit to request that something might be added to the usual domestic supper. A valuable addition

soon made its appearance in the form of a small lamb, which was forthwith roasted whole, over the increased fire.

While these hasty preparations were making, I walked out towards the temple, but unfortunately there was no moonlight. I disturbed the large sheep-dogs, that set up a tremendous chorus of barking, and I was fain to return at the call of my companion, who announced that our meal was ready. The first thing served up was a dish of boiled wheat, made up, in the lieu of rice, into a sort of pilaff; which mixed with yaourt, that was furnished in abundance, I found agreeable enough, though somewhat paleous. The delicate small lamb was next laid on the mat, and having neither knives nor forks, we tore it to pieces with our fingers. It was tender and delicious in spite of the rude, hasty cooking, and our not less rude mode of carving it. Our hostess waited on us attentively. Her husband and the suridji ate with us of the pilaff, but were not to be induced to partake of the lamb. I thought that perhaps this abstinence might arise from certain religious rituals; and the roast lamb, the favourite dish of the Moslemins, is peculiarly devoted to the festival of the Bairam, which succeeds Ramazann, and was now close at hand. After our truly Homeric meal, the

wife and children took theirs in the furthest corner of the room. We had then thick coffee without sugar, and our chibooks, which were expertly filled and lit by one of the children, a sturdy, roguish looking little boy, a promising scion of the Turcoman stock. Two neighbours dropped in to add to the conviviality of our party. Unlike the solemn Osmanlis, these fellows were cheerful and talkative. The articles of my dress, and indeed every thing I had with me, excited great interest; but it was the watch, a repeater, that most awakened their surprise and admiration. I thought I must break it, in making it strike over and over again, in the delighted ears of all present. Though wild in their looks, and rude in their manners, my associates were kind, civil, and even respectful; as I looked round the barbarous hovel, I felt myself in as perfect security as if lodged in a European hotel, or mansion, with the civilized and refined for my hosts; and I thought, with a smile, of the panic that the mere name of these same Turcomans, in the same country, never failed to cause in my precursor, Dr. Chandler.* Before nine o'clock the

* The Turcomans, it is true, may have improved their character since the days of Chandler, and may have been, at the time he travelled, dreadful thieves and cutters off of heads; but the doctor does not appear to have been distinguished by the quality of courage, and I am inclined to believe that the rogues

visitors left us with the usual and expressive salutation of peace and good will. Except the occasional bark of a dog, not a sound was then heard from the pastoral hamlet. Some bustle, however, ensued in our cabin; the mat was removed to the upper end of it, the sheep-skins were spread, and now, thought I, comes the solution of the problem—where shall we all sleep? The solution was as agreeable to me as I could have wished: the wife and children were sent into the adjoining tent, our host soon followed them; and

of janissaries, who accompanied his party, found this out, and worked on his fears, to increase the merit of their own services, or to lessen their own inconveniences. However this may be, it is certain that now, the Turcomans of these provinces, (whom I beg the reader not to confound with their brethren the Courdes of Upper Asia Minor, Persia, &c.) so far from being robbers and cut-throats, are the most honest, civil people the traveller can meet with; and in their primitive, pastoral manners, offer a picture on which he may dwell with delight. I frequently fell in with small parties of them, and always met with civility similar to what I have described in the present chapter; nor did I find one European at Smyrna, who had at all travelled in the country, but spoke with praise of the kindness and hospitality of a Turcoman encampment. "Indeed," as Mr. Arundell observes, "to see a Turcoman encampment of any extent, must at once convince any one, that they can have no temptation to dishonesty. They are rich in flocks and herds." My intelligent friends, Messrs. H—— and D——, who saw a good deal of these pastoral tribes in a journey from Smyrna to Constantinople, spoke of them with rapture, and protested that they were a remnant of the age of the patriarchs of scripture.

as the other inmate, the colt, had before been disposed of, I was left with my drogoman and suridji in undisturbed possession of the room. A greater degree of fatigue, undergone this day, had conciliated sleep; sheep-skins were luxuries after the hard dirty mats of the khan at Casabar, and I slept delightfully.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER X.

Excursion from Sardes to the Gygean Lake and the Lydian Tumuli—Fording of the Hermus—Long flat Mound—The Lake—The Tomb of King Alyattes, &c—Herodotus and the Lydian Ladies, &c.—Journey from the Lake back to the Town of Casabar—Incidents at the Khan and Bazaars of Casabar—Drunken Fray of some Turks—Another Dervish—Ride from Casabar to the Vale of Nymphi—A Murderered Turk in a Ditch—Beauty of the Vale of Nymphi—Land Tortoises—The Agha—Depredations of the Samiotes—Town of Nymphi—Dispute with the Suridji—Greek Hospitality—A Fountain—Colossal Statue at Carabelè—Turkish Sepulture—Black Turbans worn by the Greeks of Asia Minor—Ideas of their numerical superiority over the Nations of Europe entertained by the Turks—Fruit Trees at Nymphi—Journey from Nymphi to Smyrna—Narlikeui—Camel Fight—Meles—Smyrna.

I LEFT the village of Sart, for the Gygean lake, at six o'clock the following morning. When my suridji was informed of the course I intended to take, he opposed it as a deviation not only from the road, but from my agreement with him; nor could we persuade the fellow, that by my bargain

to pay a certain sum each day for his horses, and without fixing any precise number of days, I was entitled to go whichever way I chose. He would go on to Philadelphia, to Adalà, to Koolah, for those places were on the road; or he would return to Magnesia, or convey me to Smyrna: but as to taking the path across the plain to the lake—*that* led nowhere, and he would not go. It was provoking to be detained by a sullen fool like this, and to be obliged to enter into long explanations with one who was, in fact, a hired servant. At last, on promising him an increase of *backshish*, and explaining that we would ride to the lake, and recross the Hermus to the town of Casabar, which we might reach long before the evening, he set his horse in motion before us.

Our course from the hill of the Acropolis would have been about north-west, or in a line slightly oblique, but we went straight on, or due north, for the advantage of a ford, to which the Turcomans directed us. We soon waded through the shallow Pactolus, and in thirty-five minutes reached the banks of the Hermus, at a spot which did not appear at all adapted for a ford. The suridji said the water was too deep, that he would not drown his horses, and that we must return. I again had recourse to patience and

good-natured means, and it was agreed that we should turn to the left, following the river in search of a more favourable passage. At a very short distance to the west, I saw each bank of the river marked with horses' feet; the river was broader and apparently shallower—here was the ford; but the suridji, as he had obtained one promise of increase of *backshish* by opposing me, would get another; he pulled up his horse at the waters's edge, and shook his head, saying, "Yok! yok!" (No! no!) I applied the whip to the hack I rode, and passing the suridji, entered the river, which I waded without any difficulty: although the water was rather deep, reaching the horse's belly, the strength of the current, from the dilation of the stream, was not great. When my companion saw me safely landed on the right bank of the Hermus, he did not hesitate, and the suridji was then obliged to follow us.

After the passage of the river, we rode on north a little west: we passed some swamps at the foot of rising grounds, on which, a short distance to our left, was an inconsiderable village. At this part of the plain, which gradually but very slightly ascends from the Hermus, we saw some small, low tumuli; and directly before us, a long ridge of earth, or mound, with a

shelving front and flattened top, like some of those mounds so frequently observed in England, which are supposed to be ancient encampments or entrenchments. This mound concealed the Gygean lake, to which we were now close; but the broad and lofty tumulus of Alyattes showed itself behind it. I dismounted at the foot of the flattened mound, and ascended it on foot. When on its summit I had a fine view of the lake, and the numerous tumuli and other mounds on its banks, or in its neighbourhood; and thought I perceived that several of those mounds had been raised artificially to support and confine the waters of the lake, which collecting from the neighbouring mountains, and perhaps partially supplied by springs of its own, might endanger the plain. The Gygæus was supposed in ancient times to be factitious, but it was only so in reference to these mounds; for admitting the non-existence of springs where they are likely to exist, the hollow would still be a receptacle to the waters of the mountains. Without these mounds, when risen to a certain height, the waters would have flooded the plain, though perhaps they might have made themselves a bed; and in the course of time the superfluities of the lake would have flowed as a tributary periodical stream to the Hermus. As it is, in part natural,

in part artificial, the Gygæus is a beautiful sheet of water, running (N.W.) in its greatest length about five miles, whilst its greatest breadth may be about three miles. According to Strabo it is forty stadia or five miles from Sardes, and though we had performed a longer journey, it is probably not much more as the crow flies.

From the low, flat mound, I walked to the majestic cone of Alyattes, which stands like a sovereign in the midst of many others of inferior elevation, and faces Sardes, the deserted capital of him who has slept the sleep of death beneath its heap for so many centuries. The falling of earth from its sides, and the accumulation of soil at its feet, has concealed the basement of large stones on which it is said to have been heaped; and I could only detect the basement indistinctly, at a few places, in walking round its vast circumference of six stadia, or three quarters of a mile. At its foot, a busy colony of moles seemed making miniature imitations of the stupendous works of man. The form of this tumulus, like that of five other large ones near it, is a truncated cone; from its flat summit the view was singular; all the tumuli around were covered with luxuriant grass, green and gay. I could discover a great portion of the plain, and the course of the Hermus for many miles; and

the placid lake with sedgy borders, and waves reflecting the clear blue of the sky, and solitary as the recesses of an undiscovered world, was a charming feature in the landscape. Sitting on the gigantic barrow, the greatest work of the ancient Lydians, once held as one of the world's wonders, and esteemed by the father of history as inferior only to the works of the Egyptians and Babylonians, I could feel the conviction that this at least "contained no fabled hero's ashes," so accurately has its site, and every thing connected with it, been described by Herodotus; but I regretted that no trace was left of the stone termini, recording the labours of the different classes of Lydians, who raised this eternal monument to their king, and which existed when that curious and enterprising traveller, as well as historian, ascended to the summit where I was now meditating. On these pyramidal stones *he* read, that the work had been performed by three classes of the city of Sardes; and that the honour of having performed the greatest part of it was accorded to girls who made a traffic of their charms;* a clause in his narrative (considering the number that must have been necessary to such a work) which is

* The two other classes of the Sardeians were the marketmen and agricultural labourers.

not calculated to give us an advantageous idea of the morals of the fair Lydians in general, whatever it may do of their industry and enterprise. But if the rest of his narrative touching them be true, we have a state of society and a general depravity of manners that must excite our disgust; for he says, in distinct terms, that it was the common practice of these girls to raise themselves dowers, which might secure them husbands, by a previous disposal of their persons to such as could pay them.

On descending from the tumulus of Alyattes, I extended my walk round the head of the lake, and on its north-eastern side, near the water's edge, but almost concealed by sedges and rushes, I saw some large connected stones, like the basements of ancient walls; and as, in the progress of my researches, (which did not, however, extend all round the lake,) I saw nothing else of the same sort, I felt at liberty to imagine that *here* might have stood the celebrated temple of Diana Colœne—I say to imagine, for the traces are too slight to be assumed as proofs. In the shade of the flat mound, and reclining on a beautiful carpet of verdure, gemmed with flowers, I breakfasted—on a pipe.

It was noon when we remounted. We rode for a short distance along the pleasant banks of

the lake, on which I could see no cygnets, as described by Chandler, as frequenting its waters. Leaving the lake to our right, we rode in an oblique direction south by west across the plain.* We waded through some swamps and rivulets, and re-crossed the Hermus, in a crazy ferry, at about three. In somewhat more than an hour we gained the road we had followed on our journey from Casabar to Sardes; and being impelled to quicken our pace by the cravings of our stomachs, which had literally had nothing but smoke the whole day, and by a desire to

* Besides the great battle against Crœsus, which gave Sardes to Cyrus, this plain was the scene of the victory gained by Scipio Asiaticus over Antiochus the Great—the first victory obtained in Asia by Roman arms, and which opened the way to the speedy subjection of all Asia Minor. Both battles were fought near Sardes; which city, whilst under a Persian satrap, had been besieged and taken by Antiochus, who was conquered in the last of the two battles. In reference to the first of the battles, there is a curious passage in Herodotus, that attributes the defeat of Crœsus to his horses not being able to suffer the sight and *smell* of Cyrus's camels. The camels are certainly uncouth looking brutes, but if the Lydian horses were much affected by this smell, they must have had a finer sense than I have; for though at a *certain season*, when huddled together, or shut up in stables, they do smell rather *foxy*, I never detected any thing offensive when they were going along in strings in the open air. The passage in the historian is interesting, as fixing the period of the introduction of camels in these countries, where they are now so numerous, and thrive so well, that they would seem to be indigenous.

reach the bazaars before all the kibabs should be sold, we arrived at the former town as the muezzinns were chaunting the evening ezann.*

Despairing of finding better lodgings, we went to the khan, where we had already passed one miserable night. I was rather fatigued, and exhausted by hunger, and begging my companion to make all haste to the dear kibabji's, I threw myself on the ground in my cloak. On seeing this, the Greek slave, who had followed us into the room, whispered to my drogoman, "Ah! I see how it is, he has been unfortunate, he has found no treasure, and has returned in bad humour."

In spite, however, of what the Greek fancied he saw, the sight of some savoury kibabs, interlaid with slices of fried bread, of a bowl of yaourt, and of a small jar of wine, rendered me among the happiest of men. After dinner, we walked in the bazaars, where every magazine was illuminated, and every coffee-house crowded. On stopping at an open shed of a vender of tobacco, to replenish our exhausted bags, a sturdy Turk, who was smoking his chibook, sitting cross-legged on the broad board that formed the front of his shop, and giving himself the airs of a person of importance, thought fit

* The call to prayers.

to commence a series of impertinent and ridiculous interrogatives, and caught hold of the breast of my coat, whilst my drogoman translated the suggestions of his wit, and my replies. Complaisance may be convenient—may be even a duty, when travelling among a barbarous people, who, after all, are the lords of the land, and have not desired your presence; but there are limits to this, as to every thing else; and I thought my interlocutor had surpassed them. I told him to take his hand from me, if he wished to continue conversation. He relinquished his hold, saying he had done me too much honour by touching an unclean infidel like myself. We walked away.

The interdiction of the amusement of story-telling had, I suppose, extended to Casabar, for we could not find a mueddah* in any of the coffee-houses. After finishing our survey, we entered into a coffee-house less crowded than the rest, and there, whilst smoking a narghilè,† I was amused and informed by the conversation of a good-natured old Turk, with whom my Smyrniote had been previously well acquainted, and who readily and sensibly answered several questions I ventured to put to him, concerning agriculture, taxation, &c.

* The professional story-tellers are called mueddahs.

† Water-pipe.

It appeared from him, that the only regular tax paid by the Turks in this part of Asia Minor, is that considered of almost divine origin as prescribed by the Koran itself; i. e. a tithe on the produce of lands. This tax is disposed of by the sultan to the beys and pashas, who bid for a district as at an auction. The great officers then farm it out in portions to the aghas, or chiefs of towns and villages. "Now," said my informant, "though the pasha having his interests to attend to, and the aghas, again, having to make their profits, what is styled a tenth, may be raised to an eighth, or even a fifth; all this would be bearable: but we have been accustomed to have our governors frequently changed, and every change inevitably throws a burden on the whole district; for each pasha, besides the obligation of supporting his interests at the Porte by adequate presents, comes charged with debts contracted with the Armenian seraffs* of Stambool, to enable him to acquire and to take possession of his government; and these debts are to be acquitted as soon as possible, and money put in his own purse, as he knows not how long his reign may last. The tax levied from the produce of the soil, is called indeed a tenth, but the aghas and other officers measure it them-

* Bankers.

selves.* And, in addition to this acknowledged tax, we have every now and then to pay what is called a war-tax, a tax for new troops, and other taxes, which have no name. For example, the sultan has need of money; instructions are sent to the pashas, who must raise a certain sum by a certain period: the pasha divides this sum, and the duty of collecting it, among subordinate aghas, who go to work and collect in any way they can,—those who are known to have money being frequently obliged to make up the deficiency of those who have none; the district being held answerable to the demand. The civil Turk confirmed what I had frequently been told before; i. e. that the Greeks and other

* The tithe on the produce is taken in kind; and it is a curious sight to watch the Turks making the division at harvest-time. By this mode, the officers of government enter on the corn-market, and prices are regulated by them, without any regard to the interests of the cultivator; and if we add, that the Porte itself is the monopolizer of all the trade in corn at Constantinople, it will be easily understood in how unfavourable a position the farmer in Turkey is placed. But the baneful interference of the governors in the affairs and speculations of the governed—an interference that must be destructive of the spirit of commerce—is exercised in this unhappy country on almost every occasion. I remember, as an instance to the point, which fell under my own observation, that at Chesmé, where so many ships were loading raisins, the price of the fruit was arbitrarily fixed for all, by the aghas of Chesmé, Alachchitta, and a few other leading men.

rayahs were subjected to no other taxation than the kharatch, or capitation tax, which was not equally borne by the moslemins. But, in fact, in the working of Turkish tax-gathering, the more industrious, the weaker and subjected party, must be more particularly squeezed for the exigencies of the community. The capitation tax also has now risen to an annual sum, that must make itself felt on a poor man's economy; and the mode of levying it is peculiarly odious, uniting oppression with humiliation. An officer or gatherer of the kharatch will, for instance, catch hold of a Greek, an Armenian, or a Jew, at any time, or at any place, and demand his kharatch ticket or receipt, and if he have it not about him, he will ill use him, and carry him away to prison. If the ticket be not forthwith forwarded to the captive, he is made to pay the sum over again; and if he can raise no money, he pays for it on the soles of his feet.

The district of Casabar produces some corn and a considerable quantity of cotton; but it is most distinguished by its fruit, the bread-melon, which grows to a size I have never seen equalled, except, perhaps, by those grown in the plain between Mount Vesuvius and the town of Castellamare. Prodigious numbers of these melons

are at the proper season conveyed on camels to Smyrna, where they are considered as a great luxury, as possessing the delicate and peculiar *gout* of the *ananas*, and as being superior to any fruit of the same kind in the known world. The Smyrniotes are very tenacious of the excellence of the few good things they possess; it is dangerous to call in question the supremacy of their figs and raisins; and I was sharply taxed for saying that Neapolitan melons were as good as the melons of Casabar.

On our way from the bazaars to the khan, in a dark street, I heard the report of a pistol, and the confused roar of angry voices. We quickened our pace. At the corner of the street, we met the agha's guard hurrying in the direction of the noise. We turned round and followed them. In the middle of the street, they thrust open a wooden gate, and within, and across an obscure court yard, was seen, dimly lighted by a crescent suspended from the roof, that earthly paradise, prohibited to the faithful—a wine-cellar. The faithful, however, were where they should not be; and the cause of the disturbance was presently brought to light in the reeling persons of three "powerfully refreshed" Osmanlis. They had been, as they always are, quarrelsome in their cups, and one of them had attempted to

shoot another. With the Turks, was arrested the Greek, the master of the cellar, and on him the ministers of a by-no-means "even-handed justice," were exercising their authority in the application of kicks and cuffs. Curious to know how the business would end, I made inquiries later in the evening at the khan, and was told that the Turks had been admonished, and sent to their homes, as they were personages of consideration in the town, but that the Greek had been put into the agha's prison, until he should pay a fine for having admitted the Turks into his wine-cellar; though probably to keep three armed Turks out of it would have been a task of some difficulty.

This night our bed was as hard and dirty as before, for it consisted of the same hard boards and dirty mat; but we were not disturbed by the interlude of a fire, and the good opiate of fatigue made me sleep soundly until daybreak. As soon as I rose, I was anxious to depart, but the suridji was not in the same hurry; he was no where to be seen, and my active and good-tempered Smyrniote hunted for him in every corner of the khan, stables and all, in every recess of the bazaars, and in the other khans of the town, to no purpose. I amused myself for three hours in no very agreeable manner, by walking

up and down the yard of the khan, watching the departure of some muleteers, camel drivers, and other travellers of an equally elevated condition, who had passed the night at the same hostelry. A little before eight o'clock, the suridji tranquilly reappeared, and telling us there was no need of being in such a hurry, he went and saddled his horses. I was standing by the gate of the khan, waiting until it should please him to be ready, when a vagabond dervish, mounted on an ass, with a sort of copper basin suspended by chains, and an iron rod terminating in several crooks, hanging from his girdle, and a massy club, tapering at one end, in his hand, rode up to me, assuming an air of extraordinary wildness and ferocity. He made some flourishes with his club, and began to revile me. A young Turk belonging to the khan said something to him which I did not understand, but I suppose it was an advice, that more might be gained by civility than abuse; for the fellow lowered his tone and his stick at the same time, and grasping his copper vessel, he thrust it into my face, begging for a few paras.

We at last left the khan a little after eight o'clock, and issuing from the town of Casabar at its eastern extremity, we struck across the plain, leaving the road we had pursued from Magnesia,

far to our right. At nine o'clock we passed the broad bed of a stream then shallow, the same that runs near to the town of Casabar. Except a few flitting vapours, I had observed hovering on the summit of Mount Sipylus, I had not seen a cloud in the bright blue sky during the journey, but this morning we experienced a heavy shower of rain, which accompanied us on our way for more than two hours. At ten o'clock we crossed another stream, and this we had again to wade through in a few minutes. The last passage was worse than that of the Hermus, for the water was quite as deep and much more rapid. We had now passed the eastern precipitous termination of Mount Sipylus, at some distance to our right, and were entering into the valley of Nymphi, with the lofty mountain of Tartalee on our left, and some less lofty ridges to our right. We rode for a short time in a narrow hollow, parallel with the course of the stream, which reinforced by the rain, rushed rapidly along, carrying with it stones and the abundant detritus of the mountains' sides. To leave this hollow, we had to ascend a steep bank to the right, composed of greasy clay or earth in thin loose lamina, which slid away under our horses' feet. The Turk and I climbed up the bank without accident, but my poor Smyrniote's

horse, when almost at the top of the bank, slipped back on a detached layer of earth, and at the foot of the bank, fell over on his side. It was evident that my drogoman did not shine in climbing, but as the earth where he fell was soft, he was not hurt. Near the place where we left the stream, was a rude stone bridge, which a caravan of camels was passing at the time. The valley was narrow, and we travelled along the lower declivities of the mountains to our right, which were covered with the arbutus andrachne, till eleven o'clock, when we reached a Turkish coffee-house. Here we alighted. Within the miserable shed was a guard of six men, four of whom were smoking their pipes heedless of Ramazann, while two were fast asleep. Thinking that we might indulge, where the laws of the prophet seemed held so light, we asked for some yaourt and coffee, and were immediately served with both. Beyond the coffee-house, the narrow valley of Nymphi opens considerably, but it is wild and overrun with thick bushes and dwarf trees; as fit a place for robbers and ambush as the ascending valley I have described on my way from Erythræ.

It could not have been more than half a mile from the coffee-house and guard-house, that I came to a rivulet that trickled from the sides of

the mountains close to our right, across our path. It was shallow and narrow, and I apprehended no difficulty in passing, when my horse started and turned back, and though I urged him on with whip and heel, he would not move forward. The suridji came up and went before me to cross the ditch, but he had scarcely reached its side when he pulled up his horse, and turned round with an exclamation and a look of horror and affright. Not merely the fellow's mustachoes, but his very beard seemed to bristle and stand erect. "What has happened now, Selim!" said my drogoman. "Mashallah," cried the suridji, "there is a dead man in the ditch, an Osmanli!" I dismounted. A few yards from the spot where I had attempted to pass, there, indeed, lay on its back, the body of a murdered man, recognizable as a Turk, by the long lock of hair on the crown of his otherwise shaven head. Those who had killed him, had robbed him too, and left him naked, for nothing was on him but a pair of worn worsted socks on his feet. He was an old man with a thick grey beard. A bullet had gone through his temple, and there was a deep cut, as from a yataghan, between his neck and shoulder; there was scarcely any water where he lay, the blood was fresh on his wounds, and seemed to have been

shed but a few hours before. It was not difficult to guess the perpetrators of this deed—horrid and vile, as exercised on a poor old man, apparently a peasant, who could have offered no resistance. They must be the Samiotes, and so persuaded was my suridji of this, and so fearful was he that they might still be concealed in the valley, that he proposed we should return to the guard. But the town of Nymphi being in sight, and at no great distance, we persuaded him to go on. After leaving the disagreeable spectacle, we leant considerably to the left, and traversed the plain obliquely, approaching the mountains on the opposite side of the valley.

I had heard much of the beauty of the vale of Nymphi from my friends at Smyrna, and though I had been disappointed hitherto at finding myself in a savage ravine, *un veritable coupe-gorge*. I was charmed with the landscape that now opened before me. The town, of romantic appearance, stands on the side of a hill, close behind which, rises a steep, lofty mountain, crowned with the ruins of a castle, whilst above this castle are cliffs still steeper, and the darker and more sublime heights of Tartalee. In the plain, and on the slopes of the hills before the town, are olive-groves, gardens, and thick orchards. Most of the fruit trees were then in blossom; the rain in

the morning, which had now given place to a genial bright sunshine, had refreshed both flower and leaf, and the verdure and fragrance were delicious beyond description. Numerous fountains gushed from the rocks, and irrigating the gardens and fields, ran babbling down the slopes to join a considerable stream that meandered through the valley. Narrow lanes, with flowering hedges and fruit trees, that recalled some English scenes to my mind, were the avenues of approach to the town of Nymphi. There was, however a striking feature of dissimilarity between these pleasant hedged lanes, and those of my own country, (I speak not of the difference of months and seasons,) they were positively bespread with land-tortoises, that were revelling in the recent and refreshing moisture. They were crawling along as thick as a regiment of land-crabs, as described in the West Indies, with their ugly dragon-like heads, and scaled and shapeless fore-paws protruding from their shells; and incapable of quick motion, they merely drew their heads and claws within their armour, as our horses placed their hoofs among them.

On dismounting from our horses at the entrance of the little town, our first care was to go with the suridji to inform the agha of what we had seen on the road. We were conducted to a

half ruined wooden house, on a large enclosed court, heaped with rubbish and filth. The aghas of small and poor districts are generally coarse clowns, and he of Nymphi was much like the one I have described at Alachchitta. When duly instructed by my drogoman and suridji of our rencounter, and that the body was indeed that of an Osmanli, he muttered sundry Mashallahs and Bismallahs, and then waxing wroth, called the Samiotes children of the devil, and the worthies at the guard-house *pezavenks.** A great bustle ensued; the agha clapped his hands, ordered his horse to be saddled, and a number of Turks to be summoned to attend him; and in a few minutes a considerable troop left the town for the ditch described by us. The news we brought created some sensation in the town, and being of a bad nature, it insured to us a portion of the shyness and ill-will with which the superstitious Turks fail not to regard the bearers of bad tidings. I learned that the Samiotes had been guilty of several acts of violence close to the town of Nymphi. The preceding week they had shot a Turkish shepherd, and driven off his

* This is scarcely a *presentable* term, but such as it is, it is constantly in the mouths of Turks of all degrees, and is the insulting epithet most generally applied by them to Christians. I scarcely dare translate it "to ears polite," but Sir Pandarus of Troy exercised the profession.

flocks; and three days before my arrival, they had contrived to seize two Osmanli youths, sons of the two richest men of Nymphi, as they were riding for their amusement. The Samiotes had not killed them, but detained them to get a ransom; having informed their parents of the high sum they expected, by means of a Turkish peasant, whom they liberated for the purpose. At the coffee-house, on the small public square of the town, I saw a number of Zebecks, who were collected there to form a bairak. These turbulent ruffians were lolling about on wooden benches, and under the shade of a tree opposite the door of the coffee-house. They had been thus several days doing nothing, but they had refused to proceed against the Samian marauders, protesting it was no business of theirs—that they were levies of the sultan, marching to the ends of the world to beat the Russians. It is probable, however, they could have done nothing had they taken the field; the mountains have numerous recesses in which an army might lie concealed, whilst they might be defended by ten men against a host, and with these and all the intricate passes by mount and plain, the Samiotes had shown they were well acquainted.

If the country is beautiful, Nymphi itself deserves little praise; between two and three hun-

dred mean wooden houses are thrown together, in a slovenly manner, on narrow, dirty, steep streets; the mosques are miserable, and the Greek church looked like a cow-stall. I could see no fragments of antiquity, save a small piece of a Greek inscription, (containing but a few letters,) which was imbedded in the front of a low mosque, under an arch, from which issued a source of pure water, and some few morsels of architectural ornaments converted into tombstones. At two o'clock I sent for the horses, intending to continue my journey to Smyrna. The suridji had again taken himself out of the way, and it was three o'clock before we found him, sleeping in a stable, in the midst of a group of camels. But still there was time to reach Smyrna before dark, that place being only four hours gentle ride from Nymphi. The fellow surprised me by swearing he would go no further that day —that he would not kill his master's horses for me—that they were already tired. I knew that, Osmanli as he was, Selim lied: we had not ridden more than twelve miles that morning, and each of the days I had had the horses, we had performed but short journies, resting frequently, and never going more than three miles and a half an hour. I felt he only wanted to add another day to the journey, for the sake of the hire, and

rather than have any dispute, I offered to pay him the day more if he would go on to Smyrna that evening. To this arrangement, however, he would not agree, and my drogoman, after much useless persuasion, which ended in wrangling, went to the agha to see if he could not get the suridji constrained to do his duty. At Sardes I had been eagerly desirous to go forward, and looked on my return with anything but pleasing feelings; but now being so near Smyrna and my friends, I was naturally anxious to arrive there. I knew not what might have happened during my absence. I expected to find a letter from Europe, and to several other motives for impatience, and for leaving Nymphi, which suggested themselves, was added, the consideration of not knowing where to look for a place to pass the night, as there was no khan, and we had no acquaintance in the town.

The agha had not yet returned from the ditch, and a Turk in authority under him refused to interfere in a matter of such weight. My Smyrniote again had recourse to persuasion, which again ended in violent wrangling. I stepped up as a peace-maker, but on hearing a clause of the suridji's speech, in which, in reply to a question of where he thought I was to sleep, he said in

the coffee-house, (the place already mentioned as occupied by the zebecks,) and that it was good enough for a ghiaour like me;—I say, when I heard this, and saw him make an indecent and opprobrious gesture, I so far forgot where I was, and the respect due to him as a Moslem, and an Emir moreover, (for he wore the green turban,) that I shook my clenched hand at him, as if he had been nothing more than a rayah. The fellow turned pale, and laid his hand to the yataghan in his girdle, but he did not draw it, and the cafidji stepped between us and recommended peace. Although we were ghiaours, and I had offered a serious insult to the dignity of the turban, several Turks standing by at the coffee-house expressed their disapprobation at the conduct of the suridji; but as they could not oblige him to set off for Smyrna, we walked away to a street of the town inhabited by Greeks, to see whether we could procure a night's lodging. A poor Greek woman directed us to the primate, whom we found occupying a curious apartment over a magazine full of wine-butts. He said he would lodge me with pleasure, but that he dare not do so without the consent of the agha, which he agreed to our asking as soon as he should return from his expedition. In the mean time he gave us some black olives and a glass of wine.

Frank travellers, without being acquainted with the circumstances of these poor Greeks, and of the jealous eye with which all intercourse between them and Europeans has always been regarded by the Turks, and more than ever since the revolution of Greece has displayed the interest felt by the Europeans for the Greeks, on seeing the backwardness of the rayahs to admit them to their houses, or to render them open services, have accused them in books as well as in speech, of inhospitality, churlishness, and ingratitude—unjustly accused them, nine cases in ten, if I may judge, not from my own limited experience merely, but from the permanent restrictions and envious *surveillance* under which they labour, and of which the next passer of a general sentence of condemnation would do well to inform himself. The Greek's civility and refreshments had diverted my ill-humour, and by the time I had taken a short walk, awaiting the agha's return, it was entirely dissipated, or the only anger that remained, was at my own folly for being put in a passion by such a man as the suridji. Our short promenade in the vale of Nymphi, to the east of the town, brought us to one of the numerous transparent fountains that spring from the rocky sides of Tartalee,—a gurgling fountain shaded by

trees of the richest foliage, fringed by pale, pure water-lilies, and withdrawn from the vulgar eye, in a still, sequestered nook—the very place to conceive or to be haunted by Nympholepsy. Returning from our walk, we were conducted into an orchard by a Greek, who wished to show us some antiquities. The broken stones deserved no notice, but I was interested by a description of a colossal statue that exists in a glen called Cara-belè, at the distance of two hours' ride to the S.E. of the town of Nymphi. It is cut out of the rock in the face of Mount Tartalee, probably like the colossal statue of Cybele on Mount Sipylus, but the Greek said that *his* giant was represented with a flowing beard and a sceptre in his hand. My mind again reverted from Smyrna, and I should probably have visited in some manner this other work of remote antiquity on the following morning; but my informant, and other people of the town, deterred me, by representing the glen as black and terrible—the habitual resort of the Kleftis or Samiotes. The agha returned about sun-set, bringing with him, not the murderers, but the worsted socks of the murdered man, whom no one had been able to recognize. I know not what became of the body, but as sepulture is commanded by the Khoran speedily

after death, (the soul being incapable of repose until the mortal body be at rest in the grave,) it is probable they washed it in the rivulet where they found it, dug a hole, and buried it there.*

* The body of a Moslem is ordered to be carried to the grave in haste, with hurried steps; for if his soul, which cannot begin its journey until the body is buried, be destined to the society of the Houris, it is sinful to detain it from its joys; and if, by its iniquities, it have incurred "the eternal grill," the quicker the survivors are freed of it the better. This is the regulation and the reasoning of the Khoran, which enjoins the faithful to follow even their wives' or children's funerals in unrepining silence, without the singing of hymns or the proffering of prayers, (aloud,) without groans, or sighs, or tears, or any frantic or external demonstrations of grief. Women are expressly forbidden to follow. It may be imagined that the voice of nature and affection will sometimes burst through these interdictions. I one evening witnessed a funeral in the vast cemetery of Scutari. An old man, with a venerable beard, threw himself by the side of the narrow grave, and strewing the earth on his head, cried aloud, "He was my son—my only son!" After the inhumation, an Imam knelt by the tomb, and calling on the deceased three times in his own name, and in the name of his mother, (the name of the father of the deceased is never alluded to,) he recited in a solemn tone the funeral prayer called *Telkinn*. Europeans, and Englishmen particularly, if unacquainted with the peculiar tenets of the Khoran, must be struck with an appearance of indecent haste, of disrespectful slovenliness, in the procession of a Moslemin funeral—it is positively a race; and as merit, equivalent to the remission of a sin, is accorded to each of the faithful that lends his shoulder to the sad burden, the taboot or coffin is transferred from one set of bearers to another, in rapid succession, men running before to form relays.

The agha had the kindness to consent to our taking up our quarters for the night at the house of the primate, and sent a Turk with us to notify this to the Greek.

We were ushered into the poor primate's best room, which had low sofas round three sides of it, and an addition of splendour in a picture of the Panagea, before which burned two small lamps. His wife prepared us a dinner of eggs, olives, anchovies, and yaourt,—lenten fare as became the season, but good in its way,—and our host gave us a jug of wine from the best of his butts below, and which was almost devoid of that strong twang of pitch and rosin which renders the crassi of Smyrna,—indeed, the wines of all this country and most of the Greek islands, utterly insupportable at first acquaintance with them. A pretty Greek handmaiden, with long hair hanging over her shoulders, waited on us whilst at the tray; and on its removal she knelt at the sofa's edge, in style truly oriental, and held the basin and ewer. The primate presented me to his wife, his daughter, and two fine young men, his sons. Three neighbours came in to smoke their evening chibooks with us. The black, or very dark-coloured turban worn by the Greeks in Asia Minor, gives a gloomy tinge to their whole countenance, and

at first suggests to the stranger that they are all in mourning. When several of them are sitting together, one might imagine oneself at a funeral. To people so proud of their persons, and so fond of dress as these Greeks are, Turkish proscription on this subject may not be felt as one of the least of their wrongs; and, in fact, humiliating and invidious distinctions are galling injuries, whether they be intimated by the colour of a turban and slippers, or by graver forms. The Turks, however, are punctilious: none must wear the yellow slippers but themselves; they wrap their own proud brows in turbans of gay painted muslins, in gaudy silks and shawls, but the Greeks must content themselves with the dark plain cotton badge of inferiority; the heads of the Armenians are made to look ridiculous in balloons of calpacs; and the crouching sconces of the Jews appear doubly mean, in brimless caps like small inverted flower-pots.

We had some politics with our pipes. The Greeks had learned that a war was about to take place between the sultan and the emperor of Russia. It was easy to perceive that their prayers were not for the success of the Osmanlis; yet they could not believe that the

Muscovites would triumph, because they imagined the population of the Turkish empire to exceed in number—to exceed three-fold, not merely that of Russia, but of all the countries of the Franks put together. My sketch of the statistics of Europe astonished them; and if they gave it credit, it might console them with a conviction that the Ottoman empire was not so tremendous as they imagined. This idea of their numerical superiority is generally entertained by the Turks themselves; they look at the vast extent of territory, and having no subjects of comparison in their minds, they are not sensible of its depopulation. They will readily agree, that from Europe they may be driven, but in their own Asia they are inexpugnable.

To turn from politics to poetry.—I had always thought "the fruit-tree tops" ill associated with the risen moon, as they are in the love-stricken Romeo's effusion; and this perhaps from a common domestic idea attached to apple-trees and cherry-trees, apt to suggest certain domestic preparations of the fruit they bear, though the trees must be acknowledged in themselves destitute of the grand or picturesque. I corrected my opinion this evening at Nymphi,

for on going out of the room into an open alcove at a late hour, I saw the moon rising behind the thick groves of fruit-trees spread along the hill side, and as their dark mass slept in increased intensity of gloom, their upper sprays shining and trembling in the silvery beams, whilst the night breeze shook perfume from their blossoms, I felt that Shakspeare had with reason found poetic beauty in orchard-trees.

The primate gave me a good clean bed, a comfort I had not enjoyed since I left my Italian friends at Magnesia.

I departed from Nymphi the next morning at six o'clock. We rode for half an hour along the valley, and then ascended by a rude path, which in somewhat more than another half hour brought us to an open gorge in the mountain, whence there was a fine view of the plain of Bournabat and of part of the bay of Smyrna. At the gap was a coffee-house, with a Turkish guard, that had been strongly reinforced by the pasha of Smyrna, on account of the alarming proceedings of the Samiotes. The fellows might as well have been in the bazaars of Smyrna;—they were all crowded in the coffee-house, where it was not likely the marauders would intrude

upon them. From this opening in the mountains we descended to the plain by an abrupt path, covered with loose stones; the villages now showing themselves amidst green trees and dark cypresses one after the other. At half past eight we were near "Narlekeui," or the village of Pomegranates, so called from the numerous pomegranate-trees which surround it, and almost conceal its low red houses. At this part of the road I saw a singular combat between two huge male camels. It is a favourite pastime of the Asiatic Turks on their great holidays to muzzle two of these quadrupeds, and set them to fight with each other, which they do by twisting their necks with their adversary's, or by raising themselves on their hind legs, and wrestling with their fore legs almost like men, each trying to throw the other on his side. But this was a fight *de proprio motu*, in downright earnest—there were no muzzles, and the combatants bit each other fiercely. These animals, generally so tranquil and docile, are subject to fits of jealousy and rage at the season we were now in, and the devidjis did not separate the infuriate rivals near Narlekeui without great difficulty.

At half past nine I reached the pleasant kiosk

of old Suleiman Aghà; then passing the Turkish cemeteries, whose cypresses are the finest and loftiest I have seen, I crossed the sacred river Meles by a stone bridge without balustrades, called by the Franks "le pont du Caravan," and in five minutes was winding my way through the crooked filthy streets of Smyrna.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Smyrna for Constantiuople—Turkish Governor of the Sangiac Castle—Island of Lesbos, or Mitylene—Ruins of Assos—Cape Babà, and the Troad—Island of Tenedos—Visit to the Bim-bashi—View at Sunset—Night scene on the coast of Troy—Turkish Encampment—Passage of the Dardanelles—Gallipoli—An Opium Eater—English Steam-Boat—Shores of the Sea of Marmora—Arrival at Constantinople—Melancholy Appearance of Pera and Galata—Tranquillity—Promenades of Pera—The grand Signior going to Mosque—The Romantic Suburb of Eyoob—Kiat-hanè—Catholic Armenians—Turkish Frolics—Ladies, &c.

After many disappointments and delays, resulting chiefly from the still-felt battle of Navarino, I at last left Smyrna for Constantinople on the 8th of May, 1828, on board of a trading vessel under the Sardinian flag. We came to anchor the first evening at the Sangiac Castle I have so often mentioned, about nine miles below Smyrna. The governor of the castle came off to us with his son, a fine little fellow, and a large cask of oil. The latter he requested the captain to take to Stambool, and deliver it to a relation of his, as

payment for a supply of pipe-bowls and pipe-sticks. As he had a favour to ask, he was very civil and communicative. He told us, that the garrison of the miserable fortress had been raised to eight hundred men, (tacticoes, topgis or cannoniers and irregulars,) all under his command. For this military post he had been duly prepared by his previous mode of life, having been, until very lately, a shopkeeper at Constantinople. He seemed sensible that the change in his situation had not been advantageous to his happiness; he complained of heavy responsibility, of continual uneasiness, and confessed that even in spite of his portion of the gains derived from the toll on vessels arriving, &c. he should be glad to be back in the Bezesteen at old Stambool. He seemed very proud and fond of his son. This, by the bye, is a general feeling among the Turks; but for the female part of their offspring they care very little. On taking leave, he drank a large tumbler of raw rum to the success of the ship and company. The Etesian or northerly winds, which reign uninterruptedly during the summer, had already set in; they rendered our voyage long, though from the unclouded fineness of the weather, the beauty and classic interest of the seas, the islands and coasts we passed, I could scarcely deem it tedious. One evening we an-

chored off Phocea, another off Lesbos, which gave me an opportunity of treading the island of Alcæus and Sappho, the land once redolent with love and art, whose current money bore the impress of the head of the "burning maid" with a lyre on its reverse, and where, (I suppose in commemoration of the ancient predilections of its inhabitants,) at the time of my visit, the heyday of the amorous feeling, innumerable little wild doves of a beautiful blue colour, were flitting, billing, and cooing, and sweetly breaking the silence of solitude with their languorous and voluptuous murmurings. We were becalmed the whole day on the continental side of the straits, close under the ancient Assos, whose magnificent remains offer great attraction to the artist and antiquary. After a hard struggle with contrary winds, and long sleeps in calms, we doubled Capè Babà (the ancient promontory of Lectos) on the morning of the 15th of May, and saw opening before us the vast plains of the Troad, with its littoral extremity lined with tents and Turkish troops as far as the eye could reach.

In the afternoon, the vessel lay to off the island of Tenedos, where I landed, and passed several hours. It was my intention to cross over from Tenedos to the continent, (a distance not exceed-

ing six or seven miles,) to visit the ruins of Alexandria Troas, the disputed springs, the *tumuli*, &c. and then to proceed to the castle of the Dardanelles, where my Sardinian captain would have taken me up again. To do this, I was informed it was indispensable to have a passport or teskerè from the pasha of the island, and a cavaze, or Turkish messenger to accompany me. I repaired to the pasha's too late; he had retired to his harem, within the walls of the castle, where he could not be seen or disturbed until the morrow. On this, I was conducted by my guide (a poor Greek, acting as Austrian and Sardinian consul) to the Bim-bashi, or colonel of the tacticoes, the person next in authority to the pasha. I found him occupying a wooden house, that seemed rapidly falling to pieces, and that shook and creaked at every passing step. At the moment of my visit, he was seated in a small circular room, with the captain, and two lieutenants of a Dutch brig of war, then anchored at the island, whom he was regaling with the gentle strains of three fifers and five drummers, (appertaining to the corps of regulars, and instructed *à l'Européenne*,) who were blowing and thumping with remorseless violence, making the crazy edifice tremble through all its joints. He made a

sign to me, to be seated on the sofa near him, and to my conductor, to take a place by the door; the *music* was not to be interrupted: and it was not until my tympanum had been distracted for a quarter of an hour, my head almost split, (the round room was barely fifteen feet in diameter) and we had all complimented him on the proficiency of his artists, that I could enter on my business. The Bim-bashi looked blank. He told me, after a little circumlocution, that he would give me the teskerè, and two or three cavazes, if I was determined to visit the Troad; assuring me, however, at the same time, that by so doing I should expose myself to insult, if not to danger, against which neither he nor the pasha had the power of protecting me. He informed me that there were from six to eight thousand troops encamped on the shore of the plains of Troy, loosely scattered along a line of many miles, all undisciplined fellows, from the interior of Asia Minor, who were inclined to show little respect to strangers or to the commands of their superiors. He was sorry, he said, that such obstacles should exist, but politely hoped I might soon have an opportunity of making my visit in more favourable times, when the sultan should not be induced, by the hostile demeanour

of the Franks, to maintain an armed force in the Troad, for the protection of the approaches to the Dardanelles.

Pipes, coffee, and a spoonful of conserves were served round, and we took our leave; in doing which, the polite Bim-bas hiasked me, *sotto-voce*, if I had any good coffee, or a little rum, or any woollen cloths, that I could sell cheap: "he would pay," he said, "for what he bought." I told him I was not a merchant, and unfortunately had nothing of the sort. This declaration did not seem to raise me in his estimation.

I could scarcely determine on what plan I should pursue; but felt most reluctant to renounce the pleasant project I had formed. This however, I found myself, in prudence, obliged to do: I learned from the Dutch captain, that some of his officers, who had landed on the coast of Troy a few days before, with views similar to my own, had been seized by a set of savages, and very roughly handled; and I was assured, by persons on the island, that mutinies and excesses were continually committed by those desperate men, on account of long-delayed pay, and insufficiency of provisions.

Tenedos, which is a most important position, in relation to the passage of the Dardanelles,

was only garrisoned by about six hundred *tacticoes* from Constantinople; its castle, situated on the beach facing Troy, is small, and contemptibly weak; the few guns mounted and serviceable, were of small calibre; the walls, like those of the Turkish-built castles I have seen, were shell-work. The Russian fleet destroyed it in 1770, and they may perform the same feat whenever they think proper.*

The island exports nothing but wine; we could not even find a few vegetables. The habitations are wretched constructions; the inhabitants, who amount to about five thousand, are nearly all Greeks, and very poor. As there are no irregular troops, no great disorders take place; but every thing goes on, if miserably, at least tranquilly: a happy change from the massacres of 1822.

Tenedos retains no monuments of antiquity; and I looked in vain for the trifling fragments that Dr. Chandler and other former travellers

* On my way from Constantinople, in the middle of October, I observed that the Turks had partially strengthened this castle, and were arranging a few heavy guns just received from the capital. They had, moreover, erected a small fort on a cone, the highest point of the island; the battery was surrounded by walls about twenty feet in height, and here they probably proposed retreating, should an enemy drive them from the castle.

observed in the town. They are all gone! A few years make an immense difference among men prone to destruction; and the last five years of Sultan Mahmood's reign have been unusually fatal to antiquity; for whenever a good piece of stone or marble has been found, at a convenient distance for carriage, it has gone to build up the walls of his new barracks or kiosks; a profanation from which the chisel of Phidias himself would not save it, unless, indeed a stranger's purse, or an ambassador's *firman* were set off against it. When I went on board, the captain finding that he could make no way against the current, (which is sensibly felt many leagues outside of the Dardanelles,) came to anchor for the night, with several other ships, under the island. The views towards sunset were of a most interesting character. With the assistance of a glass, I could trace the white tents of the Turkish troops, extending along the shore the whole length of the Trojan plain; from the abrupt promontory of Lectos to the Sigean Cape of gentler swellings, with its consecrated *tumuli*, occupying precisely the same spots as the tents and ships of the beleaguering Greeks, according to Homer's description. In the background of this picture, rose Mount Ida, in nature's unchangeable iden-

tity, with its snow-covered pinnacle of Gargara, whence the gods themselves watched the warfare of heroic men. If I turned my eyes round, I saw the extreme point of Europe, the cape of the Thracian Chersonesus, stretching towards Asia, the Asiatic cape of Sigeum advancing to meet it, and the blue sea of Hellas, rushing between them like an arrowy river; and turning still round, the island of Imbros and the volcanic Lemnos presented themselves, overlooked by the distant and sublime heights of Mount Athos. Later in the evening, numerous watch-fires were lit on the coast of Troy, along the Turkish encampment, and we could hear distinctly, on the stillness of night, the sounds of the barbaric drum and trumpet.

The following morning, we sailed with scarcely any wind. We stood over to the Asiatic side to avoid the current, and crept gently and close along the immortal shore. The Zebecks, or irregular mountaineers, were crowded on the beech, gazing as our little fleet passed. Some were bathing in the sea; some sitting cross-legged, smoking by the doors of the tents; some attending to the horses and camels, (the horses tethered by the leg to short poles stuck in the turf,) and some, an ingenious few, squatted on the ground with a small anvil between their

knees, and a charcoal fire by their side, were intent on repairing arms or making horse-shoes. At intervals, a loaded camel was seen to arrive at the encampment, bend his patient knees, and resign his burden. Small flocks of white sheep were feeding on the green hillocks and barrows; and ever and anon, some important barbarians, with thick turbans and gaudy robes, met the eye, scouring the plain on long-tailed horses strangely caparisoned. In the evening, the little wind that had favoured us, dying away, and the current of the Hellespont repelling us, we came again to anchor near the first castle, a little within Cape Sigeum. We were close to land. Some of the straggling Zebecks amused themselves by discharging their loaded fire-arms at us, and several balls plumped into the water not far from the vessel's side. It was pleasant that stilly evening to watch the little domestic lights gleaming from the cottages and from between the numerous windmills of the Greek village that stands on the ridge of the Sigean cape, and to hear the busy murmuring of human voices, until, one by one, the lights died away, the voices ceased, and nothing was heard but the laving of the rapid sea against our ship, and along the rocky, caverned, and contiguous shores, or rather banks of the straits.

The next morning, most opportunely favoured by a fresh, southerly wind, we ascended the Hellespont, having no obstacles thrown in our way by the Turks, who boarded us from the castles. The most important, and indeed what seemed the *only* duty of the stately effendi, was to ask from the captain a present of rum and biscuits, in addition to the usual *fee* in cash. The Sardinian vice-consul, who came on board at the Dardanelles, informed us, that besides the regular garrison of cannoniers and tacticoes, there were between three and four thousand irregulars on that point; that they, as well as the masses on the plains of Troy, had been collecting since the month of February; and that, receiving no pay, and half famished, they were constantly committing acts of tumult and violence. The coast of Troy, in its whole extent, is very unhealthy during the summer and autumn, and the *mal-aria* miasma at the Dardanelles, is most pernicious. Here, however, these wild troops were left exposed to the end of June, some to the end of July. When the exigencies of the sultan, on the other side of the Balkan, induced him to forego his fears of an attack on the Dardanelles, and to order these troops to march forward, they paid, out of their numbers, a tribute to nearly every cemetery on

the road, between Dardana and Scutari; and of those I saw cross over the Bosphorus, at different times, nearly every third man had the fever. Of course, there was not a doctor among them; and, most probably, not a grain of bark, or any other appropriate medicine, in a whole bairak.

Aided by the fine breeze, we continued to stem the current, whose impetuosity gave me an exalted idea of the prowess of Hero's hapless lover, and of poor Lord Byron. His lordship, however, only performed half, and by far the easiest half, of Leander's feat. Owing to the courses of the current, the difficulty (and that is so great as to cast doubt on the pretty Greek love story) is to swim from the Asiatic to the European side; from Abydos back to Sestos. Except at the town of the Dardanelles, where scattered painted houses are mixed with gardens and olive groves, and the slender white minarets, and the cupolas of mosques, relieve against the dark green of the towering cypresses, the scenery of the Hellespont fell short of my expectations. The beautiful descriptive lines in the Bride of Abydos, are applicable to the Bosphorus rather than to these straits; but on emerging from them into the magnificent basin of the Propontis, the country on the Asiatic

side, assumes poetical features. The headlong stream, the succeeding castles, and bristling batteries, set close after each other, in the narrow part of the channel, seem to preclude, as an utter impossibility, the passage of an hostile force. Yet here British valour once forced its way; and it may be questioned, whether the strengthening of the works, and the improvement of the Turks since that time, would be able to balance one great advantage assured by European ingenuity—the use of steam-boats; and whether it would not be easier to do the same thing now, than in the days of Admiral Duckworth and Sir Sidney Smith.

An old servant I brought with me from Smyrna, by birth a Chaldean, and in character and manners, as great an original as was ever picked up by a wanderer in the Levant, gave me an amusing account of the passage of the English fleet. At that stirring period, he was in the service of a French officer, (an aide-de-camp of General Sebastiani, minister at the Porte,) who was despatched to the Dardanelles, to assist and instruct the unskilful and indocile Osmanlis. Davide described our men-of-war sailing quietly up, just as if nothing was the matter, without responding to the thundering salutations that crossed their narrow passage.

But what remained freshest on his mind was the promptitude with which a certain number of red coats and blue coats (landed from the fleet) carried a heavy battery, and how the Turks scampered away up the hills, whilst his master was storming at them with French oaths and reproaches, the most energetic terms of military rhetoric, which Davide, as drogoman, thought fit not to translate literally to the Turks, lest some of them should find, in their panic, time to silence the meddling ghiaours.

By the evening, we got considerably above the town of Gallipoli; but in the course of the night the wind changed to the northward, and our captain put back. The next morning, (the 18th of May,) when I went on deck, I found we were snugly anchored off Gallipoli, with a steady wind from the north, that promised to keep us there.

On landing at Gallipoli, I first learned that the Russians had at last crossed the Pruth. The news was quite fresh, and one would have thought of a nature sufficiently interesting, yet the Turks seemed no ways affected, but wrapped up in more than their usual listlessness. The Greeks, on the contrary, were very anxious in their inquiries, and their minds were naturally divided between hopes of success for their co-

religionists, and apprehensions of fresh persecutions from their masters the Turks. They had been tolerably quiet for several years. No troops, regular or irregular, were in the town; but I learned that a strong levy of irregulars was disposed on the opposite side of the Chersonesus, (in bodies easily communicating with each other,) from the commercial town of Enos, all along the gulph of Saros to Setelbahar, the first castle on the European side of the Dardanelles, for the same object as the troops that occupied the Troad; i. e. to prevent an enemy's landing, and to be ready to march for the defence of the castles, which, left to themselves, might be easily taken in the reverse. (I know not to what extent the grand signior had reasons for apprehending an attack on the Dardanelles from England, France, and Russia united, but he certainly *did* seriously apprehend such a measure.)

Gallipoli is interesting as being the first place in Europe where the Turks acquired dominion—a dominion that was to be so widely and so rapidly spread, and so fatally abused. The amusing and exact old traveller, Tournefort, gives a good account of its history, and of the barbarous legends of the Osmanlis in relation to the early conquest. The town now contains a mixed

population of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, somewhat exceeding twenty thousand.* Its trade, which might become considerable, is in corn, (in very small quantities,) in wine and oil. In the vicinity of the town are some pretty fertile patches, cultivated chiefly by Greeks; but beyond them, you get into a desert.

It was during my stay at Gallipoli I first saw a *theriaki* or confirmed opium eater, for so generally has the practice of producing intoxication by that noxious drug given way, that in the great Turkish population of Smyrna, and in the course of my journeying in Asia Minor, I had never met with a person labouring under its effects, nor do I believe that I ever saw a pill of the narcotic, (except a few in my own possession,) or even heard it spoken of. It was at Gallipoli, then, that on entering a little magazine of tobacco, near the bazaars, I first saw a Turk possessed with the spirit of madjoon.† He was an old man, (the master of the shop,) with a white beard; he was sitting on the table or counter, with his arms crossed over his knees, his head sunk beneath his shoulders, and his eyes fixed in a vacant immovable stare.

* A recent traveller has stated its population at sixty thousand.

† Opium.

To my demand for an okka of tobacco he made no reply,—my words seemed to have struck the ear of a statue or a mummy—still his eyes were fixed and motionless. I turned round to see what could thus rivet them, but could perceive only a white wall, on which hung, in a frame, a *Pisgillah*, (the name of God in Arabic characters.) I thought he might be praying, but Davide, who had a better conception of things, twitched him by the sleeve, and bawled in his ear,—"an okka of Latakia!" Even this application only roused him for a moment—a wild unmeaning smile passed over his features—an unintelligible word or two dropped from his lips, and he became as abstracted as before. Davide twitched him again, and bawled still louder; it was of no use—there was no abstracting his mind from the paradise it was absorbed in. The sounds of my chaldean's voice reached, however, the more worldly ears of a neighbouring vendor of tobacco, who approached and told us that the old man was a confirmed besotted theriaki—that he must that morning have taken an unusual dose, and that it was little use our bawling there, we should get no tobacco unless we helped ourselves. As a reward for his information, I went away and bought my supply from him.

The northerly wind continuing, I was de-

tained in this not very interesting place, all the 18th and 19th of May, and had the prospect of a much longer detention before me, (the agha having refused me a pass and order for horses to go by land,) when the "Swift," English boat, which I had left at Smyrna, awaiting her *firman*, passed the Dardanelles, and took me on board at eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 20th. Soon, propelled by steam, I was gliding through the Propontis, whose winds and current had before seemed resolved that my arrival at Stambool should not be an early one. We passed the peninsula of Artaki (the ancient Cyzicus) and the island of Marmora, during the night, and in the morning I found we were approaching Selivria, and winding along the coast, very near shore. The scenery is by no means picturesque; it is a desert, with, at long distances, some miserable hamlets, devoid of wild or romantic features. One thing, however, which I had seen described in poetry, struck me here with the force of reality,—grass was growing within a span of the sea's water,—and here and there dwarf trees seemed to have their roots beneath the waves. Bright verdant fields and declivities were separated from the blue of Marmora's wide basin but by a *line* of "yellow sand."*

* This is to be attributed to the comparative freshness of the

At noon we passed the pleasant village of San Stefano, and the immense powder-magazines: shortly after, we came in sight of the lofty minarets, and swelling cupolas of Stambool; and before two o'clock, we glided round the Serraglio point, and came to anchor in the Golden Horn in the midst of a magical panorama.

The combination of a violent contrary wind, and a rapid current in a narrow strait, was admirably calculated to give the Turks an advantageous idea of steam. Immense crowds gathered along the shores of the promontory on which Constantinople stands, to gaze in astonishment as we passed, for this was the first steam-boat ever seen in these parts. The evidence of their senses told them that the wind was blowing hard down from the Black Sea—that the current was running with its eternal violence, yet they saw the ship rapidly advancing. Several parties threw up their arms and hailed us, whilst others on horseback cantering along the beach kept up with us to learn in what this miracle should end. At some batteries along the coast, as we were afterwards informed, we were well nigh

waters of these seas flowing from the Euxine, which is fed by so many vast rivers. The same cause will account for the freezing of the Black Sea, and for the extreme cold which prevails in the country, at present the scene of hostilities between the Russians and Turks.

receiving less agreeable signs of wonder,—the cannoniers, in their ignorance, had conceived the vessel must be some extraordinary *brulot*, and had proposed firing into us.

A few days after our arrival, the "Swift" was sold. The money (350,000 piastres) was disbursed by Cazes-Artine, (an Armenian, the head of the mint, and a favourite of the day,) and one or two other leading characters, who made their sovereign this handsome present.

CHAPTER XVII.

Landing at Constantinople—Depopulated aspect of Galata and Pera—Armenian Catholics exiled—Their Houses sold—Appearance of the Rayahs and Franks—Promenade of the Grand Champ des Morts above Pera—Friday, the Grand Signior going to Mosque—Subjects allowed to present Petitions—Fine approach of the Sultan from Beshik-tash Serai to Eyoob by water—Sultan's change of Costume—His person and appearance—Troops, or the Tacticoes—The Band of the Imperial Guard playing Rossini's Music.

When I landed on the vast Christian suburbs of Constantinople, though I had been prepared by previous information, I was astonished at the melancholy, depopulated aspect of the place—the consequences of the dead stop that political events had put to trade, and of the subtraction of the numerous and industrious class of Catholic Armenians, eight or ten thousand of whom (by a capricious and still inexplicable act of tyranny on the part of the sultan) had been exiled into Asia, the month of January, 1828, whilst from two to three thousand, who had found more

mercy, had been relegated in villages in the neighbourhood of the capital.

On passing through Galata, and ascending the steep "infidel hill" to Pera, this aspect did not improve; on the contrary, we seemed to have left all the life and population that still animated the place, on the quays of Galata,—we hardly met a soul on our way up, but swarms of starving, mangy dogs, perambulated the silent streets, giving me an opportunity on my very first arrival, to make the acquaintance of this pest of the Ottoman capital. The long Frank street of Pera was rather more humanly frequented, but even this my guide told me offered a sad contrast to what it had been a few months before. I observed that nearly every third door had been newly painted red. "Those," I was told, "were the houses of the exiled Catholic Armenians; they have been sold by the government, who permitted none but Turks to become purchasers; to the Turks, therefore, they have been ceded for not a twentieth part of their real value, and the present proprietors have changed the colour of the doors to show whom they belong to; red being the hue affected by the Turks, which no rayah, or Christian dare imitate on the exterior of his dwelling." Of the latter fact, which was of course well known to me, I had lost sight

at Smyrna, where rayahs and all are quietly permitted to paint their houses, just as their women do their cheeks, with any colour they choose.

I remarked, also, that the rayahs we met, but more particularly the Armenians and Jews, wore a more sombre, timid, and subjected countenance, and a more shuffling crouching demeanour, than at Ghiaour-Ismir; they looked like slaves, who dreaded every moment to be found at fault, and who had their tyrant's whip ever before their eyes. This, however, was easily to be accounted for, as, in the great den, they were exposed to the more immediate pressure of despotism. But what equally struck me, and what I could not so readily explain, was the expression and deportment of all the Frank Perotes I encountered; the first was gloomy, sullen, duplex, and retiring, yet mixed, at the same time, with a rude inquisitiveness; the second was composed of vulgar pompousness and strut, with a vast portion of that apprehensiveness and drawing back a man is moved with, when he suspects every person that approaches him has the plague, or some other deadly contagion upon him. To my eyes, nearly every individual I passed in the streets had the air of a conspirator—of the dirty hero of some

Cato-street gang. "What a contrast," thought I, "with the good-nature, and openness, and gaiety of the Smyrna Franks!" The difference was, indeed, astonishing in other things than looks, as I had ample leisure to discover during the five months I passed at Pera. It required the kind reception I met with from my friend Mr. Z. and the stimulus of the magnificent view from his apartment, of Tophana, the Bosphorus, Scutari, and the mountains of Asia, to dispel the spleen inherent to Pera, and which had seized me at its very threshold.

In relation to the tranquillity of the Frank population, I was informed, that great agitation had prevailed when it was learned that the Russians had begun the war; but the Porte had given assurances, that happen what might, the persons and properties of the Franks, of whatever country they might be, who had deemed it proper to remain, should be protected,—that they had nothing to fear.* Meantime an admirable police was maintained, and none but the tacticoes, or disciplined troops, mounted guard in Pera and Galata.

My first walk in Smyrna took me, by chance, to the English burying-ground; my first walk

* The poor Ionians, Maltese, &c. had been, however, sent out of the capital on short notice.

at Pera, was, by necessity, to a Turkish cemetery, for there are but two promenades here, and both over "the fields of the dead." One would think that a dense grove of gloomy cypresses, with crowded white tomb-stones, glaring from its recesses, like the sheeted ghosts of the departed, was not exactly the scene for pleasure; but there, besides the "grand champs des morts," sit the grovelling sons of Pera, on low stools, smoking their pipes, discussing, in their way, which is liberal and enlightened, the politics of the day, and enjoying about as much pleasure as they are capable of. The vicinity of this vast cemetery, on the heights of Pera, offers the most enchanting views both of the Bosphorus and the sea of Marmora; but to show their utter disregard, they have chosen a position, under a stone wall, with dirty Turkish coffee-houses in front; almost the only point where these views cannot burst upon them.

On the morning after my arrival, I crossed the Golden Horn to Eyoob, a suburb on the Constantinople side of the port, where the sultan was to go to mosque.

This attendance at a place of public devotion on the Friday, is scrupulously observed by the Turkish monarchs; they visit all the imperial mosques of the capital in turn, notice being

given previously which they intend to visit on such a day, that their subjects may find themselves on their path, and have an opportunity of presenting petitions. This last privilege, accorded to the afflicted and aggrieved, one would hardly imagine to exist under such a government. The petitions, however, cannot be given into the hands of the sultan himself, but are consigned to one of the officers in his suite, a medium which is often perilous to the petitioner. The official mode of returning an unfavourable answer, is to send back the petition torn in half. There is then no hope of the prayer being granted. Sometimes the applicants are summoned to the Porte. A poor old Armenian, who had raised courage to address his sovereign, on receiving this important summons, not knowing whether it might portend the redress of his grievances or punishment for his presumption; but being well aware that evil, as frequently as good, emanated from the Porte, and fearing the worst, took to his bed with fright; and on the morning he ought to have been in attendance, he was jostling through the streets of Pera to the Armenian burying-ground.

Sultan Mahmood is said, however, to have frequently taken petitions into his own consideration, and in some instances to have caused

prompt justice, or assistance to be rendered. But alas! it is as difficult for him to get at the poor and oppressed, as it is for the poor and oppressed to get to him. Even in his incognito excursions he is always known—the consciousness of his dread presence makes the tongue of his slaves cleave to the roof of their mouths, and then he is attended by one or two officers, whose interest it may be to interpose between him and truth.

At about twelve o'clock the roaring of the cannon at Tophana announced that the sultan had left the palace of Beshik-tash; to these the artillery at the opposite point of the serraglio responded; and as the imperial barge ascended the Golden Horn, the arsenal and other batteries fired their salutes. The long *kachambas*, brilliant with gold and silk, and propelled by thirteen pair of oars, rapidly approached, and in its train six other barges scarcely less magnificent. The sultan was seated within a gilt trellice. On the quay, where he landed, was a horse richly caparisoned, with housings of velvet, and gold bit and bridle set with jewels, and broad Turkish stirrups of massy gold. He mounted; and followed by his splendid household officers and other dignitaries, rode to the mosque, which was only a few paces from the water's edge, in al

the pomp of oriental etiquette. During this procession, the gathered crowd was as still as death; none but the veiled women seemed to dare to fix their eyes on the vicar of the prophet. The sultan himself, looking straight before him, took no notice of his assembled slaves, but one of his suite, the caftan-aghassi, waved an imperial turban and plumes, which he bore in his arms, to the right and to the left, as if to salute the people on behalf of its lofty owner.* When Mahmood had said his namaz in the mosque, he retired to an adjoining apartment, whence he presently emerged, (prayer and toilette together not having occupied him above twenty minutes,) certainly as far as exterior went, "an altered man." He had disencumbered himself of his costly turbans—his plumes, his diamond aigrettes, and his flowing eastern robes; he appeared in a most simple military dress—a plain, dark-blue mantle, cossack trowsers and boots, with cavalry spurs fastened to their heels; his only head-covering a common *fess* or scarlet cloth cap, with a blue silk tassel. He mounted his horse, (on an En-

* The figures of the Kislar-Aga, or chief black eunuch, and the head of the white eunuchs, were most conspicuous; the latter is the most horrible object I ever beheld. Both were splendidly dressed and on horseback, as became their exalted rank, in the strange court to which they belong.

glish saddle with long stirrups,) and followed by only six attendants, rode off at a hand gallop to Daut-Pasha, to hold a military council, previous to the marching of some troops for the Balkan.

Of Sultan Mahmood's personal appearance I will speak here, not from the rapid glances I had been able to catch of him, on his way from the boat to the mosque, and from the mosque to the camp, this first time I saw him, but from the impression left on my mind by the somewhat frequent views I had of him afterwards in different situations and attire.

I had read in some traveller, that his complexion was deadly pale, and that the expression of his countenance partoook of the *doomed* melancholy that used generally to mark that of his cousin and predecessor, the unfortunate Selim. The complexion I saw was as far from pallid as it well could be—it was excessively sun-burnt,—a manly brown; but I was informed of the correctness of the traveller's statement, and that he had got rid of the sickly hue of the serraglio, only lately, or since his passion for the military life and the field had developed itself. Manly exercise, and a constant exposure to sun and wind, could not plant roses on a cheek of forty, but they had given, what suited a soldier and a

reforming sultan better. Instead of melancholy, and the air of a doomed man, I remarked an expression of firmness and self-confidence, and of haughtiness not unmixed with a degree of ferocity. His lofty and orientally arched eyebrows, his large coal-black eyes, (which are habitually however rather heavy than otherwise,) his thick black beard and mustachoes, which completely veil the expression of the lower features, the lordly carriage of his head, are all calculated to strike, and coincide perfectly, with our picturesque idea of an eastern despot. There was perhaps more than one Turk in his suite who had the same traits in greater perfection, and whom a stranger might have fancied to be the Sultan; but there is a decided character in Mahmood's person that no incognito disguise can conceal from those who have once seen him. This I have been told by Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, who have often recognized him with fear and trembling when he has been wandering with only one attendant (meanly travestied like himself) through the obscure quarters of Constantinople—an amusement, or an occupation, that up to the last winter he was accustomed frequently to give himself.

His stature is not tall, but a fine breadth of shoulders, an open chest, and well set arms

denote robustness and great bodily strength. Indeed, up to his late exclusive devotion to the arts of war, to drilling and manœuvering, his great pride used to be, to pull the "longest bow," of any man in his dominions, (I do not mean metaphorically,) and numerous little stone columns, stuck up in the hollow of the Ocmeidan at extraordinary distances, to mark the flight of the imperial arrow, still attest the strength of his arm. The lower part of his frame is not so good; like nearly all the great Turks I have seen, there is a defect and ungracefulness in his legs, derived from the Turkish mode of continually sitting with those members crossed under the body, a mode that must check the circulation of the blood, and tend to distortion. Besides, the youthful life of Mahmood was passed in the inactive imprisonment of the serraglio, in the most sedentary manner, among time-worn women* and slaves, shut up from all manly exercise. The Turkish gentlemen, as well as ladies, are proud of a fine smooth hand, but hitherto they are obstinate enemies to those adventitious cover-

* None but women who by some means or other are known to be incapable of bearing children, are allowed to princes of the blood, the prisoners of the serraglio. Such are however given with profusion, and in their embraces those unhappy men lose their strength and manliness.

ings and preservers considered by us indispensable to both sexes. I could point out to them the chapter in the Koran where they are strictly prohibited adorning their persons (which they do most profusely) with gold and jewels, silks and costly robes; but I know not where they can find a prohibition of gloves, which Mahomet could have had no more idea of, than of that choice and cherished produce of a world yet undiscovered—rum.* But gloves no Turk has yet worn, and the sultan's hands were bare, like those of all the rest—a trifle, but a trifle a European could scarcely help remarking, when he saw him in his almost European military dress. Another insignificant variation from our personal equipment, was his boots: they were not of leather, but of black velvet, every time I saw him in his military costume; the form, however, was European, and they were worn under the trowsers, like our Wellington's.

Mahmood appears to the best advantage on horseback. Except on going to mosque on Fridays, or in any other grand ceremonies prescribed by religion, when every thing is strictly oriental, he rides on a Frank military saddle, and in our style. In this recent study he has cer-

* The Turks drink rum without scruple, as they say, with great truth, it was not prohibited by the prophet.

tainly made great progress: his seat is good; he sits firm and erect, and might really pass muster among a regiment of our fine horse-guards, and that with credit. The difference to this from the Turkish style of equitation is so immense, as to offer no trifling difficulty to one accustomed to the latter, with huge saddles like cradles, and short and almost immovable stirrups that tuck up the knees in close contact with the groin. Indeed, so considerable is this difficulty, that but few of the regular imperial guard could yet keep a steady seat with their long stirrups, which they were often heard to curse as an invention of the devil to break men's necks. Mahmood was indisputably the best horseman *à la Européenne* in his army; and this acquirement, together with another proficiency he was fast arriving at, viz. that of commanding and manœuvering a squadron of horse, formed then his pride and glory. His instructor in both was Signor Calosso, an Italian officer, now a great favourite, of whom I shall speak more particularly in a succeeding chapter. Mahmood's constitution has always been good; it triumphed over the enervating, destructive influences to which it was subjected during his captivity in the serraglio; and the sudden transition from oriental luxury and ease, from the habitual life of a sultan to the life of a sort of

Frederic the Great, has rather improved his general health than otherwise. The way, however, in which he exposed himself to the glaring hot sun in the course of the summer of 1827, when he was continually out with his tacticoes at Daut Pasha, Ramed-Chiflik, or other places in the neighbourhood, did injury to his eyes, and induced a dimness of sight, which he still occasionally suffered. Dr. M. C——, an Irishman, who is physician to his selictar or sword-bearer, and to several of his grandees, has told me, that he entertained a decided antipathy to medicine. Instead of giving him medicine, I should have proposed changing his *coeffure;* for when *en militaire,* he wears the scarlet cloth skull-cap I have described, with nothing to shade his eyes or defend his head from the percussion of the sun's rays, regardless of the sensible eastern practice of thickening the turban's folds as the heat increases.

When the sultan had ridden away to the camp, I walked through Eyoob, to the quiet tombs of the neighbourhood, where repose several of his house and race in the imperturbable tranquillity of the grave, all unconscious of the portentous changes effected and projected by their descendant; untouched by the perilous career he has

run, and yet runs; senseless alike to his good or ill success:—to his virtues or his crimes.

Eyoob is one of the most interesting of proud Stambool's numerous suburbs: it is little frequented, still, and melancholy. Its mosque, where Mahmood had this day said his Namaz, is of great importance; for it is within those walls that the sultan, when called to the throne by the natural death, deposition, or murder of his predecessor, is girt with the imperial sabre. The discovered remains of a Moslem saint conferred sanctity on the district, and rendered it, after Scutari, the burying-place most affected by the Turks. Here are the tombs of many Osmanlis, whose names figure in the history of the empire; but to none can the European repair with such melancholy interest as to that of the hapless and amiable sultan Selim.—It is there! Mahmood must have passed it that morning; and through the *moresque* casements of the marble and gilded mausoleum, the constantly fed lamps that beam by his cousin's ashes, might have glanced upon his proud eye. What recollections ought not such a scene to awaken? What a lesson ought it not to give to his proud soul!

In his hapless childhood and in his youth he had been, according to the barbarous regulations

of the dynasty, the captive of Selim, in whose hands was his life and death. A few years after, when Selim was hurled from his throne by the people he had attempted to improve and to render happy, he became for many months the companion of his imprisonment, and Selim derived an agreeable occupation for his active and afflicted mind, in imparting to his young cousin Mahmood the instruction he had acquired, and the talents he had cultivated when at liberty and a sovereign. At the termination of those months, and when the Bairactar had even penetrated into the serraglio to restore his beloved master, Selim was foully murdered by the vilest slaves of Mahmood's brother; and Mahmood, apprehending for himself a similar fate, fled and hid himself under a gathered heap of carpets. Thence he was drawn, to ascend the throne of Selim, his kind relative, his benefactor and tutor. To complete the domestic tragedy, only a few months elapsed, and to maintain himself on that throne, he ordered the murder of his brother, as his brother had before ordered the murder of Selim! And even supposing Mahmood exempt from the tenderer sentiments of humanity, yet must that mausoleum be an impressive object to him—its occupant lost empire and life in at-

tempting the moral revolution he himself is now pursuing, and whose "end is not yet."

The suburb of Eyoob terminates at the foot of some romantic hills, whose sides are covered with fruit trees and cypresses, gardens and groves. There is one street which I was so much struck with, that I visited it many times. It is composed on either side, of mosques, hospitals for the poor, mausoleums, and cemeteries. Continuous groves of cypresses form an obscure avenue, in which the white edifices stand out in peculiar brightness; whilst the open country, seen through this narrow, opaque vista, appears supernaturally brilliant and transparent—like a glimpse of Paradise, caught through "the valley of the shadow of death." The first time I walked here, there was not a human being in the dark alley, but myriads of wild bees were murmuring among the grass and the flowers that were growing upon the graves; and high overhead, nestled in the thick cypresses, flights of turtle doves were uttering their incessant tender notes—melancholy, though the expression of their joys and loves. I advise every traveller who may succeed me in exploring the wonders of Stambool, to go to Eyoob, *and to this quiet spot.* All who do so, will thank me for having

procured them a pleasure. My guide, a thick-headed Armenian, who had no taste for tombs and darkness, and who would fain have stopped me at the Imperial mosque, assuring me there was nothing to be seen beyond that, hurried me away as fast as he could, to a place where there was *something* to be seen and heard—men and women instead of bees and doves, and where was to be found that *summum bonum* of the Levantines—a coffee-house with chibooks.

This was to the famous vale of *Kiat-hane*, called by the Franks *Les Eaux Douces*. It has been often described, and is now, as formerly, one of the most lovely spots in the vicinity of the capital, and the promenade most frequented in the spring season by the Turks on their holidays.* Here I found, seated by the marble-lined sides of a canal, and under the cool shades of fine plane trees, numerous groups of Turks smoking their pipes, and of women, (away from the men,) some listening to the monotonous drone of the bag-pipe and the beating of a rude tabor; some conversing and laughing with great glee, and a few partaking in what we consider the masculine pleasure of puffing tobacco.† The musicians were all peasants from the mountains

* See Anastasius, for a short but splendid picture of this place.

† Smoking is a common custom enough among Turkish and

of Bulgaria: some of them danced grotesquely to their comrades' strains, and their exertions were rewarded by a pinch of paras from each party they successively amused. These poor fellows repair every spring to the capital, by St. George's Day, to attend the sultan's stud, that are then sent out to grass in the Valley of the Sweet Waters. For this service, they are exempted from the kharatch, or poll-tax, paid by rayahs, and enjoy sundry little privileges and emoluments. Pastoral races are always given to some sort of music; and it is curious to remark, that a sort of bag-pipe is used by nearly all the mountaineers of Europe. Their skill, rude as it is, insures them their expenses on the road: they contrive to reach Constantinople a week or a fortnight before the horses are confided to their care: they spend that time profitably in playing in the streets and coffee-houses of Stambool; and even when on duty at the Sweet Waters, they have opportunities of employing their talent every holiday. When the lovely month of May, (and lovely indeed it is at this spot,) and part of June, are passed, and the refreshed steeds are returned to their stalls, the poor Bulgarians set off for their homes in small

Armenian ladies; but the daughters of Israel indulge in it to excess.

parties, and pay again their lodging and food on the road with a tune and a dance. They are a strange, wild-looking set: they are generally short, but robust; have grey eyes, and sharp, hard-marked faces, not much unlike some of our highland tribes. They wear on their head a sheep-skin cap, with the wool turned outwards; they wear sandals on their feet, of primitive manufacture; the rest of their personal equipment offers nothing remarkable, except its raggedness and filth. They are said to be inoffensive, only *passably* honest, and devoutly attached to the Greek church, of which they are members.

In one part of the valley of the Sweet Waters, was an encampment of the regular cavalry of the sultan's guards. A few of the men were occupied with their horses that were grazing in the meadow; the rest were either sleeping, or frolicking among the trees like school-boys. They were all very young men. When we reached the coffee-house, high up the valley, that my companion's soul had been so long thirsting after, we found the shadow of every tree taken up, every humble stool engaged. Here were Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, in separate knots, but all similarly engaged with their chibooks. We at last found room among a group of Armenians.

To say something to one of the party, who addressed me in Italian, I praised the beauty of *Kiat-hanè:* "Yes," said he, with a long sigh, "the valley is beautiful, but that won't prevent us *all* catching the fever!" I did not like this information and generalizing, and requested him to explain. "Why, sir," resumed he, "we are Catholic Armenians; the Turks have shut up about five hundred of us, in the miserable little village hard by: we have been driven from our houses in Pera and Galata, to occupy rotten dens that are falling to pieces; and for want of room, three or four families are huddled together. Kiat-hanè is a very delightful place: we hear the nightingales singing in the trees all the night long, but the rats in doors threaten every night to eat us alive. And then, sir, though this is a pleasant spot on a spring holiday, after the month of June it is insupportable, and gives the fever and ague to every body who sleeps in it." The poor fellow's complaint was not exaggerated, and his apprehensions were reasonable; the long, narrow hollow, with stagnating waters, and hills that prevent the ingress of the purifying summer winds from the Black Sea, is peculiarly obnoxious to fever. As soon as the hot weather sets in, it is abandoned, and the Armenians who, by a barbarous caprice, were rele-

gated there, suffered severely in the course of last summer. A poor woman, the wife of my friend S——'s cashier, was near dying of the fever she caught; and it was not till after long supplication that her husband procured, as a particular favour, (for which, of course, he paid hard cash,) the permission to remove her to the purer air of Prinkipo, in the sea of Marmora, where he had a comfortable house of his own.

The few words I had extracted from this *Caprile*,* must be considered as rather an extraordinary effort on his part, and probably were to be attributed to the eloquence of personal suffering. I was still smoking my pipe in silence, when a party of the young tacticoes came to the coffee-house, and talking and joking in a most unmussulmanly manner, they squatted down by my side. They asked to handle my whip, to look at my glass, my watch, &c. all which objects were honoured with their approbation; but not so my travelling cap, though it had a bright leather top. Something in it struck them as ludicrous, and being in a merry mood, they laughed most outrageously. "Cease your mockery," said a serious old man opposite, "cease to laugh at the stranger; how do you

* A common Christian name among the Armenians.

know what sort of a cap the Padishah * may please to clap on your own heads soon! You have got the Frank *papooshes*† already." They immediately left off annoying me; but having, I suppose, got the *subject* into their heads, the jokes, before directed to my cap, now reverted, in a practical shape, to the greasy calpac of an old Jew, a vender of *courabieys* and other sweetmeats. As he was going round, with his basket hung before him, selling his wares, or inviting the circle to buy, two of the tacticoes, as his back was turned, relieved their lit pipes of the burning pieces of charcoal, by letting them drop into the hollow crown of his hat; and then, as the saturated felt began to frizzle and smoke, they roared with laughter. I confess that on seeing the Jew (who, intent on business, was not at all aware of the trick played him) continue his perambulation among the trees, smoking at the poll like a chimney, I was amused myself; but when the coal, penetrating through the crown of his calpac, made its approaches sensible to the skull, and he let fall his basket, to snatch the old calpac from his head, with a

* One of the titles of the sultan.

† The regiments of the foot-guards at Constantinople wear shoes, much like ours, but fastened over the instep with a small buckle. This was considered a tremendous innovation.

start and a cry of alarm—when he peeped through the hole which the cinders had made in the calpac, and then at the tacticoes, whose shouts betrayed them, I could not help joining the general roar. I have seen many a witticism of this kind played off by the tacticoes, and the subject has invariably been a Jew; which, with other circumstances of more importance, and connected not with frolicsome lads, but serious Osmanlis, makes the assertion of a late traveller, "that the Jews are a favoured people, and held by the Turks in a degree of consideration," appear to me rather extraordinary.

There is a handsome kiosk in the valley of the Sweet Waters, built by Achmet the Third, and repaired and improved by the present sultan, who, in former years, had a great attachment for this beautiful spot. If a current story be true, Mahmood is susceptible of tender feelings, even to a romantic degree. The tale is this. Years ago, a favourite of his harem died at Kiat hanè—he fled from the place, and has never since entered it.

On my way home through the park, I came up with a party of Turkish ladies, who were also on their return to town, from the scenè of their holiday gaieties. They were in high spirits. As I passed, and turned round to look at

them, one of them showed her whole face instead of only her eyes and the tip of her nose. That might be by accident; her *yashmack* might have been deranged, as all veils will at times—but lo! another mysterious covering is withdrawn—and lo, another! They were three charming faces, really worth showing; and had it not been for my companion, who probably dreaded the consequences of these approaches to gallantry, should any surly Osmanlis observe us, I should willingly have loitered on my way to give them a few more of the admiring glances they evidently courted. I was the more inclined to do so, as these were the first specimens of the lady-species I had an opportunity of seeing. My guide, however, consoled me:—"Let us go on, let us go on," said he; "you will see plenty of pretty faces in Constantinople, for there is no Turkish woman in these times, but will show her face whenever opportunity offers, unless she be old or ugly." I found in a few days that my oracle spoke truth.

We descended in our *piadé* the little river Barbyses that traverses the valley of the Sweet Waters, and falls into the Golden Horn; we shot along the beautiful port, and soon landed below Pera, at the *Melt-Iskellessi* scale, between the arsenal and Galata. Not far from the water-

side, we passed an open square, where some tacticoes were drilling, and a large barrack, where the band of the regiment was practising a march from Rossini, under the direction of an old purblind Italian.

END OF VOL. I.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

LONDON:
BRETTON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 16 December, 2015